
LICENSED,

March 26th
1667.

THE
VISIONS

OF

Dom *Francisco de Quevedo*

VILLEGAS,

NIGHT of the ORDER

OF

S^r JAMES.

Made English by R. L.

The Fourth Edition Corrected.

LONDON,

Printed for H. Herringman, at the Sign of
the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk
of the New Exchange, 1671.

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TO THE
READERS,
GENTLE *and* SIMPLE.

THis Preface is meerly
for Fashion-sake, to fill
a space, and please the
Stationer, who says 'tis
neither *usual* nor handsome, to leap
immediately from the Title-Page
to the Matter. So that in short, a
Preface ye have, together with the
Reason of it, both under One: but
as to the Ordinary Mode and Pre-
tence of Prefaces, the Translator
desires to be excus'd. For he makes
a Conscience of a Lye, and it were
a damn'd one, to tell ye, that he has

P R E F A C E.

publisht This, either to Gratifie the importunity of Friends, or to Oblige the Publick, or for any other Reason of a hundred, that are commonly given in excuse of Scribling. Not but that he loves his Friends, as well as any man, and has taken their Opinion along with him. Nor, but that he loves the Publick too (as many a Man does a Coy Mistress that has made his heart ake.) But to pass from what had no effect upon him in this Publication, to that which over-rul'd him in it. It was pure Spite. For he has had hard Measure among the Physicians, the Lawyers, the Women, &c. And Don Francisco de Quevedo, in English, Revenges him upon all his Enemies. For it is a Satyre, that taxes Corruption of Manners, in all

PREFACE.

all sorts *and* degrees of people, without reflecting upon particular States or Persons. It is full of Sharpness and Morality; and has found so good Entertainment in the World, that it wanted only English of being baptiz'd into all Christian Languages.

PREFACE

All sorts and degrees of people, who
out of a wrong and mistaken sense
of Religion, are full of the
most pernicious and dangerous
opinions, in the world.
I have written only a few lines of
this kind, and I am sure I have

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THE
FIRST VISION
OF THE

Algonazil (or Catchpole) *possest*.

GOing t'other day to hear
Mals at a Convent in this
Town, the door it seems
was shut, and a World of
people pressing and beg-
ing to get in. Upon enquiry, *What the
matter was*; they told me of a *Demoniac*
to be *exorcised*; (or *dispossest*) which
made me put in for one, to see the
Ceremony: though to little purpose;
for when I had half smothered my
self in the throng, I was e'en glad to
get out again, and bethink my self of
my Lodging. Upon my way home-
ward, at the streets end, it was my for-
tune to meet a familiar Friend of mine
of the same Convent; who told me
over again what I had heard before, and
taking notice of my curiosity, bad me
B follow

follow him; which I did, till with his *Passe-par-tout* he brought me through a little back-door into the Church, and so into the Vestry: where we saw a wretched kind of a dog-look'd fellow with a Tippet about his neck, as it was ordered as you'd wish; his Cloaths all in tatters, his hands bound behind him, roaring and tearing after a most hideous manner. Bless me, quoth I, (crossing my self) what spectacle have we here? This (said the good Father who was to do the Feat) is a man that's possess'd with an *Evil Spirit*. *That's a damn'd lye*, (with respect of the Company) cryed the Devil that tormented him, for this is not a *man* possess'd with a *Devil*, but a *Devil* possess'd with a *man*, and therefore you should do well to have a care what you say, for it is more evident, both by the Question and Answer, that you are but a Company of Sots. You are to understand that *Devils* never enter into the body of a *Catchpole*, but by force, and in spight of our hearts; and therefore to speak properly, you are to say, this is a *Devil Catchpol'd*, and not a *Catchpole bedevil'd*.

And

And, to give you your Due, *you men* can deal better with *us Devils*, than with the *Catchpoles*, for *we flye from the Cross*, whereas *They make use of it*, for a Cloak for their Villany.

But though we *differ* thus in our *Humours*, we hold a very fair *Correspondence* in our *Offices*: If we draw men into *Judgment* and *Condemnation*, so do the *Catchpoles*; we pray for an encrease of *wickedness* in the world, so do *they*; nay and more zealously than *we*, for it is their *livelibood*, and *we* do it only for *company*: And in this the *Catchpoles* are worse than the *Devils*; they prey upon their own Kind, and worry one another. For *our* parts, we are *Angels* still, though *black ones*, and were turn'd into *Devils* only for aspiring into an equality with our Maker: whereas the *very corruption of mankind is the generation of a Catchpole*. So that, my good Father, your labour is but lost in plying this Wretch with *Reliques*; for you may as soon redeem a Soul from Hell, as a Prey out of his Clutches. In fine, your *Algonazils* (or *Catchpoles*) and your *Devils* are both of an Order, only your

Catchpole-Devils wear *Shoes* and *Stockings*, and we go *barefoot* after the *Fashion* of this reverend Father; and (to deal plainly) have a very hard time on't.

I was not a little surpriz'd to find the *Devil* so great a *Sophister*, but all this notwithstanding, the holy man went on with his *Exorcism*, and to stop the *Spirits* mouth, wash't his face with a little *Holy Water*, which made the *Demoniac* ten times madder than before, and set him a yelping so horridly, that it deafen'd the Company, and made the very ground under us to tremble. And now says he, you may, perchance, imagine this extravagance to be the effect of your *Holy Water*; but let me tell you, that meer *Water* it self would have done the same thing; for your *Catchpole* hate nothing in this world like *Water*, [especially that of a *Grays-Inne Pump*.] But to conclude, They are so reprobated sort of *Christians*, that they have quit'ted even the very name of *Misins*, by which they were formerly known, for that of *Algouazils*; the latter being of *Tagan* extraction, and more suitable to their manners.

Come,

Come, come says the Father, there is no ear, nor credit to be given to this Villain, set but his tongue at liberty, and you shall have him fall foul upon the Government, and the Ministers of Justice, for keeping the World in Order and suppressing wickedness, because it spoils his market. No more chopping of Logick good Mr. *Conjurer*, says the *Devil*: for there's more in't than you are aware of; but if you'd do a poor *Devil* a good office, give me my dispatch out of this accursed *Algonazil*; for I am a *Devil*, you must know, of *Reputation* and *Quality*, and shall never be able to endure the gibes and affronts will be put upon me at my return to Hell, for having kept this Rascal Company. All in good time, said the *Father*, thou shalt have thy discharge; that is to say, in pity to this miserable Creature, and not for thy own sake. But tell me now, what makes thee torment him thus? Nothing in the world, quoth the *Devil*, but a contest betwixt him and me, which was the *greater Devil* of the two.

The *Conjurer* did not at all relish these wild and malicious replies; but to

me the Dialogue was extream pleasant especially being by this time a little familiariz'd with the *Devil*. Upon which confidence, my *Good Father* said I, here are none but Friends; and I may speak to you as my *Confessor* and the Confident of all the secrets of my Soul; I have a great mind with you leave, to ask the *Devil* a few Questions, and who knows but a man may be the better for his Answers, though perchance contrary to his intention! keep him only in the interim from tormenting this poor Creature. The *Conjurer* granted my request, and the *Spirit* went on with his babble. Well, says he smiling, the *Devil* shall never want a Friend at Court, so long as there's a *Poet* within the Walls. And indeed the Poets do us many a good turn, both by Pimping and otherwise; but if *you*, said he, should not be kind to us, (looking upon me) you'll be thought very ungrateful, considering the honour of your entertainment now in Hell. I ask't him then what store of Poets they had? whole swarms, says the *Devil*; so many, that we have been forc'd to make more

room

room for them: Nor is there any thing
in Nature so pleasant as a Poet in the first
Year of his *probation*; he comes ye la-
den forsooth, with Letters of Recom-
mendation to our Superiours, and en-
quires very gravely for *Charon, Cerberus,*
Rhadamanthus, Æacus, Minos.

Well, said I, but what's their punish-
ment (for I began now to make the
Poets case my own) Their punishments,
quothe the *Devil*, are many, and suited
to the Trade they drive. Some are
condemn'd to hear other mens works:
(and this is the plague of the *Fidlers*
too) We have others that are in for a
thousand year, and yet still poring up-
on some old Stanza's they have made of
Jealousie. Some again are beating their
fore-heads with the palms of their
hands, and even boring their very Noses
with hot Irons, in rage that they can-
not come to a resolution, whether they
shall say *Face* or *Visage*; whether they
shall write *Jayl* or *Gaol*; whether *Cony*
or *Cunny*, because it comes from *Cuni-*
culus, a *Rabbit*. Others are biting
their Nails to the quick, and at their
Wits end for a Rime to *Chimney*, and

dozing up and down in a brown study, till they drop into some hole at last, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that suffer the most, and fare the worst, are your Comic Poets, for whoring so many Queens and Princesses upon the stage, and coupling Ladies of Honour with Lacquies, and Noblemen with common Strumpets, in the winding up of their Plays; and for giving the Bastonado to *Alexander* and *Julius Caesar* in their Interludes and Farces. Now be it known to you, that we do not lodge these with other *Poets*, but with *Petty-Foggers* and *Attournies*, as common Dealers in the mystery of Shifting, Shuffling, Forging, and Cheating: And now for the discipline of Hell, you are to understand we have incomparable *Harbingers* and *Quarter-Masters*; insomuch that let them come in whole *Caravans*, as it happen'd t'other day, every man is in his quarter before you can say *what's this*.

There came to us several Tradesmen; the first of them a Poor Rogue that made profession of *drawing the long Bow*; and him we are about to

put

put among the *Armorers*, but one of the company moved and carried it, that since he was so good at *Draughts*, he might be sent to the *Clerks* and *scrivners*; a sort of people that will fit you with *draughts*, good and bad, of all sorts and sizes, and to all purposes. Another called himself a *Cutter*, we ask'd him whether in *Wood* or *Stone*? Neither said he, but in *Cloth* and *Stuffe*: (*Anglice* a *Taylor*) and him we turn'd over to those that were in for *Detraction* and *Calumny*, and for cutting large *Thongs* out of other mens *Leather*. There was a *Blind fellow* would fain have been among the *Poets*, but (for likeness sake) we quartered him among the *Lovers*. After him, came a *Sexton*, or (as he styl'd himself) a *Burrier of the Dead*; and then a *Cook* that was troubled in *Conscience* for putting off *Cats* for *Hares*: These were dispatch'd away to the *Pastry-men*. A matter of half a dozen *Crack-brain'd Fools* we disposed of among the *Astrologers* and *Alchymists*. In the number, there was one notorious *Murtherer*, and him we pack'd away to the *Gentlemen* of

of the Faculty, the *Physicians*. There are
Broken Merchants we kennel'd with *Judas*
 for making ill bargains. *Corrupt De-*
Ministers and *Magistrates*, with the *Thie-*
 on the left hand. The *Embroylers* of *Mon-*
Affairs, and the *Water-bearers* take up
 with the *Vintners*; and the *Brokers* with
 the *Jews*. Upon the whole matter, the
 policy of Hell is admirable, where
 every man has his place according to his
 condition.

As I remember (said I) you were
 speaking e'en now concerning *Lovers*.
 Pray tell me, have you many of them
 in your Dominions? I ask, because I
 am my self a little subject to the itch of
Love, as well as *Poetry*. *Love* (says the
 Devil) is like a great spot of Oyl, that
 diffuses it self every where, and conse-
 quently Hell cannot but be sufficiently
 stockt with that sort of Vermine. But
 let me tell you now, we have several
 sorts of *Lovers*; some dote upon *them-*
selves; others upon their *Pelf*; these
 upon their own *Discourses*; those upon
 their own *Actions*; and once in an Age
 perchance, comes a fellow that dotes
 upon his *own Wife*; but this is very
 rare,

There, for the Jades commonly bring their
 Husbands to repentance, and then the
 Devil may throw his Cap at them. But
 above all, for sport (if there can be any
 in Hell) commend me to those *Gawdy*
Monsieurs, who by the variety of Co-
 lours and Ribbands they wear (*Fa-*
vours as they call them) one would
 swear, were only dress'd up for a *Sam-*
ple, or kind of *Inventory* of all the *Gew-*
Gams that are to be had for love or mo-
 ney at the *Mercers*. Others you shall
 have so overcharged with *Perruque*, that
 you'll hardly know the *Head* of a *Cava-*
lier, from the ordinary *Block* of a *Tire-*
Woman : And some again you'd take
 for *Carriers*, by their pacquets and bun-
 dles of *Love-Letters*; which being made
 combustible by the fire and flame they
 treat of, we are so thrifty, as to employ
 upon the finding of their own Tails,
 for the saving of better Fuel. But, oh!
 the pleasant postures of the Maiden-
 Lover, when he is upon the practice of
 the *Gentle-Leere*, and embracing the Air
 for his Mistress ! Others we have that
 are condemn'd for *Feeling*, and yet ne-
 ver come to the *Touch* : These pass for a
 kind

kind of *Buffon Pretenders*; ever upon the *Vigil*, but never arrive at the *Festival*. Some again have lost themselves with *Judas* for a *Kiss*.

One story lower is the abode of *contented Cuckolds*; a nasty poisonous place, and strewed all over with the *Horns of Rams and Bulls, &c.* Now these are so well read in *Woman*, and know their destiny so well before-hand that they never so much as trouble their heads for the matter. Ye come next to the *Admirers of old Women*; and these are wretches of so depraved an *Appetite*, that if they were not kept tyed up and in *Chains*, they'd horse the very *Devils themselves*, and put *Barrabas* to his *Trumps* to defend his *Buttocks*. For the truth is, whatever you may think of a *Devil*, he passes with them for a very *Adonis* or *Narcissus*.

So much for your *Curiosity*; a word now for your *Instruction*. If you would make an interest in *Hell*, you must give over that *Roguy* way ye have got of abusing the *Devils* in your *Shews*, *Pictures*, and *Emblems*: One while forsooth we are painted with *Claws*, or *Talons*,

ons, like *Eagles*, or *Griffons*. Another while we are drest up with *Tails*, like so many Hackney-Jades with their *Fly-flaps*: And now and then ye shall see a *Devil* with a *Coxcomb*. Now I will not deny, but some of us may indeed be very well taken for *Hermites*, and *Philosophers*. If you can help us in this point, do; and we shall be ready to do ye one good *Turn* for another. I was asking *Michael Angelo* here a while ago, why he drew the Devils in his Great Piece of the *Last Judgment*, with so many *Monkey Faces*, and *Jack-Pudding Postures*. His answer was, That he follow'd his Fancy, without any Malice in the World, for as then, he had never seen any Devils; nor (indeed) did he believe that there were any; but he has now learn'd the contrary to his cost. There's another thing too we take extreemly ill, which is, that in your ordinary discourses, ye are out with your Purse presently to every Rascal, and calling of him *Devil*. As for Example. Do you see how this *Devil* of a *Taylor* has spoil'd my Suit? how the *Devil* has made me wait? how this *Devil* has couzen'd me, &c. which

is

is very ill done, and no small disparagement to our Quality, to be rank'd with *Taylors* : A Company of Slaves, that serve us in Hell only for Brush-wood, and they are fain to beg hard to be admitted at all : though I confess they have *possession* on their sides, and *Custom*, which is *another Law*. Being in *possession* of Theft, and *stoln Goods* ; they make much more Conscience of keeping your *stuffs*, than your *Holy-Days*, grumbling and domineering at every turn, if they have not the same respect with the Children of the Family. You have another trick too, of giving every thing to the Devil, that displeases you, which we cannot but take very unkindly. *The Devil take thee*, says one. A goodly present I warrant ye ; but the *Devil* has somewhat else to do, than to take and carry away all that's given him ; if they'l come of themselves, let them come and welcome. Another gives that whelp of a *Laquey* to the *Devil*, but the *Devil* will none of your *Laqueys*, he thanks ye for your love ; a pack of Rogues that are commonly worse than Devils, and to say the truth, they are good

good neither roſt nor ſodden. I give
that *Italian* to the *Devil*, cryes a third;
thank you for nothing: For ye ſhall
have an *Italian* will chouſe the *Devil*
himſelf, and take him by the Noſe like
Muſtard. Some again will be giving a
Spaniard to the *Devil*; but he has been
ſo cruel wherever he has got footing,
that we had rather have his Room than
his Company, and make a Preſent to
the *Grand-Signior* of his *Nutmegs*.

Here the *Devil* ſtopt, and in the
ſame inſtant, there hapning a ſlight
ſcuffle, betwixt a couple of conceited
Coxcombs, which ſhould go foremoſt:
I turn'd to ſee the matter, and caſt my
Eye upon a certain *Tax-gatherer*, that
had undone a Friend of mine: And in
ſome ſort to revenge my ſelf of this *Aſs*
in a *Lions Skin*, I aſk't the *Devil*, whe-
ther they had not of that ſort of Blood-
Suckers among the reſt, in their Domi-
nions (an Informing, projecting Gene-
ration of men, and the very bane of a
Kingdom.) You know little (ſays he)
if you do not know theſe Vermin to
be the right Heirs of Perdition, and
that they claim Hell for their Inheri-
tance:

tance: And yet we are now e'en upon the point of discarding them, for they are too pragmatical, and ungrateful; there's no enduring of them. They are at this present in Consultation about an *Impost* upon the *High way to Hell*; and indeed payments run so high already, and are so likely to encrease too, that 'tis much feared in the end, we shall quite lose our Trading and Commerce. But if ever they come to put this in Execution, we shall be so bold, as to treat them next bout, to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe, &c.* and make them cool their heels on the wrong side of the Door, which will be worse than Hell to them; for it leaves them no retreat being expell'd *Paradise*, and *Purgatory* already. This Race of Vipers, said I, will never be quiet; till they tax the way to Heaven it self. Oh, quoth the Devil, that had been done long since, if they had found the Play worth the Candles; but they have had a Factor abroad now these half-score years, that's glad to wipe his Nose on his sleeve still, for want of a Handkercher. But these new impositions, upon what I pray ye do they intend

intend to levy them ? For that (quoth the *Devil*) there's a Gentleman of the Trade at your Elbow can tell you all ; pointing to my old Friend the Publican. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon him, and put him so damn'dly out of Countenance, that he pluckt down his Hat over his Face, clap't his tail between his Legs, and went his way ; with which we were all of us well enough pleas'd, and then the *Devil* went on. Well (said the *Devil*, and laugh't) my Voucher is departed ye see ; but I think I can say as much to this point as himself ; The Impositions now to be set on foot, are upon *bare-neck'd Ladies, Patches, Mole-skins, Spanish Paper*, and all the *Mundus Mulieris* more than what is necessary and decent ; upon your *Tour à la Mode*, and *spring-Garden Coaches* ; excess in *Apparel, Collations, Rich Furniture*, your *beating*, and *Blaspheming Gaming Ordinaries*, and in general, upon whatsoever serves to advance our Empire ; so that without a Friend at Court, or some good Magistrate to help us out at a head lift, and stick to us, we may e'en
C put

put up our Pipes, and you'll find *Hell* very *Desart*. Well, said I, and methinks I see nothing in all this, but what is very reasonable; for to what end serves but to corrupt good manners, stir up Appetites, provoke and encourage all sorts of Debauchery, destroy all that good and Honourable in humane Society, and chalk out in effect the ready way to the Devil?

But you said something e'en now of Magistrates, I hope (said I) there are *Judges* in *Hell*. You may as well imagine (cry'd the Spirit) that there are *Devils* there; for let me tell you (Friend mine) your corrupt *Judges* are the great *Spawners* that supple our Lake; for what are those *Millions* of *Catchpoles*, *Proctors*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Barristers*, that come sailing to every day in *Shoals*, but the *Fry* of *Judges*! Nay sometimes, in a lucky year, for *cheating*, *forging*, and *swearing*, we can hardly find Cask to put them in.

From hence now (quoth I) would you infer, that there's no *Justice* upon the face of the Earth. Very right (quoth

the Devil) for *Astræa* (which is the same thing) is fled long since to Heaven. Do not ye know the story? no (said I) then quoth the Devil) mind me and I'll tell ye it.

Once upon a time *Truth* and *Justice* came together to take up their Quarters upon the earth: but the one being naked, and the other very severe and plain-dealing, they could not meet with any body that would receive them. At last, when they had wander'd a long time like Vagabonds in the open Air; *Truth* was glad to take up her Lodging with a *Mute*; and *Justice*, perceiving that though her name was much used for a Cloak to Knavery, yet that she her self was in no Esteem, took up a resolution of returning to Heaven: and in order to her Journey, she bid adieu in the first place to all Courts, Palaces, and great Cities, and went into the Country; where she met with some few poor simple Cottagers, that gave her entertainment; but *Malice* and *Persecution*, found her out in the wood, and she was banish'd thence too. She presented her self in many places, and people askt her *what she was!* She

answered them, *Justice*, for she would not lye for the matter. *Justice* (they say) *she is a stranger to us*; call her sick here's nothing for her, and shut the door. Upon these repulses, she took wing, and flew away she went to Heaven, hardly leaving a ring so much as the bare print of her footsteps behind her. Her Name how ever is not yet forgotten, and she's pictured with a Scepter in her hand, and is still called *Justice*; but call her what ye will, she makes as good a Fire in Hell as a *Taylor*; and for flight of hand puts down all the Gilt, Cheats, Pickpockets and Trepanners in the World: I say the truth, *Avarice* is grown to such height, that men employ all the faculties of Soul and Body to *Rob*, and receive. The Leacher, does not he steal away the honour of his Mistress (though with her consent) The Attorney picks your Pocket, and shews you Law for't; The Comedian gets your money and your time, with reciting other mens Labours; The Lover courts you with his Eyes; The Eloquent with his Tongue; The Valiant, with his Arm; The Musician, with his Voice

our Fingers; The *Astrologer*, with his
Calculations; The *Apothecary*, with
his Sickness and Health; The *Surgeon*, with
his blood; and the *Physician*, with Death
and self; And in some sort or other, they
are all cheats; But the *Catchpole* (in the
name of *Justice*) abuses you with his
whole Man; He watches you with his
eyes; Follows you with his Feet; seizes
you with his hands; accuses with his Tongue;
and in fine, put it in your *Litany*, From
the *Catchpoles*, as well as *Devils*, *Libera nos*
Domine.

Pick But how comes it (said I) that you
have not coupled the *Women* with the
thieves? for they are both of a Trade.
Not a word of *Women* as ye love me
(quoth the Devil) for we are so tired
with their Importunities; so deaf'd
with the Eternal Clack of their
Tongues, that we start at the very
thought of them. And to say the
truth, *Hell* were no ill *Winter Quarter*,
if it were not so overstock'd with that
sort of Cattel. Since the Death of the
Witch of *Endor*, it has been all their
business to improve themselves in sub-
tility and malice, and to set us together

by the Ears among our selves. Nay some of them are confident enough, to tell a cer-
to our Teeth, that when we have done
our worst, they'l give us a *Romland* for
our *Oliver*. Only this comfort we have
that they are a cheaper Plague to *Us*
than they are to *You*; for we have left
Exchanges, Hide-Parks, or Spring-Ga
dens in our Territories.

You are well stored then with *W*
men, I see, but of which have you most
(said I) *Handsome, or Ill-favoured?* *Y*
of the *Ill-favour'd*, six for one (quod
the Devil) For your *Beauties* can never
want *Gallants* to lay their appetites
and many of them, when they come
last to have their Bellies full, e'en gi-
over the sport, Repent and 'scape
Whereas no body will touch the *Ill-*
favour'd without a pair of Tongs; and
for want of water to quench their fires
they come to us such *skeletons*, tho
they are enough to affright the Devil
himself. For they are most common with
old, and accompany their last gro-
with a Curse upon the younger that
to survive them. I carryed away
t'other day of threescore and ten,

for I took just in the nick, as she was upon
 all a certain Exercise to remove Obstructi-
 ons : - And when I came to land her ;
 d to Alas for the poor woman ! what a terrible
 have it had she got of the *Toothach* ! when
 o Upon search, the Devil a Tooth had she
 ver left in her head, only she belyed her
 - G Chops to save her Credit.

You have exceedingly satisfied me
 n W (said I) in all your answers ; but pray'e
 mo once again, what store of *Beggars* have
 ? eye in Hell? *Poor people* I mean. *Poor*
 quo (quoth the Devil) 'who are they ?
 nev Those (said I) that have no Possessions
 etite in the World : How can that be,
 me (quoth he) that those should be
 n gi damn'd, that have nothing in the
 sca World ? when men are only damn'd
 Ill, for cleaving to't. And briefly I find
 ; none of their names in our Books, which
 r fis no wonder, for he that has nothing
 , tho trust to, shall be left by the Devil
 De himself in time of need. To deal plainly
 non with you, where have you greater
 gro Devils, than your Flatterers, false
 nat Friends, lewd Company, Envious Per-
 y sons, than a Son, a Brother, or a Rela-
 , tion that lies in wait for your life to

get your Fortune, that mourns over you in your sickness, and wishes you already at the Devil. Now the *Poor* have none of this; They are neither flatter'd nor envy'd, nor befriended, nor accompanied: There's no gaping for their Possessions; and in short, they are a sort of People that live well, and dye better; and there are some of them, that would not exchange their Raggs, for Royalty it self: They are at liberty to go and come at pleasure, be it War or Peace; free from Cares, Taxes, and publick Duties. They fear no Judgments or Executions, but live as invulnerable as if their Persons were Sacred. Moreover they take no thoughts for to morrow, but setting a just value on their hours, they are good Husbands of the present; considering that, what is past, is as good as *Dead*, and what's to come *Uncertain*. But they say, *When the Devil preaches, the World's neer at End.*

The divine Hand is in this (said the Holy Man that perform'd the *Exorcism*) Thou art the Father of Lyes, and yet deliver'st Truths, able to mollify

and

and convert a Heart of stone. But do not you mistake your self, (quoth the Devil) to suppose that your Conversion is my Business ; for I speak these Truths to aggravate your Guilt, and that you may not plead ignorance another day, when you shall be call'd to answer for your Transgressions. 'Tis true, most of you shed tears at parting, but 'tis the Apprehension of Death, and no true Repentance for your sins that works upon you: For ye are all a pack of *Hypocrites*: Or if at any time you entertain those Reflections, your trouble is, That your Body will not hold out ; and then forsooth ye pretend to pick a quarrel with the *sin* it self. Thou art an *Impostor* (said the Religious) for there are many Righteous Souls, that draw their sorrow from another Fountain. But I perceive you have a mind to amuse us, and make us lose Time, and perchance your own hour is not yet come to quit the body of this miserable Creature ; however, I conjure thee in the name of the most High to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy Peace. The Devil obey'd ; and the Good Father

ther applying himself to us, My Master (says he) though I am absolutely of Opinion that it is the *Devil* that has talkt to us all this while through the Organ of this unhappy wretch, yet he that well weighs what has been said may doubtless reap some benefit by the Discourse. Wherefore without considering whence it came; Remember that *Saul* (although a wicked Prince) Prophesied; and that Honey has been drawn out of the Mouth of a Lyon. Withdraw then, and I shall make it my Prayer (as 'tis my hope) that this sad and prodigious spectacle may lead you to a true sight of your Errours, and in the end, to amendment of Life.

The end of the first Vision.

THE

THE
SECOND VISION
OF

DEATH and her EMPIRE.

MEan Souls do naturally breed
sad Thoughts, and in Soli-
tude, they gather together in
Troops to assault the Unfortunate;
which is the Tryal (according to my
Observation) wherein the Coward does
most betray himself; and yet cannot I
for my life, when I am alone, avoid
those Accidents and Surprizes in my
self, which I condemn in others. I have
sometime, upon Reading the Grave and
Severe *Lucretius*, been seized with a
strange Damp; whether from the strike-
ing of his Counsels upon my Passions,
or some tacite reflection of shame upon
my self, I know not. However, to
render this Confession of my weakness
the more excuseable, I'll begin my dis-
course

course with somewhat out of that elegant and excellent Poet ;

‘ Put the Case (says he) that a Voice
 ‘ from Heaven should speak to any of us
 ‘ after this manner ; What do’st thou ail,
 ‘ O Mortal Man, or to what purpose is it
 ‘ to spend thy life in Groans, and Com-
 ‘ plaints under the apprehension of death
 ‘ where are thy past Tears and Pleasures
 ‘ are they not vanisht and lost in the Flux
 ‘ of Time, as if thou hadst put Water into
 ‘ a Sieve ? Bethink thy self then of a Re-
 ‘ treat, and leave the World with the
 ‘ same content, and satisfaction, as thou
 ‘ wouldst do a plentiful Table, and a jolly
 ‘ Company upon a full stomach. Poor
 ‘ Fool that thou art ! thus to Macerate
 ‘ and Torment thy self, when thou may’st
 ‘ enjoy thy heart at Ease, and possess thy
 ‘ Soul with Repose and Comfort, &c.

This passage brought into my mind, the words of Job. Cap. 14. and I was carried on from one Meditation to another, till at length, I fell fast asleep over my Book, which I ascribed rather to a favourable providence, than to my natural disposition. So soon as my Soul felt her self at Liberty, she gave

me the entertainment of this following
Comedy, my Fancies supplying both the
Stage and the Company.

In the first Scene, enter'd a Troop of
Physicians, upon their Mules, with deep
Foot-cloths; marching in no very good
Order, sometime fast; sometime slow,
and to say the Truth, most commonly
in a huddle. They were all wrinkled
and wither'd about the Eyes; I sup-
pose with casting so many fowre looks
upon the Piss-pots and Close-stools of
their Patients: bearded like Goats; and
their Faces so over-grown with Hair,
that their Fingers could hardly find the
way to their Mouths. In the left hand
they held their Reins, and their Gloves
trou'd up together; and in the right, a
Staff *à la mode*, which they carried ra-
ther for Countenance, than Correction;
(For they understood no other menage
than the Heel) and all along, Head and
Body went too, like a Baker upon his
Panniers. Divers of them I observ'd,
had huge Gold Rings upon their Fing-
ers, and set with Stones of so large a
size, that they could hardly feel a Pa-
tients Pulse, without minding him of
his

his Monument. There were more than a good many of them, and a world of Puny Practisers at their heels, that came out *Graduates*, by conversing rather with the *Mules* than the *Doctors*. Well! said I to my self; if there goes no more than This to the making a *Physician*, it is no marvel we pay so dear for their Experience.

After these, follow'd a long Train of *Mountebank-Apothecaries*, laden with *Pestles*, and *Mortars*, *Suppositories*, *Sputulas*, *Glisten-Pipes* and *Syringes*, ready charg'd, and as mortal as Gun-shot, and several *Titled Boxes* with *Remedies* without, and *Poysons* within: Ye may observe that when a Patient comes to die, the *Apothecaries* *Mortar* rings the *Passing-Bell*, as the *Priests* *Requiem* finishes the business. An *Apothecaries Shop* (in effect) no other than the *Physicians* *Armory*, that supplies him with *Weapons*; and (to say the truth) the *Instruments* of the *Apothecary* and the *Souldier* are much of a quality: What are their *Boxes* but *Petards*? their *Syringes*, *Pistols*; and their *Pills*, but *Bullets*? And after all, considering their

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Purgative Medicines, we may properly enough call their *Shops Purgatory*; and why not their *Persons Hell*? their *Patients* the *Damn'd*? and their *Masters* the *Devils*? These *Apothecaries* were in *Jacquets*, wrought all over with *R's*, struck through like wounded hearts, and in the form of the first Character of their *Prescriptions*; which (as they tell us) signifies *Recipe* (*Take Thou*) but we find it to stand for *Recipio* (*I Take*.) Next to this Figure, they write *Ana*, *Ana*, which is as much as to say *An Afs*, *An Afs*; and after this march the *Ounces* and the *Scruples*; an incomparable Cordial to a dying man; the former to dispatch the *Body*, and the latter, to put the *soul* into the High-way to the *Devil*. To hear them call over their *Similes*, would make you swear, they were raising so many *Devils*. There's your *Opopanax*, *Euphthalmus*, *Astaphylinos*, *Alectorolophos*, *Ophioscorodon*, *Anemosphe-*
rus, &c. And by all this formidable Bombast, is meant nothing in the world but a few paltry Roots, as Carrots, Turneps, Skirrits, Radish and the like. But they have

have the Old Proverb at their Fingers end; *He that knows thee will never betray thee*; And therefore every thing made a Mystery, to hold their Patients in ignorance, and keep up the price of the Market. And were not the very names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distemper 'tis to be fear'd the Remedy would prove worse than the Disease. Cautions any pain in nature, think ye, have the confidence to look the Physician in the Face, that comes arm'd with a Drug made of *Man's Grease*? though disguis'd under the name of *Mummy*, take off the Horrour and Disgust of it. Or to stay for a dressing with *Dr. Whetters's Chums Plaster*, that shall fetch up a man's Leg to the size of a Mill-post? When I saw these people Herded with the Physicians, methoughts the old sluttish Proverb, that says, *There is a great distance between the Pulse and the Arse*, was much to blame for making such a difference in their Dignities, for I find none at all but the Physician skips in a trice from the *Pulse* to the *Stool* and *Urinal*, according to the Doctrine of *Galen*, who

sends

sends all his Disciples to those unfavour-
 ary Oracles : from whose hands the De-
 vil himself, if he were sick, would not
 receive so much as a Glister. Oh!
 these cursed and lawless Arbitrators
 and Disposers of our lives ! that with-
 out either Conscience or Religion, di-
 vide our Souls and Bodies, by their
 damn'd poysonous *Potions, Scarifica-*
Cations, Incisions, Excessive Bleedings, &c.
 which are but the several ways of exe-
 cuting their Tyranny and Injustice up-
 on us.

In the tail of these, came the *Surge-*
ons, laden with *Pincers, Crane-bills, Ca-*
eters, Desquamatories, Dilaters, Scis-
Whears, Saws ; and with them so horrid an
 Outcry, of *Cut, Tear, Open, Saw, Flay,*
Turn, that my Bones were ready to
 creep one into another for fear of an
 Operation.

The next that came in, I should have
 been taken by their *Min,* for *Devils* disguis'd,
 I had not spyed their Chains of Rot-
 ten Teeth, which put me in some hope
 they might be *Tooth-Drawers*, and so
 prov'd ; which is yet one of the
 vilest Trades in the world ; for they
 are

are good for nothing but to depopulate our Mouths, and make us old before our time. Let a man but yawn, and ye shall have one of these Rogues examining his *Grinders*, and there's not a sound *Tooth* in your head, but he had rather see't in his Girdle, than in the place of its Nativity: Nay, rather than fail, hee'll pick a quarrel with your *Gums*. But that which puts me out of all patience, is to see these Scoundrels ask twice as much for drawing an *old Tooth* as would have bought ye a *new One*.

Certainly (said I to my self) we are now past the worst, unless the Devil himself come next: And in that instant I heard the Brushing of *Guytars*, and the Ratling of *Citterns*, Raking of certain *Passacailles* and *Sarabands*. These are a Kennel of *Barbers* though I, or I'll be hang'd; and any man that had ever seen a Barber's Shop, might have told you as much without a Connoisseur, both by the Musick and by the variety of Instruments, which are as proper a part of a *Barbers Furniture*, as his *Combs*, *Cases* and *Wash-balls*. It was to me a pleasant entertainment, to see the

lath

lathering of *Asses heads*, of all sorts and sizes, and their Customers all the while winking and sputtering over their *Basons*.

Presently after these, appear'd a Consort of *loud and tedious Talkers*, that tired and deafen'd the Company with their *shrill*, and *restless Gaggles*: but as one told me, these were of several sorts. Some they call'd *Swimmers* from the motion of their Arms in all their Discourses, which was just as if they had been *Padling*. Others they called *Apes*, (and we *Mimicks*) these were perpetually making of *Mopps* and *Mowes*, and a thousand Antick Ridiculous Gestures, in derision and imitation of Others. In the third place, were *Make-bates*, and *sowers of Dissention*, and these were still Rolling their Eyes (like a *Bartlemey Puppet*, without so much as moving the Head) and leering over their Shoulders, to surprize people at unawares in their Familiarities, and Privacies, and gather another matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Lyers* follow'd next; and these seem'd to be a jolly contented sort of People, well Fed, and well Clothed;

and having nothing else to trust to; me thought it was a strange Trade to live upon. I need not tell you, that they are never without a full Audience, since *all Fools and Impertinents are of their Congregation.*

After these, came a Company of *Medlers*; a Pragmatical Insolent Generation of men that will have an Oar in every Boat, and are indeed the Banishers of honest Conversation, and the Troublers of all Companies and Affairs: The most Prostitute of all Flatterers; and only devoted to their own Profit. I thought this had been the last Scene, because no more came upon the Stage for a good while; and indeed I wonder'd that they came so late themselves, but one of the *Bablers* told me (unask'd) that this kind of Serpent carrying his Venome in his Tayl, it seem'd reasonable, that being the most Poysonous of the whole Gang, they should bring up the Rear.

I began then to take into thought what might be the meaning of this Order of People of several Conditions and Humours met together; but I was quickly diverted

diverted from that Consideration, by the Apparition of a Creature which lookt as if 'twere of the Feminine Gender. It was a person, of a thin and slender make; laden with Crowns, Garlands, Scepters, Scythes, Sheep-hooks, Pattins, Hob-nail'd-Shoes, Tiaras, Straw-Hats, Mitres, Mounmouth-Caps, Embroideries, Skins, Silk, Wooll, Gold, Lead, Diamonds, Shells, Pearl, and Pebbles: She was drest up in all the Colours of the Rainbow; she had one eye shut, the other open, young on the one side, and old o' the other. I thought at first, she had been a great way off, when indeed she was very near me, and when I took her to be at my Chamber-Door, she was at my Beds head. How to unriddle this mystery I knew not; nor was it possible for me to make out the meaning of an Equipage so Extravagant, and so fantastically put together. It gave me no affright however, but on the contrary I could not forbear laughing, for it came just then into my mind that I had formerly seen in *Italy* a *Farce*, where the *Mimick*, pretending to come from the

other world, was just thus Accoutred, and never was any thing more Nonsensically pleasant. I held as long as I could, and at last, I askt what she was? she answer'd me, I am *Death*. *Death*! (the very word brought my Heart into my Mouth) and I beseech you Madam, quoth I (with great Humility and Respect) whither is your Honour a going? No further (said she) for now I have found you, I am at my Journey's End. Alas, Alas! and must I dye then (said I) No, no, (quoth *Death*) but I'll take thee Quick along with me: For since so many of the *Dead* have been to visit the *Living*, It is but equal for once, that one of the *Living* should Return a Visit to the *Dead*. Get up then and come along; and never hang an Arse for the matter: for what you will not do willingly, you shall do in spite of your Teeth. This put me in a Cold Fit; but without more delay up I started, and desired leave only to put on my Breeches. No, no, (said she) no matter for Clothes, no body wears them upon the Road; wherefore come away, naked as you are, and you'll Travel the better.

So up I got, without a word more and follow'd her; in such a Terrour and Amazement, that I was but in an ill Condition to take a strict account of my Passage; yet I remember, that upon the way, I told her; Madam, under Correction, you are no more like the Deaths that I have seen, than *an Apple's like an Oyster*. Our Death is pictur'd with a *scyth* in her hand; and a *Carkass* of bones, as clean, as if the Crows had pick'd it: Yes, yes (said she) turning short upon me, I know that very well; but in the mean time your Designers, and Painters, are but a Company of Buzzards. The *Bones* you talk of, are the Dead, or otherwise *the miserable Remainders of the Living*; but let me tell you, that you your selves are your own Death, and that which you call Death, is but the Period of your Life, as the first moment of your Birth, is the beginning of your Death: And effectually, ye Dye Living, and your Bones are no more than what Death has left, and committed to the Grave. If this were rightly understood, every man would find a *Memento Mori*, or a Death's Head

in his own Looking-glass ; and consider every house with a Family in't, but as a Sepulchre fill'd with dead Bodies ; a Truth which you little dream of, though within your daily View and Experience. Can you imagine *Death* elsewhere, and not in your selves ? Believ't y'are in a shameful mistake ; for you your selves are *skeletons* before you are aware.

But Madam, under favour, what may all these people be that keep your Ladiship Company ? and since you are *Death* (as you say) how comes it, that the *Bablers*, and *Make-bates*, are neerer your Person, and more in your Good Graces than the *Physicians* ? What (says she) there are more people *Talk* to *Death* and dispatcht by *Bablers*, than by all the Pestilential Diseases in the World. And then your *Make-bates*, and *Medlers* kill more than your *Physicians* though (to give the Gentlemen of the Faculty their due) they labour night and day for the enlargement of our Empire. For you must understand, that though *distemper'd humours* make a man *sick*, 'tis the *Physician* Kills him ; and

look

looks to be well paid for't too : (and 'tis fit that every man should live by his Trade) so that when a man is askt, what such or such a one dy'd of; He is not presently to make answer, that he dy'd of a *Fever*, *Pleurisie*, the *Plague*, *Purples*, or the like; but that *He dyed of the Doctor*. In one point, however I must needs acquit the *Physician*; Ye know that the stile of *Right Honourable*, and *Right Worshipful*, which was heretofore appropriate only to Persons of Eminent Degree and Quality, is now in our days used by all sorts of little people; Nay the very *Bare-foot-Fryers*, that live under Vows of *Humility* and *Mortification*, are stung with this Itch of *Title* and *Vain-glory*. And your ordinary *Trades-men*, as *Vintners*, *Taylors*, *Masons* and the like, must be all drest up forsooth in the *Right Worshipful*: whereas your *Physician* does not so much Court *Honour* of *Appellation* (though if it should rain Dignities, he might be perswaded happily to venture the wetting) but sits down contented with the *Honour* of disposing of your *Lives* and *moneys*, without troubling himself

self about any other sort of Reputation.

The entertainment of these Lectures, and discourses, made the way seem short and pleasant, and we were just now entering into a Place, betwixt Light and Dark; and of Horreur enough, if *Death* and I had not by this time been very well acquainted. Upon one side of the Passage, I saw *three moving Figures*, *Arm'd*, and of *Humane shape*; and so alike, that I could not say which was which. Just Opposite, on the other side, a *Hideous Monster*, and these *Three* to *One*, and *One* to *Three*, in a Fierce, and Obstinate *Combate*. Here *Death* made a stop, and facing about, askt me, if I knew these People. Alas! No (quoth I) Heaven be prais'd, I do not, and I shall put it in my Litany that I never may. Now to see thy Ignorance, cry'd *Death*; These are thy old Acquaintance, and thou hast hardly kept any other Company since thou wert born. *Those three* are, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*; the Capital Enemies of thy Soul: and they are so like one another, as well in Quality, as Appearance,

that

that Effectually, whoever has One, has All. The Proud, and Ambitious man thinks he has got the *World*, but it proves the *Devil*. The *Lecher*, and the *Epicure*, perswade themselves that they have gotten the *Flesh*, and that's the *Devil* too; and in fine, thus it fares with all other kinds of Extravagants. But what's He there, said I, that appears in so many several shapes? and fights against the other three? That (quoth *Death*) is the *Devil* of *Money*, who maintains that *He* himself *Alone* is Equivalent to them *Three*, and that wherever *He* comes, there's no need of *Them*. Against the *World*, He argues from their own Confession, and Experience: for it passes for an Oracle; that *There's no World but Money; he that's out of Money, 's out of the World*. Take away a man's *Money*, and take away his *Life*. *Money answers All things*. Against the *second* Enemy, he pleads that *Money* is the *Flesh* too: witness the *Girls* and the *Ganimedes* it procures, and maintains. And against the *Third*, He urges that there's nothing to be done without this *Devil* of *Money*. *Love does much*

much, but Money does All : And money will make the Pot boyl, though the Devil piss in the Fire. So that for ought I see (quoth I) the Devil of Money has the better end of the Staff.

After this, advancing a little further, I saw on one hand, *Judgment*; and Hell on the other (for so *Death* called them) Upon the sight of *Hell*, making a stop to take a stricter Survey of it, *Death* askt me, what it was I lookt at? I told her it was *Hell*; and I was the more intent upon it, because I thought I had seen it somewhere else before. She questiont me, where? I told her, that I had seen it in the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of *Wicked Magistrates*; in the *Pride* and *Haughtiness* of *Grandeers*; in the *Appetite* of the *Voluptuous*; in the *lewd Design* of *Ruine* and *Revenge*; in the *Souls* of *Oppressours*; and in the *Vanity* of *diver Princes*. But he that would see it whole and Entire, in one subject, must go to the *Hypocrite*, who is a kind of a *Religious Broker*, and puts out at five and forty per Cent. the very *Sacraments*, and the *Commandments*.

I am very glad too (said I) that I have

have seen *Judgment* as I find it here, in its Purity ; for that which we call *Judgment* in the World, is a meer Mockery : If it were like This, men would live otherwise than they do. To conclude ; if it be expected that *our Judges* should govern Themselves and Us by *This Judgment*, the World's in an ill Case ; for there's but little of't there. And to deal plainly , as matters are, I have no great maw to go home again : for 'tis better being with the *Dead*, where there's *Justice*, than with the *Living*, where there's *None*.

Our next step was into a fair and spacious *Plain*, encompass'd with a huge Wall, where he that's once in, must never look to come out again. Stop here (quoth *Death*) for we are now come to my *Judgment-Seat* , and here it is that I give *Audience*. The *Walls* were hung with *Sighs* and *Groans*, *Ill-News*, *Fears*, *Doubts*, and *Surprizes*. *Tears* did not there avail, either the *Lover* or the *Beggar* ; but *Grief* and *Care* were without both *Measure* and *Comfort* ; and serv'd as *Vermine*, to gnaw the Hearts of *Emperours* and *Princes*, feeding upon the
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Insolent, and Ambitious, as their proper Nourishment. I saw *Envy* there drest up in a *Widow's Vail*, and the very Picture of the Governant of one of your Noblemen's Houses. She kept a Continual Fast as to the *Shambles*, Preying only upon her self; and could not but be a very slender Gentlewoman, upon so spare a Diet. Nothing came amiss to her Teeth (*Good or Bad*) which made the whole Set of them Yellow and Rotten, and the reason was, that though she bit, and set her mark upon the Good and the Sound, she could never swallow it. Under her, sate *Discord*; the Legitimate Issue of her own Bowels. She had formerly convers'd much with married people, but finding no need of her there, away she went to Colleges and Corporations, where it seems she had more already than they knew what to do withal: and then she betook herself to Courts and Palaces, and Office, and resided there, as the Devil's Lieutenant. Next to Her, was *Ingratitude*, and she was made out of a certain Paste made up of Pride and Malice, was moulding of New Devils. I was extreme glad of this Disc-

very

very, being of Opinion, till now, that the *Ungrateful* had been the *Devils Themselves*, because I read, that the *Angels* that fell were made *Devils* for their *Ingratitude*. To be short, the whole Place Eccho'd with *Rage* and *Curses*. *What a Devil have we here to do,* (said I) *does it rain Curses in this Country?* With that, a *Death* at my Elbow askt me, what a Devil could I expect else, in a place where there were so many *Match-makers*, *Attorneys*, and *Common-Barresters*; who are a Pack of the most Accursed Wretches in Nature? Is there any thing more Common in the world, than the Exclamations of *Husbands* and *Wives*? Oh! that *Damn'd Devil* of a *Pander*: *A heavy Curse upon that Bitch of a Band that ever brought us together.* The *Pillory* and ten thousand *Gibbets* to boot, take that *pick-pocket Attorney*, that advised me to this *Law-suit*; h'as ruin'd me for ever. But pray'e (said I) what do all these *Match-makers* and *Attorneys* here together? Do they come for *Audience*? *Death* was here a little quick upon me, and called me *Fool* for so *Impertinent* a *Question*. If there were
no

no *Match-makers* (said she) we should not have the Tenth part of these *skeletons*, and *Desperado's*. Am not I her the fifth Husband of a Woman yet living in the World, that hopes to send twice as many more after me, and drink *Mandragora* at the fifteenth Funeral? you say well (said I) as to the business of *Match-makers*; but why so many *Petty Foggers* I pray'e? Nay then I perceive (quoth Death) now you have a mind to seize me; for that *Rascally* sort of *Caterpillars* have been my undoing. Had not a man better dye by the *Common Hangman*, than by the hand of an *Attorney*? to be killed by *Falsities*, *Quirks*, *Cavils*, *Delays*, *Exceptions*, *Circumventions*: Yes, yes, And it must not be deny'd, that these *Makers of Matches*, and *Splitters of Causes*, are the *Principal support of this Imperial Throne*.

At these words, I rais'd my Eyes, and saw *Death* seated in her Chair of state with abundance of little *Deaths* crowding about her; As the *Death of Love*, of *Cold*, *Hunger*, *Fear*, and *Laughter*. All, with their several *Ensigns* and *Devices*.

Devices. The *Death* of *Love*, I perceived, had very *little Brain*, and to keep her self in Countenance, she kept Company with *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; *Hero* and *Leander*, and some *Amadis's* and *Palmerins d' Oliva*; all Embalm'd, well keep'd in good *Vinegar*, and well Dry'd. I saw a great many other sorts of Lovers too, that were brought, in all Appearance, to their last Agonies, but by the singular Miracle of self-Interest recover'd to the Tune of

*Will, if Looking well won't move her,
Looking Ill prevail?*

The *Death* of *Cold*, was attended by many *Prelates*, *Bishops*, *Abbots*, and other *Ecclesiasticks*; who had neither Wives, nor Children, nor indeed any body else that cared for them, further than for their Fortunes. These, when they come to a Fit of *sickness*, are Pillag'd even to their *Sheets* and *Bedding*, before ye can say a *Pater-noster*. Nay, many times they are *stript*, e're they be *Laid*, and destroy'd for want of clothes to keep them warm.

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The *Death of Hunger* was encompassed with a Multitude of *Avaritious Masters*, that were *Cording up of Trunks; Bolting of Doors, and Windows; Locking up of Cellars, and Garrets; and Nailing down of Trap-Doors; Burying of Pots of Money*, and starting at every *Breath of Wind* they heard. Their *Eyes* were ready to drop out of their heads, for want of *sleep*; their *Mouths* and *Bellies* complaining of their *Hands*, and their *Souls* turn'd into *Gold and Silver* (the *Idols* they ador'd.)

The *Death of Fear*, had the most *Magnificent Train and Attendance*, of all the rest, being accompanied with a great number of *Usurpers, and Tyrants*, who commonly do *Justice upon Themselves* for the *Injuries* they have done to others: Their own *Consciences* doing the *Office of Tormentors*, and *Avengeing* their *publique Crimes* by their *Private Sufferings*; for they live in a *perpetual Anguish of Thought*, with *Fear* and *Jealousies*.

The *Death of Laughter*, was the least of all, and surrounded with a *Throng* of people, *hasty to Believe, and slow to*

Repent

Repent; Living without fear of Justice, and Dying without hope of Mercy. These are they that pay all their Debts and Duties with a Jest. Bid any of them, give every man his Due, and Return what he has either Borrow'd, or wrongfully taken, His Answer is, You'd make a man die with Laughing. Tell him, my Friend, you are now in Tears, Your dancing dayes are done, and your Body is worn out; what should such a Scar-Crow as you are, do with a Bed-fellow? Give over your Bawdy Haunts for shame, and don't make a Glory of a Sin, when you are past the Pleasure of it, and your self upon all Accompts contemptible into the Bargain. This Fellow (says He) would make a man break his heart with Laughing. Come, come, say your Prayers, and bethink your self of Eternity, you have one Foot in the Grave already, and 'tis high time to fit your self for the other World. Thou wilt absolutely kill me with Laughing. I tell thee, I'm as sound as a Roche, and I do not Remember that ever I was better in my Life. Others there are, that, let a man advise them upon their Death-

Beds and even at the last Gasp, to send for a Divine, or to make some handsome settlement of their Estates. Alas, alas! they'l cry; *I have been as bad as this many a time before, and (with Falstaff's Hostess) I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet.* These men are lost forever, before they can be brought to understand their danger. This Vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the Pains and Marques Imaginable of a true Repentance. Well, (said I) since so it is, that man has but *one life* allotted him, and *so many Deaths*; but *one way* into the World, and *so many Millions* out of it, I will certainly at my Return, make it more my Care than it has been to Live with a Good Conscience, that I may dye with Comfort.

These last words were scarce out of my Mouth, when the Cryer of the Court with a loud Voice, called out, *The Dead; The Dead; Appear the Dead.* And so immediately, I saw the *Earth* begin to Move, and gently opening it self, to make way, first for *Heads* and *Arms*, and then by Degrees for the *whole*

dies of *Men and Women*, that came out, half muffled in their Night-Caps, and ranged themselves in excellent Order, and with a profound silence. Now (says *Death*) let every one speak in his Turn; And in the instant, up comes One of the *Dead* to my very Beard, with so much Fury and Menace, in his Face and Action, that I would have given him half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition. These Devils of the *World* (quoth he) what would they be at? my Masters, cannot a poor Wretch be quiet in his Grave for ye? but ye must be casting your Scorns upon him, and charging him with things that upon my Soul, he's as Innocent of as the Child that's Unborn. What hurt has he done any of you (ye Scoundrels you) to be thus Abused? And I beseech you, Sir, said I (under your Favourable Correction) who may you be? for I confess I have not the Honour either to know or to understand ye. I am (quoth he) the Unfortunate Tony, that has been in his Grave now this many a fair Arm's year, and yet your wise Worships forle B o o t h have not Wit enough to make your

Selves and your Company merry, but Tony must still be one half of your Entertainment and Discourse. When any man plays the Fool or the Extravagant, presently he's a Tony. Who drew this or that Ridiculous Piece? Tony. Such or such a one was never well taught. No, he had a Tony to his Master. But let me tell ye, he that shall call your Wisdoms to shrift, and take a strict account of your words and actions, will upon the Uphot find you all a Company of Tonys: and in effect the Greater Impertinents. As for Instance: Did I ever make Ridiculous Wills (as you do) to oblige others to pray for a man in his Grave, that never pray'd for Himself in his Life? Did I ever rebel against my Superiours? Or, was I ever so arrant a Coxcomb, as by colouring my Cheeks and Hair, to imagine that I could reform Nature, and make my self young again? Can ye say, that I ever put an Oath to Lye; or broke a solemn promise, as ye do every day that goes over your Heads? Did I ever enslave my self to money? or on the other side make Ducks and Drabs with it? and squander it away in Gaming?

Revelling, and Whoring? Did my Wife
 ever wear the Breeches? Or, did I ever
 marry at all, to be reveng'd of a false
 Mistress? Was I ever so very a Fool as to
 believe any man would be True to me,
 who had betray'd his Friend? Or, to ven-
 ture all my Hopes upon the Wheel of For-
 tune? Did I ever envy the Felicity of a
 Court-Life, that sells and spends all for a
 Glance? What pleasure did I ever take in
 the lewd Discourses of Hereticks and Li-
 bertines? Or did I ever List my self in
 the party, to get the name of a Gifted
 Brother? Who ever saw me insolent to
 my Inferiors, or basely servile to my Bet-
 ters? Did I ever go to a Conjuror, or to
 your Dealers in Nativities, and Horoscopes
 upon any Occasion of Loss or Death? Now
 if you your selves be guilty of all these
 Fopperies, and I innocent, I beseech ye
 where's the Tony? So that you see Tony
 is not the Tony you take him for. But
 (to Crown his other Vertues) he is al-
 so endued with so large a stock of Pa-
 tience, that whoever needed it, had it
 for the asking: Unless it were such as
 came to borrow money; or in Cases of
 Women, that claim'd Marriage of him;

or *Laquais* that would be making sport with his Bauble; and to These, He was as Resolute as *John Florio*.

While we were upon this Discourse another of the Dead came marching up to me, with a Spanish pace and gravity; and giving me a Touch o' the Elbow; *Look me in the Face* (quoth he with a stern Countenance) and know Sir, that you are not now to have to do with a Tony. I beseech your Lordship (said I, saving your Reverence) let me know your Honour, that I may pay my Respects accordingly; for I must confess, I thought all people here had been, *Hail fellow well met*. I am called (quoth he) by mortals *Queen Dick*; and whether you know me or not, I'm sure you think and talk of me often enough; and if the Devil did not possess ye, you would let the Dead alone, and content your selves to persecute One Another. Ye can't see a High crown'd Hat, Thred-bare Cloak, a Basket-Hilt Sword or a Dudgeon Dagger, nay not so much as a Reverend Matron, well stricken in years, but presently ye cry, *That's of the Mode or Date*.

Queen Dick. If ye were not every Mother's Child of ye stark mad, ye would confess that *Queen Dick's* were Golden days to those ye have had since, and 'tis an easie matter to prove what I say. Will ye see a Mother now teaching her Daughter a Lesson of good Government? *Child* (says she) *you know that modesty is the great Ornament of your Sex; wherefore be sure, when ye come in Company, that you don't stand staring the men in the Face, as if ye were looking Babies in their Eyes, but rather look a little Downward, as a Fashion of Behaviour, more sutable to the Obligations of your Sex.* Downward? (says the Girl) I beseech you, Madam, Excuse me: This was well enough in the Days of *Queen Dick*, when the poor Creatures knew no better. Let the Men look downward towards the Clay of which they were made, but Man was our Original, and it will become us to keep our Eyes upon the matter from whence we came. If a Father give his Son in Charge, *to Worship his Creator, to say his Prayers Morning and Evening, to give Thanks before and after Meat, to have a*
care

care of Gaming and Swearing. Ye shall have the Son make Answer, that 'tis true, this was practis'd in the time of *Queen Dick*; but it is now quite out of Mode: And in plain *English*, men are better known now adays by their *Atheism* and *Blasphemy*, than by their *Beards*.

Hereupon, *Queen Dick* withdrew, and then appear'd a large *Glass-Bottle*, wherein was Luted up (as I heard) a famous *Necromancer*, hackt and minc'd according to his own Order, to render him immortal. It was boiling upon a Quick Fire, and the Flesh by little and little began to piece again, and made first an Arm, then a Thigh, after that a Leg; and at last there was an entire Body, that rais'd it self upright in the Bottle. Bless me (thought I!) what's here? A *man* made of a *Pottage*, and brought into the world out of the Belly of a Bottle? This Vision affrighted me to the very Heart; and while I was yet panting and trembling, a voice was heard out of the Glass. *In what year of our Lord are we?* 1636. (quoth I) *And welcome, said he; for 'tis the happy*

year

year I have longed for so many a day. Who is it, I pray'e (quoth I) that I now see and hear in the belly of this Bottle? I am (said he) the Great Necromancer of Europe; and certainly you cannot but have heard both of my Operations in General, and of this particular Design. I have heard talk of you from a Child (quoth I) but all those stories I took only for old Wives Fables. You are the man then it seems: I must confess that at first, at a Distance I took this bottle for the Vessel that the ingenious *Rablais* makes mention of; but coming neer enough to see what was in it, I did then imagine it might be some *Philosopher by the fire*, or some *Apothecary* doing Penance for his Errors. In fine, it has cost me many a heavy step to come hither, and yet to see so great a Rarity I cannot but think my Time and Pains very well bestow'd. The *Necromancer* call'd to me then to unstop the Bottle, and as I was breaking the Clay to open it: Hold, Hold a little, he cry'd; and I prethee tell me first how go squares in *Spain*? What Money? Force? Credit? The *Plate Fleets* go and

and come (said I) reasonably well; but the Foreigners that come in for their snips have half spoil'd the Trade. The *Genoefes* run out as far as the Mountains of *Potosi*, and have almost drain'd them dry. My Child (quoth He) That Trade can never be secure and open, so long as *Spain* has any Enemy that's Potent at Sea. And for the *Genoefes*, they tell you this is no Injustice at all, but on the Contrary, a new way of quitting old scores, and justifying his Catholic Majesty for a good Pay-master. I am no Enemy to that Nation, but upon the Accompt of their Vices and Encroachments; and I confess, rather than see these Rascals prosper, I'd turn my self into a *Bouillon* again, as ye saw me just now; nay, I did not care if 'twere into a *Powder*, though I ended my days in a *Tobacco-box*. Good Sir, (said I) comfort your self, for these people are as miserable as you'd wish them. You know they are *Cavaliers* and *Signiors* already, and now (forsooth) they have an Itch upon them to be *Princes*: A vanity that gnaws them like a *Cancer*; and by drawing on great Expences, breeds

Worm in their Traffick, so that you'l find little but Debt and Extravagance at the foot of the Accompt. And then the *Devil's* in them for a Wench inso-much, that 'tis well, if they bring both ends together; for what's gotten upon the *Change* is spent in the *Stews*.

This is well (quoth the *Necromancer*) and I'm glad to hear it. Pray'e tell me now, what price bears *Honour and Hone-esty* in the World? There's much to be said (quoth I) upon that point; but in brief, there was never more of it in *Talk*, nor less in *Effect*. Upon my *Honesty* cries the *Tradesman*: Upon my *Honour*, says his *Lordship*. And in a few word, Every man has it, and Every thing is it, in some disguise or other: but duly consider'd, there's no such thing upon the Face of the Earth. The *Thief* says 'tis more *Honourable* to *Take* than *Beg*. He that asks an *Alms*, pleads You that 'tis *Honest* to *Beg* than *Steal*. Nay the *False Witnesses* and *Murtherers* themselves, stand upon their points, as well as their Neighbours, and will tell ye and that a *Man of Honour* will rather be *buried alive* than *Submit*: (though they will

will not always do as they say) Upon the whole matter, every man sets up a *Court of Honour* within himself; pronounce every thing *Honourable* that serves his *Purpose*, and laughs at them that think otherwise. To say the Truth All things are now *Topsie Turvie*. A good *Faculty* in *Lying* is a fair step to *Preferment*; and to pack a Game at Cards or help the Frail Dye, is become the *Marque*, and *Glory* of a *Cavalier*. The *Spaniards* were heretofore, I confess, very Brave and well govern'd People. But they have Evil Tongues among them now adays, that say they might e'en go to School to the *Indians* to learn *Sobriety* and *Vertue*. For they are not really *sober*, but at their own Table which indeed, is rather *Avarice*, than *Moderation*; for when they Eat or Drink at another man's Cost, there are no greater Gluttons in the World; and for Fudling, they shall make the best *Pot-companion* in *Switzerland* known under the Table.

The *Necromancer* went on with his Discourse, and askt me what store of *Lawyers* and *Attorneys* in *Spain* at present

sent

sent ? I told him, that the whole world swarm'd with them, and that there were of several sorts; some, by *Profession* ; Others, by *Intrusion*, and *Presumption* ; and some again by *Study*, but not many of the last, though indeed sufficient of every kind to make the People pray for the *Egyptian Locusts* and *Caterpillars* in Exchange for that *Vermine*. Why then (quoth the *Necromancer*) if there be such *Plagues* Abroad, I think I had best e'en keep where I am. It is with *Justice* (said I) as with *sick men* ; In time past, when we had fewer *Doctors* (as well of *Law* as of *Physick*) we had more *Right*, and more *Health* : but we are now destroy'd by *Multitudes*, and *Consultations*, which serve to no Other end than to enflame both the *Distemper*, and the *Reckoning*. *Justice*, as well as *Truth*, went naked, in the *Dayes of Old* ; One single *Book* of *Laws* and *Ordinances*, was enough for the best Order'd Government in the world. But the *Justice of our Age*, is trickt up with *Bills*, *Parchments*, *Writs*, and *Labels* ; and furnish't with Millions of *Codes*, *Digests*, *Pandects*, *Pleadings*,

The second Vision of
Pleadings, and Reports; And what
 their use, but to make *wrangling a sci-*
ence? and to Embroil us in Seditious
 Suits, and Endless Trouble and Confu-
 sion. We have had more Books pub-
 lish't this last Twenty years, than in a
 Thousand before, and there hardly
 passes a Term without a New Author,
 in four or five Volumes at least under
 the Titles of *Glosses, Commentaries, Ca-*
ses, Judgments, &c. And the great
 strife is, who writes *Most*, not *Best*; so
 that the whole Bulk, is but a *Body* with-
 out a *Soul*, and fitter for a *Church-yard*
 than a *Study*. To say the Truth, These
Lawyers and Sollicitors, are but so ma-
 ny *Smock-Merchants; Sellers of Wind,*
 and *Troublers of the Publick Peace.* If
 there were no *Attorneys*, there would
 be no *Suits*; if no *Suits*, No *Cheats*, No
Serjeants; No *Catchpoles*, No *Prisons*;
 If no *Prisons*, no *Judges*; No *Judges*,
 No *Passion*; No *Passion*, No *Bribery* or
Subornation.

See now what a Train of Mischiefs
 one wretched *Petty-fogger* draws after
 him! If you go to him for Counsel, he
 hears your Story, Reads your Case,
 and

and tells you very gravely : Sir, This is
a Nice point, and would be well hand-
led ; Wee'l see what the Law says. And
then he runs ye over with his Eye and
Finger, a matter of a Hundred Volumes,
grumbling all the while like a Cat that
Claws in her Play 'twixt Jest and Earn-
est. At last, down comes the Book, he
shews the Law, bids ye leave your Pa-
pers, and hee'l study the Question.
But your Cause is very good (says he)
by what I see already, and if you'l
come again in the *Evening*, or to mor-
row morning, I'll tell ye more. But
ardon me, Sir, now I think on't, I am
retain'd upon the business of the *Fens*, It
cannot be till *Monday Next*, and then I'm
for ye. When ye are to part, and that
you come to the Greasing of his Fist ;
The best thing in the World both for
the Wit, and Memory) *Good Lord!*
Sir (says he) *what do you Mean? I beseech*
you Sir ; *Nay, pray'e Sir*, and if he spies
you drawing back, the Paw opens;
seizes the *Guineys*, and *Good morrow*
puntrey-man ; sayst thou me so? (quoth
the good Fellow in the Glass) stop me
close again as thou lov'st me then :

F

for

for the very Air of these Rascals will
 poyson me, if ever I put my Head out of
 this Bottle, till the whole Race of them
 be extinct. In the meantime, take this
 for a Rule: *He that would thrive by Law*
must see his Enemies Counsel as well as his
own.

But now ye talk of great Cheats
 what News of the *Venetians*? Is *Venice*
still in the World or no? In the
World do ye say? Yes, marry is
 (said I) and stands just where it did
 Why then (quoth He) I prethee give
 it to the Devil from me as a Token of
 my Love; for 'tis a Present equal to
 the severest Revenge. Nothing can ever
 destroy that Republick but Conscience
 and then you'll say 'tis like to be Long
 liv'd; for if every man had his own
 it would not be left worth a *Groat*.
 I speak freely, 'tis an odd kind of *Com-*
mon-wealth. 'Tis the very *Arse*-
 the *Drain* and *Sink* of *Monarchies*, both
 in War and Peace. It helps the *Turk*
 Vex the *Christians*, and the *Christians*
 to Gall the *Turk*, and maintains it self
 torment Both. The *Inhabitants* are
 neither *Moors* nor *Christians*, as appe

by a Venetian Captain, in a Combat
against a Christian Enemy: Stand to't
my Masters (says he) Ye were Venetians
before ye were Christians.

Enough, enough of This, cry'd the
Necromancer, and tell me, how stand the
people affected? what *Malecontents* and
Mutiners? *Mutiny* (said I) is so Univer-
sal a Disease, that every Kingdom is
(in effect) but a Great Hospital, or ra-
ther a Bedlam (for all men are mad) to
entertain the Disaffected. There's no
stirring for me then (quoth the *Necro-*
mancer) but pray'e commend me how-
ever to those busie Fools, and tell them,
what carry what Face they will, there's
Envy and Ambition in the Pad. Kings
and Princes have their Nature much of
quicksilver. They are in perpetual
agitation, and without any Repose.
Press them too hard, (that is to say be-
yond the Bounds of Duty and Reason)
and they are lost. Ye may observe, that
our Guilders, and great Dealers in
quicksilver, are generally troubled
with the Palsie; and so should all Sub-
jects Tremble that have to do with
Majesty, and better to do it at first, out

68 *The second Vision of*
of *Respect*, than afterward, upon *Force*
and *Necessity*.

But before I fall to pieces again, you saw me e'en now (for better so than worse) I beseech ye, One word more and it shall be my Last. *Who's King of Spain now?* You know (said I) that *Philip* the 3^d is *Dead*: Right (quoth he) A Prince of incomparable *Piety* and *Vertue* (or my Stars deceive me) After him, (said I) came *Philip* the 4th. If it be so (quoth he) Break, break the Bottle immediately, and help me out, for I am resolv'd to try my Fortune in the World once again, under the *Reign* of that Glorious Prince. And with that word, he dash't the Glass to pieces against a Rock, crept out of his Cell, and away he ran. I had a good mind to have kept him Company; but I was just about to start, Let him go, let him go, cry'd one of the Dead; (he laid hold of my Arm) He has Devilish Heels, and you'll never overtake him.

So I staid, and what should I see next but a wondrous Old Man, whose Name might have been *Bucephalus* by his

and the Hair on his Face might very well have stuff'd a Couple of Cushions: take him together, and you'l find his Picture in the Map, among the *Savages*. I need not tell ye that I stared upon him sufficiently; and he taking notice of it, came to me, and told me; Friend (says he) My Spirit tells me that you are now in Pain to know who I am; Understand, that my name is *Nostradamus*. Are you the Author then (quoth I) of that *Gallimaufry of Prophecies* that's publish't in your Name? *Gallimaufry* say'st thou? Impudent and Barbarous Rascal that thou art; to despise Mysteries, that are above thy Reach, and to revile the Secretary of the Stars, and the Interpreter of the Destinies; Who so Brutal as to doubt the Meaning of these Lines?

From second Causes; This I gather,
Nought shall befall us, Good, or Ill,
Either upon the Land or Water,
But what the Great Disposer will.

Reprobated and besotted Villains
at ye are! what greater blessing

could betide the World, than the Accomplishment of this Prophecy would it not Establish Justice and Honesty, and suppress all the vile suggestions, and motions of the Devil? Men would not then any longer set their Hearts upon Avarice, Cozening and Extortion; and make Money their God. That Vagabond Money, that's perpetually trotting up and down like a wandering Whore, and takes up most commonly with the unworthy, leaving the *Philosophers* and *Prophets*, which are the very *Oracles* of the *Heavens* (such as *Nostradamus*) to go bare-foot. But let us go on with our *Prophecies*, and see if they be so frivolous and dark, as the World reports them.

When the marry'd shall Marry,
Then the Jealous will be sorry,
And though Fools will be talking,
To keep their tongues walking;
No man runs well I find,
But with's Elbows behind.

This gave me such a Fit of Laughing
that it made me cast my nose up into the

Air, like a Stone-Horse that hath got a Mare in the Wind: Which put the *Astrologer* out of all Patience. Buffon, and Dog-whelp, as ye are (quoth he) There's a Bone for you to pick; you must be snarling and snapping at every thing. Will your Teeth serve ye now to fetch out the Marrow of this Prophecie? Hear then in the Devils name, and be Mannerly. Hear, and Learn I say, and let's have no more of that Grinning, unless ye have a mind to leave your Beard behind ye. Do you imagine that all that are *Marry'd Marry*? No, not the one half of them. When you are *Marry'd*, the *Priest* has done his part; but after that, to *Marry*, is to do the Duty of a *Husband*. Alack! How many *Marry'd* men live as if they were single; and how many *Batchelors* on the other side, as if they were *Marry'd*! after the Mode of the Times. And *Wedlock* to divers Couples, is no other than a more sociable state of *Virginity*. Here's one half of my Prophecy expounded already, now for the Rest. Let me see you run a little for Experiment, and try if you carry your El-

bows *before*, or *behind*. You'l tell me perhaps, that this is ridiculous, because every body knows it. A pleasant shift: As if Truth were the worse for being Plain. The things indeed that you deliver for *Truths*, are for the most part meer *Fooleries* and *Mistakes*; and it were a hard matter to put Truth in such a Dress as would please ye. What have ye to say now, either against my Prophecy or my Argument? not a Syllable I warrant ye, and yet somewhat there is to be said, for *There's no Rule without an Exception*. Does not the *Physician* carry his *Elbow before him*, when he puts back his hand to take his Patients Money? And away he's gone in a Trice so soon as He has made his Purchase. But to proceed, here's another of my Prophecies for ye,

Many Women shall be Mothers,
And their Babbies,
Their N'own Daddies.

What say ye to this now? are there not many *Husbands* do ye think (if the Truth were known) that father more

Children

Children than *their own*? Believe me (Friend) *A man had need have good security upon a Womans Belly, for Children are commonly made in the Dark, and 'tis no easie matter to know the Workman, especially having nothing but the woman's bare word for't. This is meant of the Court of Assistance; And whoever Interprets my Prophecies to the Prejudice of any Person of Honour, abuses me. You little think what a world of our Gay folks in their Coaches and six, with Lacquies at their Heels by the Dozens, will be found at the last Day, to be only the Bastards of some Pages, Gentlemen-Ushers, or Valets de Chambre of the Family; nay perchance the Physician may have had his hand in the wrong Box; and in case of a necessity, good Use has been made of a Lusty Coachman. Little do you think (I say) how many Noble Families upon that Grand Discovery, will be found extinct for want of Issue.*

I am now convinc'd (said I to the *Mathematician*) of the Excellency of your Predictions; and I perceive (since you have been pleas'd to be your own

Inter-

Interpreter) that they have more weight in them, than we were aware of. Ye shall have one more (quoth he) and I have done.

This Year, if I've any skill i'th' Weather,
Shall many a one take Wing with a
Feather.

I dare say that your wit will serve ye now to Imagine, that I'm talking of *Rooks* and *Jack-daws*; but I say, No. I speak of *Lawyers*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Scriveners*, and their Fellows, that with the Dash of a *Pen*, can defeat their *Clients* of their *Estates*, and fly away with them when they have done.

Upon these words *Nostradamus* Vanisht, and some body plucking me behind, I turn'd my face upon the most meager, melancholick Wretch that ever was seen, and cover'd all in white. For pity's sake (says he) and as you are a good Christian, do but deliver me from the Persecution of these *Impertinents* and *Bablers* that are now tormenting me, and I'll be your Slave for ever (casting himself at my Feet in the same

Mo

Moment; and crying like a Child.) And what art thou (quoth I) for a miserable Creature? I am (says he) an Ancient, and an Honest man, although defam'd with a thousand Reproaches and Slanders: And in fine, some call me *Another*, and others *Some-body*, and doubtless ye cannot but have heard of me. As *Some-body* says, cries one, that has nothing to say for himself; and yet till this Instant, I never so much as open'd my mouth. The *Latines* call me *Quidam*, and make good use of me to fill up Lines, and stop Gaps. When ye go back again into the World, I pray'e do me the Favour to own that you have seen me, and to justifie me for one that never did, and never will either speak or write any thing, whatever some Tatling Idiots may pretend. When they bring me into *Quarrels* and *Brawles*, I am call'd forsooth, *a certain Person*: In their *Intrigues*, I know not *who*: and in the Pulpit, *A certain Author*: and all this, to make a Mystery of my Name, and lay all their Foole-ries at my Door. Wherefore I beseech ye help me; which I promis'd to do.

And

And so this Vision withdrew to make Place for another.

And that was the most frightful piece of *Antiquity* that ever Eye beheld in the shape of an *Old Woman*. She came *nodding* towards me, and in a *Hollow, Ratling Tone* (for she spoke more with her *Chops*, than her *Tongue*) *Pray'e* (says she) *Is there not some body come lately hither from the other World?* This Apparition, thought I, is undoubtedly one of the *Devils Scare-Crows*. Her *Eyes* were so sunk in their *Sockets*, that they lookt like a pair of *Dice* in the bottom of a couple of *Red-boxes*. Her *Cheeks* and the *Soles* of her *Feet*, were of the same *Complexion*. Her *mouth* was *pale*, and *open* too; the better to receive the *Distillations* of her *Nose*. Her *Chin* was cover'd with a kind of *Goose-Down*, as *Toothless* as a *Lamprey*; and the *Flaps* of her *Cheeks* were like an *Apes Bags*; her *Head* danc'd, and her *Voice* at every word *kept time* to't. Her *Body* was vail'd, or rather wrapt up in a shroud of *Cre'pe*. She had a *Crutch* in one hand, which serv'd her for a *supporter*; and a *Rosary* in t'other,

of such a length, that as she stood stooping over it, a man would have thought she had been fishing for *Deaths Heads*. When I had done gaping upon This *Epitome of past-ages*; *Hola! Grannum* (quoth I, good lustily in her Ear, taking for granted that she was deaf) what's your Pleasure with me? with that she gave a Grunt, and being much in wrath to be called *Grannum*, clapt a fair pair of Spectacles upon her *Nose*, and pinking through them; I am, quoth she, neither *Deaf*, nor *Grannum*; but may be called by my Name as well as my Neighbours, (giving to understand, that Women will take it ill to be called Old, even in their very Graves.) As she spake, she came still nearer me, with her Eyes dropping, and the smell about her perfectly of a Dead Body. I begg'd her Pardon for what was past, and for the future her Name, that I might be sure to keep my self within the Bounds of Respect, I am call'd (says she) *Donegna*, or *Madam the Gouvernante*. How's that? quoth I, in a great Amazement. Have ye any of those Cattle in this Country?

Let

Let the Inhabitants pray heartily for Peace then; and all little enough to keep them quiet. But to see my mistake now. I thought the *Women* had *died*, when they came to be *Gouvernantes*, and that for the punishment of a wicked World, the *Gouvernantes* had been *Immortal*. But I am now better inform'd, and very glad truly to meet with a Person I have heard so much talk of. For with us, Who but *Madam the Gouvernante*, at every turn? Do ye see that *Mumping Hag*, cries one? Come here ye *Damn'd Jade* cries another. That *Old Bawd*, says Third, has forgotten, I warrant ye, that ever she was a *Whore*, and now see if we do not remember ye: You do so, and I'm in your debt for your Remembrance, the *Great Devil* be your *Paymaster*, ye Son of a *Whore*, you; Are there no more *Gouvernantes* than myself? Sure there are, and ye may have your Choice, without Affronting me. Well, well, (said I) have a little Patience, and at my Return, I'll try if I can put things in better Order. But in the mean time, what business have you here?

here? her *Reverence* upon this was a little Qualified, and told me, that she had now been *eight hundred years* in Hell, upon a Design to erect an Order of the *Gouvernantes*; but the right *Worshipful the Devil-Commissioners*, are not as yet come to any Resolution upon the Point. For say they, if your *Gouvernantes* should come once to settle here, there would need no other Tormentors, and we should be but so many *Jacks out of Office*. And besides, we should be perpetually at *Daggers-Drawing* about the *Brands* and *Candle-Ends* which they would still be filching, and laying out of the way; and for us to have our *Fewel* to seek, would be very Inconvenient. I have been in *Purgatory* too (she said) upon the same Project, but there so soon as ever they set eye on me, all the Souls cry'd out unanimously, *Libera nos, &c.* As for Heaven, That's no place for *Quarrels, Slanders, Disquiets, Heart-burnings*, and consequently None for *Me*. The *Dead* are none of my Friends neither, for They grumble, and bid me let them alone as they do me; and be gone into the world

world again if I please, and there (they tell me) I may play the *Gouvernante* in *secula seculorum*. But truly I had rather be here at my Ease, than spend my Life crumpling, and brooding over a Carpet at a Bed-side, like a thing of Clouts, to secure the Poultry of the Family from strange Cocks, which would now and then have a Brush with a Virgin Pullet, but for the care of the *Gouvernantes*. And yet 'tis she, good woman, bears all the blame, in Case of any Miscarriage: The *Gouvernante* was presently of the Plot, she had *Feeling in the Cause, a Finger in the Pye*. And 'tis she in fine that must answer for all. Let but a Stocking, an old Handkercher, the Greasie Lining of a Masque, or any such Frippery piece of business be missing; Ask the *Gouvernante* for This, or for That. And in short, they take us certainly for many *Storks* and *Ducks*, to gather up the filth about the house. The *Servants* look upon us as *Spies* and *Tell Tales*: My *Cousin* forsooth, and t'other *Aunt* dares not come to the house, for fear of the *Gouvernante*. And indeed

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they have made many of them *Cross* themselves, that took me for a Ghost. Our *Masters* they curse us too, for Embroyling the Family. So that I have rather Chosen to take up here, betwixt the *Dead* and the *Living*, than to return again to my Charge of a *Donegna*, the very sound of the Name being more Terrible than a *Gibbet*. As appears by one that was lately Travailing from *Madrid*, to *Vailladolid*, and asking where he might lodge that night. Answer was made at a small Village call'd *Donnegnas*. But is there no other place (quoth he) within some reasonable Distance, either short or beyond it? They told him no, unless it were at a *Gallows*. That shall be my *Quarter* then (quoth he) for open *thousand Gibbets* are not so bad to me as one *Donnegnas*. Now ye see how we are abus'd (quoth the *Gouvernante*) I for hope you'l do us some Right, when it up lies in your Power.

She would have talk't me to Death, if I had not given her the slip upon the removing of her Spectacles; but I could not 'scape so neither, for looking about me for a Guide to carry me home

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again.

again, I was arrested by one of the *Dead*; a good proper Fellow, only he had a pair of *Rams-horns* on his head and I was about to salute him for *Arise* in the *Zodiac*: but when I saw him place himself, just before me, with his *best* Leg forward, stretching out his Arm Clutching his Fists, and looking as Sour as if He would have *Eaten* me without *Mustard*; Doubtless, (said I) *the Devil is Dead and This is He*. No, No, cry'd a By-stander, This is a *man*. Why then (said I) he's Drunk, I perceive, and *Quarrelsome in his Ale*, for here's no body has touched him. With that as he was just ready to fall on, I stood to my Guard, and we were arm'd at all points alike, only he had the *Ornament* of the Head-piece. Now, Sirrah, (said he) *have at ye*, slave that you are, I will make a Trade of Defaming Persons of your Honour. By the Death that Commands here, I'll ha' my Revenge, and *turn your Skin over your Ears*: This Insolent Language stir'd my Choler to confess, and so I call'd to him; *Come on, Sirrah*; *A little nearer yet* and if ye have a mind to be twice kill'd

file do your business; who the Devil brought this Cornuto hither to trouble me? The word was no sooner out, but we were immediately at it, Tooth and Nail, and if his Horns had not been flatted to his head, I might have had the worst on't. But the whole Ring presently came in to part us, and did me a singular kindness in't, for my Adversary had a Fork, and I had none. As they were *staving and Tayling*, you might have had more manners (cry'd one) than to give such language to your Betters, and to call *Don Diego Moreno, Cuckold*. And is this that *Diego Moreno* then, said I? Rascal that he is to charge me with abusing persons of Honour. A Scoundrel (said I) that 'tis a shame for Death to be seen in's Company, and was never fit for any thing in his whole life, but to furnish matter for a Farce. And that's my Grievance, Gentlemen, (quoth *Don Diego*) for which with your Leave he shall give me satisfaction. I do not stand upon the matter of being a Cuckold, for there's many a brave fellow lives in *Cuckolds-Row*. But why does he not name others, as well as

me? As if the Horn grew upon no bodies Head but mine: I'm sure there are Others that a thousand times better deserve it. I hope he cannot say that ever I got any of my Superiors; or that my being *Cornuted* has rais'd the Price of *Post-horns*, *Lanthorns*, or *Pocket-Ink-horns*. Are not *shooing-horns* and *Knife-handles* as cheap now as ever? Why must I walk the stage there more than my Neighbours? Beyond question there never liv'd a more peaceable Wretch upon the face of the Earth, all things consider'd, than my self. Never was man freer from *Jealousie*, or more careful to step aside at the time of *Visit*: for I was ever against the spoiling of sport, when I could make None myself. I confess I was not so charitable to the poor as I might have been; The truth of't is, I watch them as a Cat would do a Mouse, for I did not love them. But then in Requital, I could have out-snorted the seven sleepers when any of the better sort came to have a word in private with my Wife. The short on't is, We agreed blessedly well together, she and I; for I did what

ever

ever she would have me: and she would say a thousand and a thousand times: *Long live my poor Diego, the best Condition'd, the most complaisant Husband in the World; whatever I do is well done, and he never so much as opens his mouth good or bad.* But by her leave that was little to my Credit, and the Jade when she said it, was beside the Cushion. For many and many a time have I said, *This is Well, and That's Ill.* When there came any *Poets* to our House, *Fiddlers* or *Morrice-Dancers*, I would say, *This is not well.* But when the *Rich Merchants* came; *Oh very good,* would I say, *This is as well as well can be.* Sometime we had the hap to be visited by some *Pennylesse Courtier*, or *Low-Country Officer* perchance; then should I take her aside, and Rattle her to some Tune: *Sweet-heart,* would I say, *Pray'e what ha' we to do with these Frippery Fellows, and Damme Boyes, shake them off, I'd advise ye, and take this for a warning.* But when any came that had to do with the *Mint* or *Chequer*, and spent freely, (for lightly come, lightly go) I marry, my Dear (quoth I) *there's nothing*

nothing to be lost by keeping such Company. And what hurt in all this now? Nay, on the Contrary, my poor Wife enjoy'd her self happily under the Protection of my shadow, and being a *Femme Converte*, not an Officer durst come neer her. Why should then this Buffon of a Poetaster make me still the *Ridiculous Entertainment* of all his *Interludes* and *Farces*, and the *Fool in the Play*? By your Favour (quoth I) we are not yet upon even terms; And before we part, you shall know what 'tis to provoke a *Foot*. If thou wert but now alive, I'd write thee to *Death*, as *Archilochus* did *Lycambes*. And I'm resolv'd to put the History of thy Life in a Satyre, as sharp as Vinegar, and give it the Name of *The Life and Death of Don Diego Moreno*; It shall go hard, (quoth he) but I'll prevent that, and so We fell to't again, Hand and Foot, till at length the very Fancy of a Scuffle wak'd me, and I found my self as weary, as if it had been a Real Combat. I began then to reflect upon the Particulars of my Dream, and to Consider what Advantage

vantage

vantage I might draw from it: for the Dead are past fooling, and Those are the soundest Counsels, which we receive from such as advise us without either Passion or Interest.

The end of the second Vision.

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THE

THE THIRD VISION OF THE

LAST JUDGMENT.

Homer makes Jupiter the Author or Inspirer of Dreams; especially the Dreams of Princes and Governours; and if the matter of them be pious and important. And it is likewise the Judgment of the Learned Propertius, that Good Dreams come from above, have their weight, and ought not to be slighted. And truly I am much of his mind, in the Case of a Dream I had the other Night. As I was reading a Discourse touching the *End of the World*, I fell asleep over the Book, and Dreamt of *The Last Judgment*. (A thing which in the House of a Poet is scarce admitted so much as in a Dream.) This Phansie minded me of a Passage in Claudian; *That all Creatures*

dream

dream at Night of what they have heard
and seen in the Day: as the Hound dreams
of Hunting the Hare.

T. Methought I saw a very handsome
Youth towering in the Air, and sound-
ing of a Trumpet; but the forcing of
his Breath did indeed take off much of
his Beauty. The very Marbles, I per-
ceived, and the Dead obey'd his Call;
for in the same moment the Earth be-
gan to open, and set the Bones at Liber-
ty, to seek their Fellows. The first
that appear'd, were *Sword-men*; As
Generals of Armies, Captains, Liente-
nants, Common-Souldiers; who suppo-
sing that it had *sounded a Charge*,
came out of their Graves, with the
same Briskness and Resolution, as if
they had been going to an Assault or a
Combat. The *Misers* put their Heads
out, all Pale and Trembling, for fear
of a *Plunder*. The *Cavaliers* and *Good*
Fellows believed they had been going to
a *Horse-Race*, or a *Hunting-match*. And
in fine, though they all heard the *Trum-*
pet, there was not any Creature knew
the meaning of it (for I could read
their Thoughts by their Looks and Ge-
stures.)

stures.) After This, there appear'd great many *Souls*; whereof some came up to their *Bodies*, though with much Difficulty and Horrour: Others stood wondring at a Distance, not daring to come near so hideous and frightful Spectacle. This wanted an Arm, That an Eye, T'other a Head. Upon the whole, though I could not but smile at the Prospect of so strange a variety of Figures; yet was it not without just matter of Admiration at the *All-powerful Providence*, to see Order drawn out of *Confusion*, and every part restored to the right Owner. I Dreamt my self then in a *Church-Yard*; and there, methought, divers that were loth to appear, were changing of Heads; and an *Attorney* would have *Demur'd* upon Precedence that He had got a Soul was not of his Own, and that his Body and Soul were not fellows.

At length, when the whole Congregation came to understand that This was the *Day of Judgment*, it was wont the while, to observe what shifting and shuffling there was among the *Wicked*. The *Epicure* and *Whoremaster* would

not own his *Eyes*, nor the *Slanderer* his
Tongue, because they'd be sure to ap-
 pear in Evidence against them. The
Pick-Pockets ran away as hard as they
 could. drive from their own *Fingers*.
 There was one that had been Embalm'd
 in *Egypt*, and staying for his *Tripes*, an
 Old Usurer askt him, if the *Bags* were
 to rise with the *bodies*? I could have
 laugh't at this Question, but I was pre-
 sently taken up with a Crowd of *Cut-*
*purse*s, running full speed from their
 own Ears (that were offer'd them
 again) for fear of the sad Stories they
 expected to hear. I saw all this from a
 Convenient Standing; and in the In-
 stant, There was an Outcry at my Feet,
Withdraw, Withdraw. The word was
 no sooner given, but down I came, and
 immediately a great many *Handsome La-*
adies put forth their Heads, and call'd
 me Clown, for not paying them that
 Respect and Ceremony which belong'd
 to their Quality (now you must know
 that the *Women* stand upon their Pan-
 toffles, even in Hell it self.) They
 seem'd at first very Gay and Frolick;
 and truly, well enough pleas'd to be
 seen

seen naked, for they were *clean-skin* and *well-made*. But when they came to understand that this was *the great De* of *Accompt*; Their Consciences took Check, and all the Jollity was dash'd in a moment: Whereupon they took to the Valley, miserably Listless and out of Humour: There was One among the rest, that had had *seven Husbands*, and promis'd every one of them never to marry again, for she could never love any thing else she was sure: This Lady was casting about for Fetches, and Excuses, and what answer she should make to that point. Another that had been as Common as *Ratcliff High-way*, would *neither Lead nor Drive*, and stood *Huming* and *Hawing* a good while, pretending she had forgot her *Night-Geer* and such Fooleries; but spight of her heart, she was brought at last within sight of the Throne; where she found a world of her old Acquaintance that she had carry'd part of their way to Hell; who had no sooner set Eye on her, but they fell a *Pointing* and *Houing*, so that she took up her Heels and Herded her self in a Troop of *serjeants*.

After This, I saw a many People driving a *Physician* along the bank of a River, and these were only such as He had unnecessarily dispatcht before their time. They follow'd him with Cries of *Justice, Justice*, and forc'd him on toward the *Judgment-seat*, where they arriv'd in the end with much ado. While This pass'd, I heard, methought, upon my left hand a *Paddling* in the *Water*, as if one had been Swimming: and what should this be, but a *Judge* in the middle of a River washing and rinsing his hands, over and over. I askt him the meaning of it; and he told me, that in his life time he had been often dawb'd in the *Fist*, to make the business slip the better, and he would willingly get out the *Grease* before he came to hold up his hand at the *Bar*. There follow'd next a Multitude of *Vintners* and *Taylers*, under the Guard of a Legion of *Devils*, arm'd with *Rods*, *Whips*, *Cudgels*, and other Instruments of Correction: and These Counterfeited themselves Deaf, and were very loth to leave their Graves, for fear of a worse lodging. As they were passing on, up started

started a little *Lawyer*, and askt which they were going; They made answer that they were going to give an account of their Works. With that the *Lawyer* threw himself flat upon his Bell in his hole again: if I am to go downward at last, (says he) I am thus minded onward of my way. The *Vintner* swears as he walk't, till one drop follow'd another; That's well done cry'd a *Devil* at's Elbow, to purge out thy Water that we may have none in our Wine. There was a *Taylor* wrapt up in *Sarcinets*, *Crook-finger'd* and *Baker-leg'd*, spake not one word all the way he went, but *Alas! Alas!* how can any man be a thing that dies for want of Bread? But his companions gave him a Rebuke for Discrediting his Trade. The next that appeared were a *Band* of *High-way-men* following upon the Heels one of another, in great Distrust and Jealousie of Thieves among themselves. These were fetcht up by a Party of Devils in the turning of a hand and lodg'd with the *Taylers*; for (said one of the Company) your *High-way-man* is but a *Wretched Tayler*. They were a little Quarrellsome

at first, but in the Conclusion, they went down into the Valley, and Kennell'd quietly together. After these came folly with her Gang of *Poets, Fiddlers, Lovers and Fencers*: The People of all the World, that Dream the least of a Day of Reckoning; These were disposed of among the *Hang-men, Jews, scribes, and Philosophers*. There were also a great many *Sollicitors* wondring among themselves, that they should have so much *Conscience* when they were Dead, and none at all *Living*. In fine, the Word was given, *Silence*.

The *Throne* being Erected, and the great Day come: a Day of *Comfort* to the Good, and of *Terror* to the Wicked. The Sun and the Stars waited on the Foot-stool; the *Wind* was still; the *Water* quiet; the *Earth* in *suspense* and *Anguish* for fear of her *Children*: And in brief, the whole Creation was in *Anxiety and Disorder*. The *Righteous* they were employ'd in *Prayers* and *Thanksgivings*; and the *Ungodly* in framing of *shifts* and *Evasions*, to *Extenuate* their Pains. The *Guardian Angels* were at hand, on the one side to acquit themselves

selves of their Duties and Commi-
 ons. And on the other side, were the
Devils hunting for more matters of Ag-
 gravation and Charge against Offenders.
 The *Ten Commandments* had the Guard
 of a *Narrow Gate*, which was so strait
 that the most mortify'd body could not
 pass it, without leaving a good part of
 his skin behind him.

On one Hand, there were in Multi-
 tudes; *Disgraces*, *Misfortunes*, *Plagues*,
Griefs, and *Troubles*; All in a Clamour
 against the *Physicians*. The *Plague* Con-
 fess'd indeed, that she had struck many; but
 'twas the *Doctor* did their business. *Melancholy* and *Disgrace* said the like; and
Misfortunes of all sorts made open Pro-
 testation, that they never brought any
 man to his Grave, without the Help and
 Advice of a *Doctor*. So that the *Gentle-
 men of the Faculty* were call'd to Ac-
 count for those they had kill'd. They
 took their Places upon a Scaffold, with
 Pen, Ink, and Paper about them; and still
 as the Dead were call'd, some or other of
 them answered to the Name, and declar-
 ed the Year and Day when such a Pa-
 tient passed through his Hand.

They

They began the Inquiry at *Adam*, who, methought, was severely handled about an Apple. Alas! (cry'd *Judas* that was by) if that were such a fault, what will become of me that sold and betray'd my Lord and Master? Next came the *Patriarchs*, and then the *Apostles*, who took their Places by Saint *Peter*. It was worth the Noting, that at this Day there was no Distinction between *Kings* and *Beggars*, before the Judgment-Seat. *Herod* and *Pilate*, so soon as they put out their Heads, found it was like to go hard with Them. My Judgment is just (quoth *Pilate*.) Alack! (cry'd *Herod*) What have I to trust to? *Heaven* is no place for me, and in *Limbo* I should fall among the Innocents I have Murder'd; so that without more ado must e'en take up my Lodging in *Hell*: The Common Receptacle of Notorious Malefactors.

There came in immediately upon this, a kind of a sowre rough-hewn fellow; Look ye (says he) stretching out his arm, here are my Letters. The Company wonder'd at his Humour, and askt the Porter what he was; which
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he himself over-hearing, I am (quoth he) a *Master of the Noble Science of Defence*: and plucking out several sealed Parchments, These, (said he) are the Attestations of my Exploits. At which word, all his Testimonials fell out of his Hand, and a Couple of Devils would fain have whipt them up, to have brought them in Evidence against him at his Tryal; but the Fencer was too Nimble for Them, and took them Up himself. At which time, an Angel offer'd him his Hand to help him in; but He, for fear of an *Attaque*, leapt a step backward, and with great agility *alonging* withall, Now (says he) if ye think fit, I'll give ye a Taste of my skill. The Company fell a laughing, and this Sentence was past upon him: *That since by his Rules of Art He had occasioned so many Duels and Murders; He should himself go to the Devil by a Perpendicular Line.* He pleaded for Himself, that he was no *Mathematician*, and knew no such Line: but while the word was in his Mouth a Devil came up to him, gave him a turn and a half, and down he Tumbled.

After him, came the *Treasurers*, and such a Cry following them, for Cheating and Stealing; that some said, the *Thieves* were coming; Others said No; And the Company was divided upon't. They were much troubled at the word, *Thieves*, and desir'd the benefit of Counsel to plead their Cause. And very good Reason (said one of the *Devils*) Here's a *Discarded Apostle* that has Executed both Offices, Let them take him, where's *Judas*? When the *Treasurers* heard that, they turn'd aside, and by chance, spy'd in a Devil's Hand, a Huge Roll of *Accusations* ready drawn into a formal Charge against them. With That, One of the boldest among them: *Away, Away* (cry'd he) with these *Informations*; We'l rather come to a Fine and Compound, though it were for Ten or Twenty thousand years in *Purgatory*. Ha! Ha! (quoth the Devil, a cunning Snap that drew up the Charge) If ye are upon those terms ye are hard put to't. Whereupon the *Treasurers*, being brought to a point Put, were e'en glad to make the best of a bad game, and follow the *encer*.

These were no sooner gone, but came an unlucky *Pastry-man*; *They* askt him, if he would be try'd. That e'en as't hitts; (said he) At the Word, the Devil that manag'd the Cause against him, prest his Charge and laid it Home to him, that He had put off *Catts* for *Hares*; and filled his *Pyes*, with *Bones* instead of *Flesh*; and not only so, but that he had sold *Horse-flesh*, *Dogs* and *Foxes*, for *Beef* and *Mutton*. Upon the Issue, it was proved against him, that *Noah* never had so many *Animals* in his *Ark* as this poor fellow had put in his *Pyes*, (for we read of no *Rats* and *Mice* there) so that he e'en gave up his Cause, and went away to see if his *Oven* were hot. Next came the *Philosophers* with their *Syllogisms*, and it was no ill Entertainment to hear them *Chop Logic*, and put their *Expostulations*, in *Mood* and *Figure*. But the pleasantest People in the World, were the *Poets*; who insisted upon it, that they were to be try'd by *Jupiter*: And to the Charge of *Worshipping false Gods*, their Answer was, that through *Them* they worship't the

One, and were rather mistaken in the Name, than in the *Worship*. *Virgil* had much to say for himself, for his *Sicelides Muse*; But *Orpheus* interrupted him; who being the Father of the Poets, desir'd to be heard for them all. What, He? (cry'd one of the Devils) Yes; for teaching that *Boyes* were better *Bed-fellows* than *Wenches*; But the *Women* had comb'd his *Coxcomb* for him, if they could have Catcht him. Away with him to Hell Once again then they cry'd; and let him get out now if He can. So they all fil'd off, and *Orpheus* was their Guide, because he had been there once before. So soon as the Poets were gone, there knockt at the Gate a New Rich Penurious Chuffe; but 'twas told him, that the Ten Commandments kept him out, and that he had not kept them. It is impossible (quoth he) under favour, to prove that ever I broke any One of them. And so He went to Justify himself from Point to Point: He had done This and That; and He had never done That, nor T'other; but in the End, he was deliver'd over to be rewarded according to his Works. And then came

on a Company of *House-breakers*, and *Robbers*: so Dextrous, some of them that they sav'd themselves from the very *Ladder*. The *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*, observing That; Ah! thought they; if we could but pass for *Thieves* now! And yet they set a Face good enough upon the Business too: which made *Judas* and *Mahomet*, hope well of themselves; for (said they) if any of these fellows come off, there's no Fear of us: Whereupon they advanced boldly, with a Resolution to take their Tryal; Which set the *Devils* all a laughing. The *Guardian Angels* of the *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*, mov'd that the *Evangelists* might be of their *Counsel*; which the *Devils* oppos'd, for (said they) we shall insist only upon the matter of *Fact*, and leave them without any possibility of *Reply*, or *Excuse*. We might indeed content our selves with the bare proof of what they are; for 'tis Crime enough that they are *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*. Whereupon That, the *Scriveners* deny'd their Trade, alledging that they were *Secretaries*.

and *Notaries*; and the *Attorneys* call'd themselves *Sollicitors*. All was said, in Effect that the Case would bear; but the best part of their Plea was *Church-member-ship*. And in fine, after several *Replications*, and *Rejoinders*, they were all sent to *Old Nick*; save only Two or Three, that found *Mercy*. Well (cry'd one of the *Scriveners*) *This 'tis to keep a lawd Company!* The *Devils* called out then, to clear the Bar, and said they should have occasion for the *Scriveners* themselves, to enter *Protestations* in the Quality of *Publick Notaries*, against *Lawless* and *Disorderly* people: but the poor *Wretches* it seems, could not hear on that Ear. To say the Truth, the *Christians* were much more troubled some, than the *Pagans*, which the *Demon* took exceeding Ill; but they had this to say for themselves, that they were *Christen'd* when they were *Children*, so that 'twas none of their Fault, and their *Parents* must answer for't. *Judas*, and *Mahomet* took such Courage, when they saw two or three of the *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys* sav'd, that they were just upon the point of *Challenging their Clergy*;

But they were prevented by the *Doctor* I told ye of, who was set first to the *Bar*, in Company with an *Apothecary*, and a *Barber*, when a Certain *Devil*, with a great Bundle of *Evidences* in his hand, inform'd the Court, that the greatest part of the *Dead* there present, were sent thither by the *Doctor* then at the *Bar*, in Confederacy with his *Apothecary*, and *Barber*, to whom they were to acknowledge their Obligation for that fair Assembly. An *Angel* then interposing for the *Defendant*, recommended the *Apothecary* for a Charitable Person, and one that *Physick'd the Poor for nothing*; No matter for that (cry'd the *Devil*); for I have him in my Books and am able to prove, that he has killed more people with *two little Boxes*, than the *King of Spain* has done with *two thousand Barrels of Powder*, in the *Low Country-Wars*. All his Medicines are corrupted, and his Compositions hold a perfect Intelligence with the Plague: He has utterly unpeopled a Couple of his Neighbour Villages, in a matter of three weeks time. The *Doctor* he let fly upon the *Pothecary* too, and said He would maintain

maintain against the whole College, that that his *Prescriptions* were according to the *Dispensatory*: and if an *Apothecary* would play the *Knave*, or the *Fool*, and put in *This* for *That*, he could not help it. So that without any more words, The *Pothecary* was put to the *Summer-salt*, and the *Doctor* and *Barber*, were brought off, at the Intercession of *St. Cosmus*, and *St. Damian*.

After these, came a *Dapper Lawyer*, with a tongue steep'd in oyl, and a great Master of his Words and Actions; a most exquisite *Flatterer*, and no man better skill'd in the Art of moving the Passions than himself; or more ready at bolting a Lucky President at a dead list; or at making the best of a bad Cause; for he had all the shifts and starting-holes in the Law at his Fingers Ends: but all this would not serve, for the Verdict went against him, and He was *Order'd to pay Costs*. In that Instant, there was a Discovery made of a Fellow that hid himself in a Corner, and lookt like a *spy*. They askt him, what he was? He made answer, an *Empirick*; what (said a *Devil*) my Old Friend *Ponteus*:
Alas!

Alas! Alas! Thou hadst ten thousand times better be in *Covent-Garden* now, or at *Charing-Cross*; for upon my word thou't have nothing to do here, unless, perhaps, for an Oyntment for a Burn, or so; And so *Pontæus* went his way. The next that appear'd, were a Company of *Vintners*, who were accused for *Adulterating*, and *mingling Water* with their *Wines*. Their Plea was, that in Compensation they had furnisht the *Hospitals* with *Communion-Wine* that was *Right*, upon *Free-cost*; but this Excuse signify'd as little, as that of the *Taylors* then present, who suggested, that they had *Cloth'd* so many *Friers*, *Gratis*; and so they were dispatcht away together. After These, follow'd a Number of *Bankquiers*, that had turn'd *Bankrupt*, to cosen their *Creditors*; who finding there several of their old Correspondents, that they had reduced to a *Morsel of Bread*, began to treat of Composition: but One of the Devils presently cry'd out, All the Rest have had enough to do to answer for themselves; but these people are to Reckon for other men's scores, as well as their own. And hereupon,

they

they were forthwith sent away to *Pluto* with Letters of Exchange; but as it happen'd at That time, the Devil was out of Cash.

After this, enter'd a *Spanish Cavalier*, as *Upright*, as *Justice* it self. He was a matter of a Quarter of an hour in his *Legs*, and *Reverences*, to the Company. We could see no Head He had, for his Prodigious starcht Ruffe that stood staring up like a *Turkey-Cocks-Tayl*, and Cover'd it. In fine, It was so Phantastick a Figure, that the Porter was gaping at it, a good while, and ask't if it were a *Man*, or No? It is a *Man* (quoth the *Spaniard*) upon the Honour of a Cavalier, and his name is *Don Pedro Rhodomontadoso*, &c. He was so long a telling his Name and Titles, that one of the Devils burst out a laughing in the Middle of his Pedigree, and demanded, *What he would be at*. *Glory*; (quoth he) which they taking in the worse sense, for *Pride*, sent him away immediately to *Lucifer*. He was a little severe upon his Guides, for disordering his *Mustachoes*, but they help't him presently to a pair of

of *Beard-Irons*, and all was well again.

In the next place, came a Fellow weeping, and wailing; but my Masters, (says he) my Cause is never the worse for my *Crying*, for if I would stand up on my Merits, I could tell ye that I have kept as good Company, and had as much to do with the *Saints*, as another Body. What have we here (cry'd one) *Dioclesian*, or *Nero*? For They had enough to do with the *Saints*, though 'twere but to persecute Them. But upon the Upshot, what was this poor Creature, but a small *Officer*, that swept the Church, and dusted the Images and Pictures. His Charge, was for stealing the *Oyl* out of the Lamps, and leaving all in the dark; pretending that the *Owles* and *Jack-daws* had drunk it up. He had a Trick too of Clothing himself out of the *Church-habits*, which he got new-dy'd; and of *Crumming his Porrege with Consecrated Bread*, that he stole every *Sunday*. What He said for Himself, I know not: but he had his *Mittimus*, and took the Left-hand way at parting.

With

With that, a voice was heard, *Make way there, Clear the passage* : And this was for a *Bevy* of handsome, buxsome, *Bona Roba's*, in their *Caps* and *Feathers*, that came dancing, laughing and singing of *Ballads* and *Lampoons*, and as merry as the Day was long. But They quickly chang'd their Note, for so soon as ever they saw the Hideous Looks of the Devils, they fell into Violent Fits of the Mother; Beating their Breasts, and Tearing their Hair, with all the Horror and Fury Imaginable. There was an Angel offer'd in their Favour, that they had been great Frequenters of *Our Lady's Chappel*. Yes, yes (cry'd a Devil) *less of her Chappel, and more of her Virtue*, would have done well. There was a Notable Whipster, among the rest, that confest, the Devil had reason. And then her Tryal came on, for making a Cloak of a *Sacrament* ; and only *Marrying*, that she might play the *Whore* with *Privilege*, and never want a *Father* for her *Bastards*. It was her fortune alone to be condemn'd; and going along, well ! she cry'd ; If I had thought, 'twould have come to This, I should ne're have troubled my self with so many Masses.

And

And now, after long waiting, came *Judas* and *Mahomet* upon the Stage, and to them *Jack of Leyden*: Up comes an Officer, and askt which of the Three was *Judas*? I am He, quoth *Jack of Leyden*. Nay, but I am *Judas*, cry'd *Mahomet*. They're a Couple of *Lying Rascals*, says *Judas* himself, for I am the man; only the Rogues make use of my Name to save their Credit. 'Tis True I sold my Master Once, and the World has ever since been the better for't: But these Villains sell Him and Themselves too, every hour of the Day, and there follows nothing but Misery and Confusion. So they were all Three packt away to their Disciples.

The Angel that kept the Book, found that the *Serjeants* and *Remembrancers* were to come on next; whereupon they were call'd, and appear'd: but the Court was not much troubled with them, for they confest Guilty at first word, and so were ty'd up without any more ado.

The next that appear'd was an *Astrologer*, loaden with *Almanacks*,
Globes,

Globes, Astrolabes, &c. making Proclamation as loud as He could bawl, that there must needs be a gross Mistake in the Reckoning, for *Saturn* had not finish'd his Course, and the world could not be yet at an End. One of the Devils that saw how he came provided, and lookt upon him as his own already: A Provident Slave (quoth he) I warrant him, to bring his firing along with him. But this I must needs tell ye, (says he to the Mathematician) 'Tis a strange thing, ye should create so many *Heavens* in your *Life*, and go to the *Devil* for want of one after your *Death*. Nay, for *Going*, (cry'd the *Astrologer*) ye shall excuse me; but if you'l *Carry* me, *Well and good*. And immediately Order was given to carry him away and pay the Porter.

Hereupon methought, the Court rose, the Throne Vanisht; the Shadows and Darkness withdrew; the Air sweeten'd; the Earth was cover'd with Flowers; the Heavens Clear: And then waked; not a little satisfy'd to find that after all this, I was still in my Bed, and among the Living. The Use I made

112 *The third Vision of, &c.*

made of my Dream was this : I betook
my self presently to my Prayers, with
firm Resolution of changing my Life
and putting my Soul into such a Frame
of Piety and Obedience, that I might
attend the coming of the Great Day
with Peace and Comfort.

The end of the third Vision.

THE

THE
FOURTH VISION
OF
LOVING FOOLS.

ABout four a Clock, in a Cold Frosty Morning, when it was much better being in a *Warm Bed*, with a *good Bed-fellow*, than upon a *Biere* in the *Church-Yard*; as I lay advising with my Pillow, Tumbling and Tossing a Thousand Love-Toyes in my Head, I past from one Phanſy to another, till at last, I fell into a slumber; and there appear'd the *Genius of Disſuſe*; Laying before me all the *Follies*, and *Vanities* of *Love*; and supporting her Opinions, with great Authorities, and Reasons. I was carry'd then (methought I knew not how) into a fair Medow: A Medow, pleasant and agreeable infinitely beyond the very fictions of your half-witted Poets,

I

with

with all their far-fetch't Gilding, and Enamellings; for a Paper of Verses worth nothing with them, unless the force Nature for't, and Rife both the *Indies*. This Delicious Field was water'd with *two Riv'lets*; the *One Bitter* the *Other, Sweet*; and yet they mingled their streams with a pretty kind of Murmur, Equal perhaps to the best Music in the World. The use of the *Waters* was, (as I observ'd) to temper the Darts of *Love*; for while I was on the Prospect of the Place, I saw several of *Cupid's little Officers*, and subjects, dipping of *Arrows* there, for the Entertainment, and Ease. Upon this I Phansy'd my self in one of the Gardens of *Cyprus*, and that I saw the very *Hive*, where the *Bee* liv'd, that stung the *Young Master*, and occasion'd that excellent Ode which *Anacreon* has written upon the Subject. The next thing I cast my Eye upon, was a *Palace*, in the mid'st of the Medow; a *rare piece*, well for the *Structure*, as *Design*. The *Porches*, were of the *Doric Order*, excellently wrought; And the *Pedestals*, *Bases*, *Columns*, *Cornishes*, *Capitals*,

chitrav

chitraves, *Freezes* (and in short the whole *Front* of the *Fabrick*) was Beautified with Imaginary *Trophies*, and *Triumphs* of *Love*, in *Half Relief*, which as they were intermixt with other Phantastick works and Conceits, carry'd the face of several little *Histories*, and gave a great Ornament to the Building. Over the *Porch*, there was in Golden Letters, upon black Marble, This Inscription.

This is call'd *Fools Paradise*,
From the *Loving Fools* that dwell in't:
Where the *great Fools* rule the *Less*,
The *Rest* Obey, and all do well in't.

The *Finishing*, and *Materials* were pleasant to Admiration. The *Portal*, spacious, the *Doors*, always open, and the *House* free to all *Comers*, which were very many; the *Porter's* place was supply'd by a *Woman*; Exquisitely handsome, both for *Face* and *Person*; Tall; *Delicately shap'd*, and set off with great Advantages of *Dress*, and *Jewels*. She was made up in fine, of *Charms*, and her *Name* (as I understood) was

Beauty. She would let any man in to see the House for a *Look*; and that was all I paid for my passage. In the first Court, I found a many of Both Sexes, but so alter'd in Habit, and Countenance, that they could scarce know one another. They were *sad, pensive*; and their Complexions tainted with a yellow *Paleness* (which *Ovid* calls *Cupid's Livery*) There was no talk of being *True to Friends*; *Loyal to Superiors*, and *Dutiful to Parents*: But Kinred did the Office of *Procurers*; and *Procurers* were call'd *Cousins*. *Wives* lov'd their *Husbands* *She Friends*, and *Husbands* did as much for *Them*, in loving their *Gallants*.

While I was upon the Contemplation of these Encounters of Affection, there appear'd a strange *Extravagant Figure*, but in the likeness of a *Human Creature*. It was neither perfectly *Man* nor perfectly *Woman*, but had indeed a Resemblance of Both. This Person I perceiv'd was Ever busy, up and down, going and coming; beset all over with Eyes and Ears, and had one of the Craftiest distrustful Lookes (me thought)

thought) that ever I saw. And withal,
(as I observ'd) no small Authority in
the Place, which made me enquire after
this Creature's *Name*, and *Office*. My
Name (quoth she) for now it prov'd to
be a *Woman*) is *Jelousy*, and methinks
you and I should be better acquainted,
for how came you here else? However
for your satisfaction; you are to un-
derstand that the greater part of the
Distemper'd people you see here, are
of my bringing; and yet I am not
their *Physician*, but their *Tormentor*; and
serve only to *Aggravate*, and *Embitter*
their *Misfortunes*. If you would know
any thing further of the *House*, never
ask me, for 'tis Forty to One I shall tell
you a Lye; I have not told you half
the Truth even of my self; and to deal
plainly with you, I am made up of *In-
ventions*, *Artifice*, and *Imposture*: But
the Good Old man that walks there, is
the *Major Domo*, and will tell you all,
if you will but bear with his slow way
of Discourse.

Thereupon I went to the Good Man,
whom I knew presently to be *Time*: and
(desir'd him to let me look into the se-
cret)

veral Quarters and Lodgings of the House, for there were some *Fools* of my Acquaintance there I'd fain Visit; He told me that he was at present so busie about making of *Candles*, *Cockbroths*, and *Gellies* for his Patients, that he could not stir; but yet he directed me where I might find all those I inquired for, and gave me the freedom of the House to walk at pleasure.

I past out of the *First Court*, into the *Maids-Quarter*, which was the very strongest part of the whole Building; and so't had need; for divers of the *Young Wenches* were so Extravagant and Furious, that no other place would have held them. (The *Wives* and *Widows* were in another Room apart.) Here ye shall have *One*, sobbing and raging with *Jelousie* of a *Rival*. There *Another*, stark mad for a *Husband*; and inwardly bleeding because she durst not discover it. A *Third* was writing of Letters all *Riddles* and *Mystery*, Mending and Marring, till at last the Paper had more *blots* than *whole words* in it. Some were practising in the *Glass* the *Gracious Smile*, the *Rosy* of the *Eye*, the *Velvet Lip*, &c. Others

again

again were in a Diet of *Oatmeal, Clay, Chalk, Cole, Hard Wax*, and the like. Some were conditioning with their Servants for a *Ball*, or a *Serenade*, that the whole Town might ring of the *Address*. Yes, yes, they cry'd *You can go to the Park with This Lady, and to a Play with That Lady, and to Banstead with T'other Lady, and spend whole Nights at Beste or Ombre with my Lady Pen-Tweezel; but by my Troth, I think you are asham'd to be seen in my Company*. Some I saw upon the very point of *sealing and delivering*. *I am Thine* (crys one) *and Thine Alone, or let all the Devils in Hell, &c.* But be sure you be *Constant*. If I be not (says he) let my soul, &c. and the silly Jade believes him. In one Corner ye should have them praying for *Husbands*, that they might the better love at *Randome*: In another, nothing would please them but to be *Marry'd Mens Wives*, and this Disease was lookt upon as a little *Desperate*. Some again stood ready furnisht with *Love Letters* and *Tickets* to be cast out at the Window, or thrust under the Door, and These were lookt upon not only as *Fools* but *Beasts*.

I had seen as much already as I desired, for I had learnt of Old, that *He that keeps such Company, seldom comes off without a scratcht face*: but if he misses a *Mistress*, he gets a *Wife*, and stands condemn'd to a *Repentance during Life*, without *Redemption*, unless One of the Two dies. For *Women in the Case* are worse than *Pyrats*; a *Gally-slave* may compound for his *Freedom*, but there's no thought of *Ransom* in *Case of Wedlock*. I had a good mind to a little Chat with some of them, but (thought I) they'l Phancy I'm in Love with them. And so I e'en march'd off into the *Marry'd Quarter*.

Where there was such *Ranting, Damning, and Tearing*, as if *Hell* had been broke loose. And what was all This? but a number of *Women* that had been lockt up and shackl'd by their *Husbands*, to keep them in *Obedience*, and had now broken their *Frisons*, and their *Chains*, and were grown ten times madder than before. Some I saw *Caressing* and *Cokesing* their *Husbands*, in the very moment they design'd to betray them. Others were picking their *Husbands*

Pockets

pockets to pay now and then for a By-Blow. Some again were upon a Religious point, and all upon the Humour (forsooth) of *Pilgrimages* and *Lectures*; when alas! they had no other business with the *Altars* or *Churches*, than a *Sacrifice to Venus*, or a *Love-meeting*. Divers there were that went to the *Bath*; but *Bathing* was the least part of the Errand. Others to *Confession*, that mistook their *Martyr* for their *Confessor*: Some to be reveng'd of *Jelous Husbands*, were resolving to do the thing they fear'd; and pay them in their own Coin. Others were for making sure afore-hand by way of Advance; for that's the *Revenge*, they say, that's as sweet as *Muscadine* and *Eggs*. One was *Melancholy* for a *Delay*; Another for a *Defeat*; a Third is preparing to make her Market at a *Play*. There was One among the rest, was never out of her *Coach*; and asking her the Reason, she told me, she lov'd to be Jolted. In this Crowd of *Women*, you must know that there were no *Wives* of *Embassadors*, *Souldiers*, or *Merchants* that were abroad upon *Commission*; for such were consider'd in effect as *single Women*,

Women, and not allow'd as members of this Common-wealth.

The next Quarter was that of the *Grave and Wise*; the *Right Reverend Widows*; *Women* in appearance of *Marvelous severity* and *reserve*, and yet every One of them had her weak side, and ye might read her *Folly* and *Distemper* through her *Disguise*. One of them I saw crying with one Eye for the loss of one Husband, and laughing with t'other upon him that was to come next. Another, with the *Ephesian Matron*, was solacing her self with her Gallant, before her Husband was thorough cold in the mouth; considering, that he that dy'd half an hour ago, is as Dead as William the Conquerour. There were several others passing to and again, quite out of their mourning, that lookt so demurely (I warrant ye) as if Butter would not have melted in their mouths, and yet *Apostate Widows* (as I was told) and there they were kept as strictly, as if they had been in the *Spanish Inquisition*. Some were laying wagers, whose mourning was most *a-la-mode*, and best made; or whose *Peak* or *Veil* became

became her Best : and setting themselves off with a Thousand tricks of Ornament and Dress. The Widows I observ'd that were marching off, with the *marque out of their mouths*, were hugely concern'd to be thought Young, and still talking of *Masques, Balls, Fiddles, Treats; Chanting and Jigging* to every Tune they heard, and all upon the *Hoyty-Toyty* like mad wenches of fifteen. The Younger, on the other side, made use of their time and took pleasure while 'twas to be had. There were too of the *Religious strain*; a people much at their *Beads*, and in private; and These were there in the Quality of *Love-Hereticks, or Platonicks*, and under the *Penance of perpetual Abstinence from the Flesh* they lov'd best (which is the most *Mortifying Lent* of all Other) Some, that had skill in *Perspective*, were before the Glass with their *Boxes of Patch and Paint* about them; *Shadowing, Drawing out, Refreshing*, and in short, *Covering and Palliating*, all the *Imperfections of Feature and Complexion*, every one after her own Humour. Now these women were
abso-

absolutely insufferable, for they were most of them *Old and Head-strong*, having got the *better* of their *Husbands*, so that they would be taking upon them to *domineer here*, as they had done at home; and indeed, *they found the Master of the College enough to do*.

When I had tyr'd my self with this Variety of *Folly and Madness*, I went to the *Devotes*; where I found a great many *women and girles* that had *cloyster'd* up themselves from the *Conversati- on of the World*; and yet were not a jot *soberer* than their *Fellows*. There one would have thought might have been easily cur'd, but many of them were in for their *Lives*, in despite of *Either Counsel or Physick*. The Room where they were was *Barricado'd* with strong Bars of Iron; and yet when the *Toy* took them, They'd make now and then a *Sally*: for when the *Fit* was upon them, they'd own no *Superior* but *Love*, come what would on't in the *Event*. The greater part of these good People, were writing of *Tickets* and *Dispatches*, which had still the *sign of the Cross* at the *Top*, and *Satan* at the

bottom, concluding with This, or some such Postscript; I commend this Paper to your Discretion. The Fools of This Province would be *Twatling* Night and Day; and if it happen'd that any one of them had talkt her self a weary, (which was very rare) she would presently take upon her very gravely to admonish the Rest, and read a Lecture of *Silence* to the Company. There were some that for want of better Entertainment fell in Love with one another; but these were lookt upon as a sort of *Fops* and *Ninnys*, and therefore the more favourably us'd; but they'd have been of another mind, if they had known the Cause of their Distemper.

The Root of all these several Extravagancies was *Idleness*, which (according to *Petrarch's* Observation) never fails to make way for *wantonness*. There was One among the Rest, that had more Letters of Exchange upon the Credit of her insatiable desires, than a whole Regiment of Banquiers. Some of them were sick of their Old *Visiter*, and call'd for a *Fresh* man. Others, by Intervals, I perceiv'd had their wits about them, and contented

tented themselves discreetly with
Physician of the House. In short, It
 pity'd my heart to see so many poor
 people in so sad a Condition, and with-
 out any hope of Relief, as I gather'd
 from him that had them in care: for
 they were still Puddering and Royling
 their Bodies; and if they got a little
 Ease for the present, they'd be down
 again, as soon as they had taken their
 Medicine.

From thence, I went to the *single*
women (such as made Profession new
 to marry) which were the least Outra-
 gious, and discompos'd of all; for they
 had a thousand ways to *Lay the Devil*
 as well as to *Raise him*. Some of them
 liv'd like *common High-way men*,
Robbing Peter to Pay Paul; and stri-
 ping honest men to cloth Rascals, who
 is (under favour) but a lewd kind of
 Charity. Others there were, that were
 absolutely out of their seven senses, and
 as Mad as *March-Hares* for *This World*
 and *'other Poet*; that never fail'd to
 pay them again in *Rimes*, and *Mad*
gals, with *Ruby Lips*; *Pearly Teeth*:
 that to read their Verses, a man would

sweat

h swear the whole woman to be directly
 It e Petrify'd.

Of Saphir fair, or Chrystal clear,
 Is the Forehead of my Dear, &c.

I saw One in Consultation with a
 Cunning man to know her Fortune ;
 Another , dealing with a Conjuror for
 a Philtre, or Drink to make her Be-
 lov'd. A Third was dawbing and patch-
 ing up an Old ruin'd Face, to make it
 fresh and young again : but she might
 as well have been washing of a Black-
 moor to make him White. In fine, a world
 there were, that with their borrow'd
 Hair, Teeth, Eyes, Eye-Brows, look't
 like fine folks at a Distance, but would
 have been left as Ridiculous, as *Æsop's*
Crow, if every Bird had fetch't away
 his own Feather. 'Deliver me (thought
 I, smiling and shaking my head) if *This*
 be Woman.

And so I step't into the *Mens Quar-*
ter, which was but next door, and only a
 Thick Wall between. Their great Mi-
 sery was that they were deaf to good ad-
 vice, obstinately hating, and despising
 both

both *Physick*, and *Physician*: for if they would have either *quitted*, or *chang'd* they might have been *cured*. But they chose rather to *dye*, and though they saw their *Errour*, would not mend it. Which minded me of the *Old Rime*:

*Where Love's in the Case,
The Doctor's an Ass.*

These *Fools-male* were all in the same Chamber; and one might perfectly read their *Humour*, and *Distemper* in their *Looks* and *Gestures*. Oh! how many a gay *Lad* did I see there, in *Poynt Band*, and *Embroyder'd Vest*, that had not a whole *Shirt* to his *Back*! How many *Huffes* and *Highboyes*, that had nothing else in their *Mouths*, but the *Lies* and *Fortunes* they'd spend in their *swallow'd* *Ladies service*! that would yet have run five miles on your *Errand*, to have been treated but at a *Three-penny Ordinary*. How many a poor *Devil* that wanted *Bread*, and was yet troubled with the *Rebellion* of the *Flesh*! Some there were that spent much time in setting their

Perruques

the *Perruques*; Ordering the *Mustache*, and
 dressing up the very face of *Lucifer*
 the himself for a *Beauty*: (The Woman's
 the Privilege, and in truth an Encroch-
 ment, to their prejudice) There were
 Others, that made it their Glory to pass
 for *Hectors*; *Sons of Priam*; *Brothers*
 of the *Blade*; and Talkt of nothing
 but *Attacques*, *Combats*, *Reverses*, *Stram-*
amazons, *Stoccados*: not considering
 that a *Naked Weapon* is present *Death* to
 a *Timorous Woman*. Some were taking
 the Round of their *Ladies Lodgings*, at
Midnight, and went to bed again as
 wise as they rose. Others fell in *Love*
 by *Contagion*, and meerly conversing
 with the *Infected*. Some again went
 Post from *Church* to *Chappel*, every Ho-
 ly-day, to hunt for a *Mistress*; and so
 turn'd a *Day of Rest* into a *Day of La-*
ziness. Ye might see others skipping con-
 tinually from house to house, like the
 Knight upon a *Chess-Bord*, without ever
 catching the (*Queen* or) *Dame*. Some,
 like crafty *Beggars* made their *Case* worse
 the *Robben* 'twas: And Others though 'twere
 were ere so bad, durst not so much as open
 their *Mouths*. Really it griev'd me for
 the

the poor *Mutes*, and I wish't with
 my Heart, their *Mistresses* had been
Witches, that they might have known
 their Meaning by their *Mumping*; but
 they were lost to all Counsel, so that
 there was no advising them. There were
 another sort of *Elevated*, and *Conceited*
Lovers: and These forsooth were
 to be satisfy'd without the *Seven Liberal*
Sciences, and the *Four Cardinal*
Vertues, in the shape of a *Woman*; and the
 Case was Desperate. The next I
 serv'd, were a Generation of
Fools, that past there under the Notion
 of people *Diffident of Themselves*. These
 were generally men of good Under-
 standing, but for the most part
Younger Brothers, of low Fortunes,
 such as for want of wherewithal to
 to the Price of *higher Amours*, were
 to take up with *Ordinary Stuffle*,
 brought them nothing in the End,
Beggery, and *Repentance*. The
bands, I perceiv'd, were horribly
 ous, although in *Manacles*, and *shackles*
Some of them left their own Wives,
fell upon their Neighbours. Others
 keep the good *Women* in Awe, and

thence, would be taking upon them, and
 be playing the *Tyrants*, but upon the Up-
 upon they found their Mistake, and that
 though they came on as *fierce as Lions*,
 they went off as *Tame as Muttons*. Some
 were making Friendships with their
Wives She-Cousins: and agreeing upon
 a *Cross-Gossiping* whoever should have
 the first Child.

The *Widowers*, that had bit of the
 Bridle, past from place to place, where
 they staid more or less, according to
 their Entertainment, and so were in ef-
 fect, as good as marry'd; for as long, or
 as little a while as *Themselves pleas'd*.
 These liv'd single, and spent their time
 in Visiting, first One Friend, then Ano-
 ther. Here they fell in *Love*; There
 they kindled a *Jelousy*, which they con-
 tracted *Themselves* in one place, and
 it in another. But the Miracle
 was, that they all knew, and confest
 themselves a Company of *Mad Fools*,
 yet continu'd so. Those that had
 skill in *Musick*, and could either *sing* or
middle, made use of their Gifts, to put
 the silly Wenches that were but *half*
Obed before, directly *out of their Wits*.

ence

K 2

They

They that were *Poetical*, were perpetually hammering upon the Subject of *Cruelty*, and *Disappointment*. One tells *his Good Fortune* to another, that requites him with the story of *his Bad*. They that had set their Hearts upon *Girls*, were beating the streets *all day* to find what *Avenues* to a Lady's lodgings *at night*. Some were tampering and Caressing the *Chamber-maid*, as the ready way to the *Mistress*. Others chose rather to put it to the Push, and attempt the Lady Her self. Some were Examining their *Pockets*, and taking View of their Furniture; which consisted much in *Love-Letters*, delicately seal'd up with *perfum'd Wax*, upon *Rosin* *silk*; and a Thousand preety Devices within; All wrapt up in *Riddle*, and *Cipher*. Abundance of *Hair Bracelets*, *Locketts*, *Pomanders*, *Knots of Ribbons* and the like. There were others, that were call'd the *Husband's Friends*, who were ready upon all Occasions to do This, and to do That Kindness for the *Husband*. Their *Purse*, *Credit*, *Coach* and *Horses*, were all at his service: And the mean time, who but They to

ant the *Wife*? To the *Park*, the *Gardens*, a *Treat*, or a *Comedy*: where forty to one, by the Greatest good luck in the World, they stumble upon an Aunt, an old House-Keeper of the Family, or some such Reverend *Goer-between*, that's a well-willer to the *Mathematicks*; she takes the hint, performs the Good Office, and the Work is done.

Now there were two sorts of Fools, for the *Widows*; The one was *Belov'd*, and the Other *not*. The latter were content to be a kind of *Voluntary slaves*, for the compassing their Ends: but the other, were the Happier; for they were ever at perfect Liberty to do their Pleasure, unless some Friend or Child of the House perchance came in, in the *Mischievous Nick*, and then in case of a little colour more than Ordinary, or a tumbled Handkercher, 'twas but changing the Scene and struggling for a paper of Verses or some such business to keep all in Countenance. Some made their assaults both with *Love*, and *Money*, and they seldom fail'd, for they came doubly arm'd; and your *Spanish Pistols*

*The fourth Vision of
are a sort of Battery hardly to be re-
sisted.*

I came now to reflect upon what I had seen, and as I was walking (in that Meditation) toward another Lodging, I found my self (ere I was aware) in the *first Court* again; where I enter'd, and in it I observ'd new Wonders: I saw that the Number of the *Mad Fools* increas'd every moment; Although Time (I perceiv'd) did all that was possible to recover them. There was *Jelousy* tormenting even those that were most confident of the Faith of what they lov'd. There was *Memory* rubbing of *Old sores*. There was *Understanding*, lockt up in a *dark Cellar*: and *Reason* with both *eyes out*. I made a little pause, the better to observe these Varieties, and Disguises. And when I had lookt my self weary, I turn'd about and spy'd a Door but so Narrow that it was hardly passable; And yet streight as it was, divers there were that *Ingratitude*, and *Insideli-ty* had set at *Liberty*; and made a shift to get through. Upon which Opportunity of Returning, I made what haste I could to be One of the first at the

Door

Door, and in that Instant, my Man drew the Curtain of my Bed, and told me, the Morning was far gone. Whereupon I wak'd, and recollecting my self, found all was but a *Dream*. The very Phanſy however of having ſpent ſo much time in the Company of Fools, and Madmen, gave me ſome Diſorder, but with this Comfort, that both ſleeping and waking, I had experimented *Paſſionate Love* to be nothing elſe than a meer *Phrenſy*, and *Folly*.

The end of the fourth Viſion.

K 4

THE

THE FIFTH VISION OF THE WORLD.

IT is utterly impossible for any thing in this World to fix our *Appetites*, and *Desires*, but they are still flitting and restless like *Pilgrims*; delighted and nourisht with *Variety*: which shews how much we are mistaken in the Value and Quality of the things we covet. And hence it is, that what we pursue with the greatest *delight*, and *Passion* Imaginable, yields us nothing but *Satiety*, and *Repentance* in the *Possession*; yet such is the Power of these *Appetites* of ours, that when they call, and command; we follow, and Obey; though we find in the End, that what we took for a *Beauty* upon the *Chace*, proves but a *Carkass* in the *Quarry*; and we are

sick on't as soon as we have it. Now the World, that knows our *Palate*, and *Inclination*, never fails to feed the Humour, and to flatter, and entertain us, with all sorts of *Change*, and *Novelty*; as the most certain Method of gaining upon our Affections.

One would have thought, that these Considerations might have put sober Thoughts and Resolutions in my Head, but it was my fate to be taken off, in the very Middle of my *Morality* and *Speculations*; and carry'd away from my self by *Vanity*, and *Weakness*, into the wide World, where I was for a while after, not much unsatisfy'd with my Condition. As I past from one place to another, several that saw me (I perceiv'd) did but make sport with me: for the further I went, the more I was at a loss in that *Labyrinth* of *Delusions*. One while, I was in with the *Sword-men* and *Bravaes*; up to the Ears in *Challenges*, and *Quarrels*; and never without an Arm in a Scarf, or a broken Head. Another Fit; I was never well, but either at the *Fleece-Tavern*, or Bear at *Bridge-foot*, stuffing my Guts with *Food*,
and

and Tipple, till the Hoops were ready to burſt. Beſide twenty other Entertainments that I found, every jott as Extravagant as theſe, which to my great Trouble and Admiration, left me not ſo much as one moment of Reſpoſe.

As I was in one of my unquiet, and penſive Moods; ſome body call'd after me, and pluckt me by the Cloak: which prov'd to be *A perſon of a Venerable age; His Clothes miſerably poor and Tatter'd; and his Face juſt as if He had been Tramp'l'd upon in the Streets,* which did not yet hinder, but that *he had ſtill the Ayr and Appearance of one that deſerv'd much Honour and Reſpect.* Good Father, (ſaid I to him) why ſhould you envy me my Enjoyments? Pray'e let me alone, and do not trouble your ſelf with me, or my doings. *You're paſt the pleaſure of Life your ſelf, and can't endure to ſee other people merry, that have the world before them.* Conſider of it; you are now upon the point of leaving the world, and I am but newly come into't. But 'tis the Trick of all Old men to be carping at the Actions of their Juniors.

Son (said the old man, smiling) I shall
neither hinder, nor envy thy Delights,
but in pure pity I would fain reclaim
Thee. *Do'st thou know the Price of a
Day; an hour; or a Minute? Did'st
ever examine the value of Time? If
thou had'st, thou would'st employ it
better; and not cast away so many
blessed Opportunities upon Trifles; and
so Easily, and Insensibly, part with so
inestimable a Treasure. What's become
of thy past hours? have they made thee a
Promise, to come back again at a Call when
thou hast need of them? Or, can'st thou
show me which way they went? No, No;
They are gone without Recovery; and
in their Flight, methinks, Time seems
to turn his Head, and laugh over his
shoulder, in Derision of those that made
no better use of him, when they had
him. Do'st thou not know, that all
the Minutes of our life, are but as so
many Links of a Chain, that has Death
at the End on't? and every Moment
brings thee nearer thy Expected End,
which perchance, while the word is
speaking, may be at thy very door: And
doubtless at thy rate of Living, it will
be*

be upon thee before thou art aware. *How stupid is He, that Dyes while he Lives, for fear of Dying! How wicked is he that Lives, as if he should never Dye; and only fears Death when he comes to feel it!* which is too late for comfort, either to Body or Soul: And He is certainly none of the Wisest that spends all his days in Lewdness, and Debauchery; without considering, that of his whole Life, any Minute might have been his last.

My Good Father (said I) I am beholding to you for your Excellent Discourses, for they have deliver'd me out of the Power of a Thousand Frivolous and Vain Affections, that had taken possession of me. But who are You, I pray'e? And what is your Business here? *My Poverty and These Rags,* quoth he, *are enough to tell ye that I am an honest man; a Friend to Truth, and one that will not be Mealy-Mouth'd, when he may speak it to Purpose.* Some call me the Plain Dealer; Others, the Undeceiver General. You see me all in *Tatters, Wounds, Scars, Bruises.* And what is all This, but the *Requital* the World gives

gives me, for my *Good Counsel*, and
Kind Visits? And yet after all this en-
 deavour to get shut of me; they call
 themselves my *Friends*: though they
 Curse me to the Pit of Hell, as soon as
 ever I come neer them; and had rather
 be hang'd, then spend one Quarter of
 an hour in my Company. If thou hast
 a Mind to see the *World* I talk of, come
 along with me, and I'll carry thee into
 a place, where thou shalt have a full
 Prospect of it; and without any Incon-
 venience, see all that's in't; or in the
 People that dwell in't; and look it
 through and through. What's the
 Name of this place? quoth I. It is
 call'd, said he, *The Hypocrites Walk*;
 and it crosses the *World* from one Pole
 to't other. It is *large*, and *Populous*; for
 I believe there's not any man alive, but
 has either a *House* or a *Chamber* in't.
Some live in't for *altogether*; *Others*
 take it only in *Passage*: for there are
Hypocrites of several sorts; but all
 Mortals have, more or less, a *Tang* of
 the *Leaven*. That fellow there in the
 Corner, came but t'other day from the
Plow-Tayl, and would now fain be a
Gentleman.

Gentleman. But had not he better pay his Debts, and walk alone, than break his *Promises* to keep a *Laquay*? There's another *Rascal* that would fain be a *Lord*; and would venture a Voyage to *Venice* for the *Title*, but that He's better at building Castles in the *Air*, than upon the *Water*. In the mean time, he puts on a *Nobleman's Face*, and *Garb*; he *swears* and *Drinks* like a *Lord*, and keeps his *Hounds* and *Whores*, which 'tis fear'd in the end, will devour their Master. Mark now that piece of *Gravity*, and *Form*; He *walks* ye see, as if he mov'd by *Clock-work*; His words are *few*, and *Low*; He makes all his Answers by a *Shrug*, or a *Nod*. This is the *Hypocrite* of a *Minister of State*; who with all his *Counterfeit of Wisdom*, is one of the veriest *Noddies* in Nature.

Face about now, and mind those De-
crepit Sots there, that can scarce lift a
Leg over a Threshold, and yet they
must be *Dying* their *Hair*, *Colouring* their
Beards, and playing the *Young Fools*
again, with a Thousand *Hobby-horse*
Tricks, and *Antick Dresses*. On the other
side; Ye have a Company of *Silly Boys*
taking

taking upon them to govern the world,
under a *Vizor of Wisdom*, and Expe-
rience. *What Lord is that (said I) in the
Rich Clothes there, and the fine Laces?*
That *Lord* (quoth he) is a *Taylor*, in
his *Holy-day Clothes*; and if He were
now upon his *Shop-bord*, his own *scissers*
and *Needles* would hardly know him:
And you must understand, that *Hypo-
crisy* is so *Epidemical* a Disease, that it
has laid hold of the *Trades* themselves,
as well as the *Masters*. The *Cobler* must
be saluted, *Mr. Translator*. The *Groom*
names himself *Gentleman of the Horse*;
The Fellow that carries *Guts* to the
Bears, writes, *One of his Majesties Officers*.
The *Hangman* calls himself a *Minister of
Justice*. The *Mountebank*, an *Able man*.
A *Common Whore* passes for a *Courtisan*.
The *Bawd* acts the *Puritan*. *Gaming
Ordinaries* are call'd *Academies*; and
Bawdy-Houses, Places of Entertainment.
The *Page* stiles himself the *Child of Ho-
nour*; and the *Foot-boy* calls himself *My
Lady's Page*. And every *Pick-Thank*
names himself a *Courtier*. The *Cuckold-
Maker* passes for a *Fine Gentleman*; and
the *Cuckold* himself, for the best natur'd
Husband

Husband in the World: And a very *Ag*
commences *Master-Doctor*. *Hocus Pocus*
Tricks are call'd *Slight of Hand*; *Lust*
Friendship; *Usury*, *Thrift*; *Cheating*
but *Gallantry*; *Lying* wears the Name
of *Invention*; *Malice* goes for *Quick*
ness of *Apprehension*; *Cowardice*, *Meek*
ness of *Nature*; and *Rashness* carries
the Countenance of *Valour*. In fine, time
is all but *Hypocrisy*, and *Knavery* in a
Disguise; for Nothing is call'd by the
right Name. Now there are besides
these, certain *General Appellations* taken
up, which by long Usage, are almost
grown into *Prescription*. Every *litt*
Whore takes upon her to be a *Gr*
Lady. Every *Gown-man*, to be a *Con*
seller. Every *Huffe* to be a *Soldat*; Every
Gay thing to be a *Cavalier*; Every *Pa*
rish-Clerk to be a *Doctor*; and Every
writing-Clerk in the Office must be call'd
Mr. Secretary.

So that the whole World, take it where
you will, is but a *meer Juggle*; and you
will find that *Wrath*, *Gluttony*, *Pride*,
Avarice, *Luxury*, *Murther*, and a Thou
sand other Hainous sins, have all
them *Hypocrisy* for their *Source*, and th

her They'll return again. It would be
 well (said I) if you could prove what
 you say; but I can hardly see, how so
 great a *Diversity of Waters* should pro-
 ceed from one *and the same Fountain*.
 I do not wonder (quoth he) at your
 Distrust, for you are mistaken in very
 good Company; to Phansie a *Contra-*
dictory in many things, which are, in ef-
 fect, so much *alike*. It is agreed upon,
 both by *Philosophers* and *Divines*, that
 all *Sins* are *Evil*; and you must allow,
 that the *Will* Embraces, or pursues, no
 Evil but under the *Resemblance of Good*.
 Nor does the *sin* lie in the *Representa-*
tion, or *Knowledge* of what is *Evil*, but
 in the *Consent* to it. Which *Consent* it
 self is *sinful*, although without any *Sub-*
sequent Act: It's true, the *Execution*
 serves afterward for an *Aggravation*,
 and ought to be consider'd under ma-
 ny *Differences* and *Distinctions*. But in
 one; evident it is, that the *Will* enter-
 tains no *Ill*, but under the shape of some
 good. What do ye think now of the
 hypocrite, that cuts your Throat, in his
 arms, and Murders you, under pre-
 tence of Kindness? What is the Hope of

an Hypocrite? says *Job*. He neither has nor can have any: For he is *Wicked*; he is an *Hypocrite*; and even his best Actions are worth nothing, because they are not what they seem to be. So that of all Sinners he has the most to answer for. Other Offenders sin only *against God*. But the Hypocrite sins *with Him*, as well as *against Him*, making use of *his holy Name* as a *Cloak* and *Countenance* for his *Wickedness*. For which reason, our Blessed Saviour, after many *Affirmative Precepts* delivered to his Disciples, for their *Instruction* gave only *This Negative*. *Be not sad like the Hypocrites*; which lays them open in few words; And he might as well have said, *Be not Hypocrites and ye shall not be wicked*.

We were now come to the Place the Old Man told me of, where I found according to my Expectation, and took up the higher ground, that I might have the better Prospect of what past. The first remarkable thing I saw was a long *Funeral Train* of *Kindred*, and *Guests* following the *Corps* of a *Deceas'd Lady* in Company with the *Disconsolable*

Widdower; who marcht with his Chin
upon his Breast; a sad and a heavy
pace; muffled up in a Mourning Hood,
enough to have stifled him, with at least
Ten yards of Cloth upon his Body, and
no less in his Train. Alack, Alack!
cry'd I, that ever I should live to see so
dismal a spectacle! Oh Blessed Woman!
How did this Husband love Thee in
thy *Life-time*, that follows thee with
this Infinite Faith and Affection, even
to thy *Grave*! And happy the Hus-
band doubtless, in a Wife that deserv'd
this Kindness! and in so many tender
Friends, and Relations, to take part
with him in his Sorrows. My Good Fa-
ther, let me entreat you to observe this
doleful Encounter. With that (shaking
his head and smiling) My Son, quoth he,
Thou shalt by and by perceive, that
all is nothing in the world but *Vanity*,
Imposture, and *Constraint*; and I will
show thee the Difference between
Things Themselves, and their *Appearan-*
ces. To see this Abundance of *Torches*,
with the Magnificence of the *Ceremony*
and *Attendance*, One would think there
should be some mighty matter in the

business: but let me assure thee, that all this Pudding comes to no more, than *much ado about Nothing*. The Woman was *Nothing* (effectually) even while she liv'd: The *Body* now in the Coffin is somewhat a less *Nothing*: and the *General Honours*, which are now paid her, come to just *Nothing* too. But the Dead it seems must have their *Vanities*, and their *Holy-Days* as well as the Living. Alas! What's a *Carcass*? but the most *Odious sort of Putrefaction*? A *Corrupted Earth*; fit neither for *Fruit*, nor *Tillage*. And then for the *sad Looks* of the *Mourners*; They are only troubled at the *Invitation*; and would not care a pin, if the *Inviter*, and *Body* too were both at the *Devil*. And that you might see by their *Behaviour*, and *Discomposure* for when they should have been *Praying for the Dead*, they were prating of her *Pedigree*, and her last *Will and Testament*. *I'm not so near a kin* (says one) *but I might have been spar'd; and I have twenty other things to do*. Another should have met Company at a *Tavern*. A third, at a *Play*. A fourth mutters that he is not placed according to

Quality

Quality. Another cries out, *A Pox o'*
your meetings where there is nothing stir-
ring but Worms-meat. Let me tell ye
 further, that the *Widower Himself* is
 not griev'd as you imagine for the *Dead*
Wife; but for the *Damn'd Expence* in
Blacks, and Scutcheons, Tapers, and
Mourners; and that she was not fairly
 laid to *Rest*, without all this ado: for
 He perswades himself, that she might
 have found the way to her *Grave* without
 a *Candle*. And since she was to *Dye*, 'tis
 his opinion, that she should have made
 quicker work on't: For a *Good Wife*, is
 (like a *Good Christian*) to put her *Con-*
science in order betimes, and get her
 gone; without lingring in the *Hands*
 of *Doctors, 'Pothecaries, and Surgeons,*
 to murder her Husband too. Or (to save
Charges) she might have had the dis-
 cretion to have dy'd of the *Plague*,
 which would have stav'd off *Company*.
 This is the *Second Wife*, he has already
 turn'd over, and (to give the Man his
Due) He has had the wit to secure
 himself of a *Third*, while *This* lay on
 her *Death-bed*. So that His Case is no
 more then *Chopping of a Cold Wife* for

a *Warm One*, and Hee'l recover this Affliction, I warrant ye.

The Good man, methought, spoke wonders; and being throughly convinced of the danger of trusting to Appearances, I took up a Resolution, never to conclude upon any thing, though never so plausible, without due Examination, and Inquiry. With that, the Funeral Visionist, leaving Us behind; and for a farewell, *This Sentence. I am gone before you are to follow; and in the mean time to accompany others to their Graves, as you have done me; and as I, when time was, have attended many others, with as little Care, and Devotion as yourselves.*

We were taken off from this Meditation, by a Noise we heard in a House behind Us; Where we had no sooner set foot over the Threshold, but we were entertain'd with a Consort of *Singings, Sighs and Groans* of a Woman newly become a Widow. The Passion was Admixed to the Life; but the Dead little the better for't. They would be ever anon, Clapping and Wringing of their Hands

Hands; Groaning, and Sighing, as if
their Hearts would break. The Hang-
ings, Pictures, and Furniture were all
taken down, and remov'd; The Rooms
hung with Black, And in one of them
lay the poor Disconsolate, upon a Couch
with her Condoling Friends about her.
It was as Dark as Pitch, and so much the
better, for the Parts they had to play;
for there was no discovering of the Hor-
rid Faces, and Strains they made, to
fetch up their Artificial Tears, and La-
mentations. Madam (says one) Tears
are but thrown away; and really the
Grief to see your Ladiship in this Con-
dition, has made me as lost a woman to
all thought of Comfort as your self. I be-
seach you Madam, chear up; (crys ano-
ther, with almost as many Sighs as Words)
your Husband's e'en happy that he is out
of this miserable World. He was a Good
man, and now he finds the sweet on't.
Patience, Patience; Dear Madam, (crys
a Third) 'Tis the will of Heaven, and
there's no Contending. Do'st talk of
Patience (says she) and no Contending?
Wretched Creature that I am! to out-
live that Dear man! Oh that Dear Hus-

hand of Mine! Oh that I should ever live to see this Day! and then she fell to Blubbering, Sobbing, and Raving a thousand times worse than before. *Alas, Alas, who will trouble himself with a poor Widow! I have never a Friend left to look after me; What shall become of me!*

At this pause came in the Chorus, with their Nose-Instruments; and there was such Blowing, Snobbing, Sniveling, and throwing Snot about, that there was no enduring the House. And all this, you must know, serv'd them to a double purpose; that is to say; for *Physick* and for *Complement*: for it past for the *Condoling Office*, and purg'd their Heads of *Ill humours* all under one. I could not chuse but compassionate the poor *Widow*; a Creature forsaken of all the world; and I told my Guide as much; and that a Charity (as I thought) would be well bestowed upon her. The Holy *Writ* calls them *Mutes*; according to the *Import* of the *Hebrew*: in regard that they have no body to speak for them. And if at any time they take heart to speak for themselves, They

had ee'n as good hold their tongues,
for no body minds them. Is there any
thing more frequently given in Charge
throughout the whole *Bible*, than to
Protect the Fatherless, and Defend the
Cause of the Widow? as the highest and
most Necessary point of *Christian Cha-*
rity; in regard that they have neither
Power, nor *Right* to defend themselves.
Does not *Job* in the depth of his *Mise-*
ry, and *Disgraces*, make Choiceto clear
himself toward the *Widow*, upon his
Expostulations with the *Almighty*? [*If*
I have caus'd the Eyes of the Widow to
fail] (or *consum'd the Eyes of the Wi-*
dow; after the Hebrew) so that it seems
to me, beside the general Duty of *Cha-*
rity, We are also bound by the Laws of
Honour, and *Generosity*, to assist them:
for the poor Souls are fain to *plead* with
their *Eyes*, and *Beg with their Eyes*, for
want of Either *Hands* or *Tongues* to
help themselves. Indeed you must par-
don me (my good Father said I) if I
cannot hold any longer from bearing a
part in this *Mournful Consort*, upon this
sad Occasion. And is This (quoth the
old man) the fruit of your boasted
Divinity?

Divinity? to sink into *Weakness*, and *Tears*, when you have the greatest Need of your *Resolution* and *Prudence*. Have but a little *Patience*, and I'll unfold you this *Mystery*; though (let me tell ye) 'Tis one of the hardest things in Nature, to make any man as wise as he should be, that conceits himself wise enough already. If this Accident of the *Widow* had not happen'd, we had had none of the fine things, that have been started upon't: for 'tis *Occasion* that awakens both our *Virtue* and *Philosophy*; and 'tis not enough to know the *Mine* where the *Treasure* lies, unless a man has the skill of *Drawing it out*, and making the best of what he has in his *Possession*. What are you the better, for all the Advantages of *Wit* and *Learning*, without the faculty of reducing what you know, into apt and proper Applications?

Observe me now, and I will shew you, that this *Widow* that looks as if she had nothing in her *Month*, but *The service for the Dead*, and only *Hallelujahs* in her *Soul*; that *This Mortification* piece of *Formality*, has green Thoughts, un-

der her *black Veil*; and brisk *Imaginations* about her, in despite of her *Calamity* and *Misfortune*. The *Chamber* you see is *dark*; and their *faces* are *muffled up* in their *Funeral Dresses*. And what of all This? when the whole *Course* of their *mourning* is but a *Thorough-Cheat*. Their *Weeping* signifies Nothing more, than *Crying*, at so much an hour; for their *Tears* are *Hackney'd* out, and when they have *wept* out their *stage*, they take up, and are quiet. If you would relieve them, leave them to *Themselves*; and as soon as your back is turn'd, you shall have them *Singing* and *Dancing*, and as merry as *Greeks*: for take away the *spectators*; their *Hypocrisie* is at an *End*, and the *play* is *done*: And now the *Confidents Game* begins. Come, come, *Madam* 'saith we must be *Merry*; (crys one) we are to live by the *Living*, and not by the *Dead*. For a *Bonny young Widow* as you are, to lye *whimpering* away your *Opportunities*, and lose so many brave *Matches*! There's, you know who, I dare swear, has a *Months mind* to you; By my *Troth* I would you were in *Bed* together, and I'd be *hang'd*, if you did not find

find one warm Bed-fellow worth twenty Cold ones. Really, Madam, (cries a second) she gives you good Counsel; and if I were in your Place, I'd follow it, and make use of my Time. 'Tis but One Lost, and Ten Found. Pray'e tell me, Madam, if I may be so bold; what's your Opinion of that Cavalier that was here Yesterday? Certainly he has a great Deal of Wit; and methinks, he's a very handsome, proper Gentleman. Well! if that man has not a strange Passion for you, I'll never believe my Eyes again for his sake; and in good faith, if all parties were agreed, I would you were ee'n well in his Arms the night before to morrow. Were it not a burning shame to let such a Beauty lye fallow? This sets the Widow Pinking, and Simpering like a Frumety-Kettle; at length she makes up the pretty little mouth, and says, 'tis some-what of the soonest to talk of those affairs; but let it be as Heaven pleases. However, Madam, I am much beholden to you for your Friendly Advice. You have here the very bottom of her sorrow: she has taken a second Husband into her Heart, before her first was in his Grave.

Grave. I should have told you that your right Widdow, Eats, and Drinks more the first day of her Widow-hood, than in any other of her whole life: for there appears not a *Visitant*; but presently out comes the *Groning-Cake*; a Cold bak't meat, or some *Restorative Morsel* or other, to comfort the *Afflicted*; and the *Cordial Bottle* must not be forgotten neither, for *Sorrow's Dry*. So to't they fall, and at every *Bit* or *Gulp*, the *Lady Relict*, fetches ye up a heavy Sigh, pretends to *chew false*, and makes protestation that for her part, she can taste nothing; she has quite lost her *Digestion*; and has such an oppression in her stomach, that she dares not eat any more, for fear of over-charging Nature. And (in truth says she) how can it be otherwise; since (Unhappy creature that I am!) He is gone that gave the Relish to all my Enjoyments: But there is no Recalling him from the Grave, and so no *Remedy but Patience*. By this time, You you see, (quoth the Old Man) whether your *Exclamations* were reasonable, or no.

The words were hardly out of his Mouth;

Mouth, when hearing an uproar among the Rabble in the Street, we lookt out to see what was the matter. And there we saw a *Catchpole*, without either Hat or Band, out of Breath, and his Face all bloody, crying out *Help, Help, in the Kings Name; stop Thief, stop Thief:* and all the while, running as hard as he could drive, after a Thief that made away from him, as if the Devil had been at his Breech. After him, came an *Attorney*, all dirty; a world of papers in his hand; an *Inkhorn* at his Girdle; and a Crowd of Nasty people about him; and down He sat himself just before us, to write somewhat upon his Knee. Bless me (thought I) how a Cause prospers in the Hand of one of these fellows, for he had fill'd his Paper in a Trice. These *Catchpoles* (said I) had need to be well paid, for the Hazards they run to secure us in our Lives and Fortunes; and indeed they deserve it. Look how the poor Wretch is Torn; Bruis'd and Batter'd, and all this for the Good and Benefit of the Publick.

Soft and fair, quoth the old man; think

think thou wouldst never leave Talking, if I did not stop thy Mouth some-time. You must know, that *He that made the Escape, and the Catchpole are a Couple of Ancient Friends, and Pot-Companions.* Now the *Catchpole* quarrels the *Thief* for not giving him a snip in the last Booty; and the *Thief*, after a great struggle, and a good lusty Rubber at Cuffs, has made a shift to save himself. You'll say the Rogue had need of Good heels to outrun this *Gallows-Beagle*; for *there's hardly any Beast will outstrip a Bailiff that runs upon the View of a Quarry.* So that there's not the least thought of a *publick Good* in the *Catchpoles* Action; but meerly a prosecution of his own *Profit*, and a spight to see himself Chous'd. Now if the *Catchpole* I confess, without any *private Interest*, had made this Attempt upon the *Thief*, (being his Friend) to bring him to *Justice*; It had been well: And yet, take this along with you: *It is as natural to let slip a Sergeant at a Pick-pocket, as a Grey-Hound at a Hare. The Whip; The Pillory; The Axe, and the Halter make up the best part of the*
Catch-

Catchpoles Revenue. These people are of all sorts the most odious to the world; and if men in Revenge would resolve to be Virtuous, though but for a year or two, they might starve them all. It is in fine an unlucky Employment, and *Catchpoles*, as well as the *Devils* themselves have the *Wages* of *Tormenters*.

I hope, said I to my Guide, that the *Attorneys* shall have your good Word too. Yes, yes, ye need not doubt it (said the old man) for *your Attorney* and *your Catchpoles* always hunt in Couples. The *Attorney* draws the *Information*, and has all his forms ready, so that 'tis no more then, but to fill up the *Blanks*, and away to the *Jail* with the *Delinquent*: if there be any thing to be gotten 'tis not a half-penny matter, whether the party be *guilty* or *innocent*: Give but an *Attorney*, *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper*, and let him alone for *Witnesses*. In case of an *Examination*, he has the Grace not to insist too much upon *plain* and *naked Truth*; but to set down only what makes for his purpose, and then when they come to signing, to read over in

the Deponents *sense* (for his Memory is good) what he has written in *his own*. And by this Means, the Cause goes on as He pleases. To prevent this Villany, it were well, if the Examiners were as well sworn to write the Truth, as the Witnesses are to speak it. And yet there are some honest men of all sorts, but among the Attorneys; the very Calling, does by the honest Catchpoles, Marshal's men, and their Fellows, as the Sea by the Dead: It may Entertain them for a while, but in a very short space it spews them up again.

The Good man would have proceeded, if He had not been taken off by the Ratling of a *Guilt-Coach*, wherein was a Courtier, that was blown up as big, as Pride, and Vanity could make him. He sits stiffe, and Upright, as if He had swallow'd a stake; and made it his Glory to shew himself in that posture: It would have hurt his Eyes, to have exchange'd a Glance with any thing that was Vulgar, and therefore He was very sparing of his Looks. He had a deep red Ruffe on, that was right Spanish; which He wore Erect, and stiffe starcht,

M

that

that a man would have thought He had
 Carry'd his *Head* in a *Paper-Lantern*;
 He was a great Studier of *Set-faces*
 and much affected with looking *Pol-
 tick*, and *Big*. But, for his *Arms*, and
Body, He had utterly lost, or forgotten
 the use of them: For he could neither
Bow, nor move his *Hat* to any man that
 saluted him: No, nor so much as turn
 from One side to the Other; but face
 as if He had been *Box'd up*, like a
gentleman-Baby. After this *Magnificent* Sta-
 tue, follow'd a swarm of *Gawdy Butter-
 fly-Laquais*: And his Lordships Com-
 pany in the Coach, was a *Buffon*, and a
Parasite. Oh blessed Prince! (said I)
 live at this Rate of Ease, and splendour
 and to have the World at Will! What
 Glorious Train is that! Beyond
 doubt, there never was a great Fortune
 better bestow'd. With that, the Duke
 man took me up, and told me; that
 the Judgment I had made upon this
 Occasion, from one end to the other
 was all *Dotage*, and *Mistake*; save only
 when I said he had the World at Will.
 And in that (says he) you have reason
 for what is the World, but *Labour*

Vanity

Vanity, and Folly; which is likewise the Composition, and Entertainment of this Cavalier.

As for the *Train* that follows him; let it be *Examin'd*, and my life for yours, you shall find more *Creditors* in't, than *servants*: There are *Banquiers, Jewelers, Scriv'ners, Brokers, Mercers, Drapers, Taylors, Vintners*; and these are properly the *Staies*, and *Supporters* of this animated *Machine*. The *Money, Meat, Drink, Robes, Liveries, Wages*; All comes out of *their Pockets*; They have his *Honour* for their *Security*; and must content themselves with *Promises, and fair Words* for full *satisfaction*, unless they had rather have a *Footman* with a *Cudgel* for their *Pay-Master*. And after all, if this *Gallant* were taken to *skrift*, or that a man could enter into the secrets of his *Conscience*, I dare undertake, it would appear that He that *digs in a Mine for his Bread*, lives ten thousand times more at *Ease*, than the other; with beating of his *Brains*, *Night and Day* for new *shifts, Tricks and Projects* to keep himself above water.

Observe his *Companions* now: his

Vanity M 2 *Fool,*

Fool, and his Flatterer. They are too hard for him ye see; and Eat, Drink, and make Merry at his Expence. *What greater Misery, or shame in the World, than for a man to make a Friendship with such Rascals, and to spend his Time, and Estate, in so Brutal, and Insipid a Society!* It costs him more (beside his Credit) to maintain that Couple of Coxcombs, than would have bought him the Conversation of a Brace of Grave, and Learned Philosophers. But will ye now see the Bottom of this Scandalous and Dishonourable Kindness? *My Lord* (says the Buffon) *you were most infallibly wrapt in your Mother's smock; for let me be-----if ye have not set all the Ladies about the Court, Agog. The very truth is* (cries the Parasite) *all the rest of the Nobility look like Corn-Cutters to you; and indeed, wherever you come, you have still the Eyes of the whole Company upon you. Go to, Go to, Gentlemen* (says my Lord) *you must not flatter your Friends. This is more your Courtesie than my Desert; and I have an Obligation to you for your Kindness.* After this Manner, the

too *Asses Knab and Curry one another, and*
 sink *play the Fools by turns.*

The old Man had his words yet be-
 tween his Teeth, when there past just
 by us a *Lady of Pleasure*, of so Excellent
 shape and Garb, that it was impossible
 to see her without a Passion for her,
 and no less impossible to look upon any
 thing else, so long as she was to be seen.
 They that had seen her once, were to
 see her no more, for she turn'd her face
 still to *New-Comers*. Her Motion was
 graceful and free. One while she'd
 stare ye full in the eyes, under colour
 of opening her Hood, to set it in better
 Order. By and by, she'd steal a look at
 ye with one eye, and a side face,
 from the Corner of her Vizor; like
 a *Witch* that's afraid to be known
 when she comes from a *Cattermall*. And
 then out comes the Delicate Hand, and
 discovers the more Delicious Neck,
 and Breasts, to adjust the Handkercher
 the Scarf; or to remove some other
 Grievance that made her Ladyship un-
 ease. Her Hair was most artificially
 dispos'd into Careless Rings; And the
 best Red and White in Nature was in

her Cheeks; if that of her Lips and Teeth did not Exceed it. In a word, all she lookt upon was her own; and This was the Vision for my Money, from all the Rest. As she was marching off, I could not chuse but take up a Resolution to follow her. But my old man laid a Block in the way, and stopt me at the very starting; which was an Affront to a Man that was both in *Love*, and in *Haste*, that might very well stir his Choler. My Officious Friend (said I) *He that does not love a woman, suckt a son.* And questionless, He must be either Blind or Barbarous, that's Proof against the Charms of so Divine a Beauty. Nor would any but a Sot, let slip the blessed Opportunity of so fair an Encounter. A Handsome Woman? why, *what was she made for, but to be Lov'd?* And he that has Her, has all that's Lovely, or Desirable in Nature. For my own part, I would renounce the World for the fellow of her, and never desire any thing either beyond her, or beside her. What Lightning does she carry in her Eyes! What Charms, and Chains in her Looks, and Motions

and for the very Souls of her Beholders!
 Was ever any thing so clear as her forehead?
 Or so black as her Eye-brows?
 One would swear, that her Complexion
 had taken a Tincture of Vermilion and
 Milk: and that Nature had brought
 her into the World with Pearl, and Rubies
 in her Mouth. To speak all in little,
 she's the Master-piece of the Creation,
 worthy of Infinite Praise, and Equal
 to our largest Desires, and Imaginations.

Here the Old man cut me short, and
 bid me make an end of my Discourse,
 for thou art, said He, a Man of *much*
wonder, and *small experience*, and deliver'd
 over to the Spirit of *Folly*, and *blindness*.
 Thou hast thy Eyes in thy Head,
 and yet not Brain Enough to know
 either why they were given Thee,
 or How to Use them. Understand then
 that the Office of the Eye is to see, but
 tis the Privilege of the Soul, to distinguish,
 and Chuse: whereas you either do
 the Contrary, or else Nothing, which is
 worse. He that trusts his Eyes, exposes
 his Mind to a Thousand Torments and
 Confusions: He shall take Clouds, for

Mountains; Streight for Crooked; One Colour for Another, by reason of an undue distance, or an indispos'd Medium. We are not able sometimes to say which way a River runs, till we throw in a twig, or straw to find out the Current. And what will you say now, if this Prodigious Beauty, your new Mistress, prove as Gross a Cheat, and Imposture, as any of the Rest? She went to Bed last night as Ugly as a Witch; and yet this Morning she comes forth in your Opinion as Glorious as an Angel. The Truth of it is, she Hires all by the Day, and if you did but see this Puppet taken to pieces, you would find her little else but Paint, and Plaister. To begin her Anatomy at the Head. You must know that the Hair she wears, is borrow'd of a Tire-Woman, for her own was blown off by an Unlucky Wind from the Coast of Naples. Or if she has any left, she keeps it private, as a Memorial of her Antiquity. She is beholden to the Pencil, for her Eye-Brows, and Complexion. And upon the whole matter, this is but an old Picture, refresh'd. But the wonder is, to see a Picture, with Life

and Motion ; unless perchance she has
 got the *Neeromancer's Receipt*, that made
 himself Young again in his *Glass-Bottle*.
 For all that you see of her that's Good,
 comes from *Distill'd Waters*, *Essences*,
Powders, and the like ; and to see the
 Washing of her Face would fright the
 Devil. She abounds in *Pomanders*,
sweet-waters, *Spanish-Pockets*, *Perfum'd*
Drawers ; and all little Enough to qua-
 lify the *Poysonous Whiffs* she sends from
 her *Toes*, and *Arm-Pits*, which would
 otherwise out-stink Ten thousand *Pole-
 Cats*. She cannot chuse but *Kiss well*,
 for her *Lips* are perpetually bath'd in
Oyl, and *Grease*. And he that Embraces
 her, shall find the better half of her,
 the *Taylors*, and only a *stuffing of Cotton*
 and *Canvas*, to supply the *Defects* of her
Body. When she goes to Bed, she puts
 off one half of her Person with her *Shooes*.
 What do ye think of your ador'd
 Beauty now ? or have your *Eyes* be-
 tray'd ye ? Well, well ; confess your
 Errour and mend it : and know that
 (without more Descant upon this wo-
 man) 'tis the Design and Glory of most
 of the Sex to lead Silly Men Captive.

Nay

Nay take the best of them, and what with the Trouble of getting them, and the Difficulty of pleasing them, he that comes off best, will find himself a Loser at the foot of the Accompt. I could recommend you here to other Remedies of Love, inseparable from the very Sex, but what I have said already, I hope, will be sufficient.

The end of the fifth Vision.

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THE SIXTH VISION OF HELL.

BEing one *Autumn*, at a Friend's house in the Countrey, (which was indeed a most delicious Retreat) I took a walk one Moon-light night into the Park: where all my past Visions came fresh into my Head again, and I was well enough pleas'd with the Meditation. At length, the Humour took me to leave the Path, and go further into the wood: what impulse carry'd me to this, I know not. Whether I was mov'd by my good Angel, or some higher Power, but so it was, that in half a quarter of an hour, I found myself a great way from home, and in a place where 'twas no longer Night; with the Pleasantest Prospect round about

about me that ever I saw since I was born. The Air was calm, and Temperate; and it was no small Advantage to the Beauty of the Place, that it was both Innocent, and Silent. On the one hand, I was entertain'd with the Murmurs of Chrystal Rivolets; On the Other with the whispering of the Trees. The Birds singing all the while either in Emulation, or Requital of the Other Harmonies. And now, to shew the Instability of our Affections, and Desires, I was grown weary even of Tranquillity it self, and in this most agreeable Solitude, began to long for Company.

When in the very Instant, (to my great wonder) I discover'd *two Paths*, issuing from One, and the same Beginning; but dividing themselves forwards, more and more, by Degrees, as if they liked not One Another's Company. That on the *right Hand* was *Narrow*, almost beyond imagination; and being very little frequented, it was so overgrown with *Thorns* and *Brambles*; and so stony withal, that a man had all the Trouble in the world to get into it.

One

One might see however, the Prints and Marks of several Passengers; that had rubb'd through; though with exceeding Difficulty; for they had left pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feet, and many of them their whole skins behind them. Some we saw yet upon the way, pressing forward, without ever so much as looking back; and these were all of them *Pale-fac'd, Lean, Thin, and Miserably Mortify'd*. There was no passing for *Horse-men*; and I was told that *st. Paul Himself* left his Horse, when He went into't. And indeed, there was not the footing of any Beast to be seen. Neither Horse, nor Mule; Nor the Track of any Coach, or Charret. Nor could I learn that any had past that way in the memory of man. While I was bethinking my self of what I had seen, I spy'd at length, a *Beggar*, that was Resting himself a little to take Breath; and I ask'd him what Inns or Lodgings they had upon that Road? His Answer was that there was no stopping there, till they came to their Journey's End. For This (said he) is the way to *Paradise*; and what should they

they do with *Inns* or *Taverns*, where there are so few *Passengers*? Do not you know that in the Course of Nature, to *Dye*, is to be *Born*; to *Live*, is to *Travel*; and the *World* is but a great *Inn*, after which it is but one stage either to *Pain* or *Glory*. And with these words he March'd forward, and bad me *God b'w'ye*; telling me withall, that it was time lost to linger in the way of *Virtue*, and not safe to entertain such *Dialogues* as tend rather to *Curiosity*, than *Instruction*. And so he pursued his Journey, stumbling, tearing his *Flesh*, and Sighing, and Groning at every step; and weeping as if he thought to soften the stones with his *Tears*. This is no way for me, thought I to my self; and no *Company* Neither; for they are a sort of *Beggarly*, *Morose* people, and will never agree with my *Humour*. So I drew back and strook off into the left hand way.

And there I found *Company* Enough, and *Room* for more. What a *World* of *Brave Cavaliers*! *Guilt Coaches*, *Rich Liveries*, and *Handsome*, *Lively Lasses*, as *Glorious* as the *Sun*! Some were
Singing,

singing, and Laughing; Others tickling one another, and Toying; Some again, at their *Cheese-Cakes* and *China-Oranges*; Or appointing a Set at *Cards*: so that taking all together, I durst have sworn I had been at the *Park*. This minded me of the Old saying, *Tell me thy Company, and I'll tell thee thy Manners*: and to save the Credit of my Education, I put my self into the *Noble Mode*, and jogg'd on. And there was I at the first Dash up to the Ears, in *Balls, Plays, Mascarades, Collations, Dalliances, Amours*, and as full of Joy as my Heart could hold.

It was not here, as upon t'other *Rode*, where folks went *barefoot*, and *Naked*, for want of *Shoo-makers*, and *Tailors*: for here were Enow, and to spare; Beside *Mercers, Drapers, Jewellers, Boddies-makers, Perruque-makers, Milleners*, and a *French Ordinary* at every other Door. You cannot imagine the Pleasure I took in my New Acquaintance; And yet there was now and then, some Justling and Disorder upon the way: Chiefly between the *Physicians* upon their *Mules*, and the *Infantry* of the *Lawyers*,
that

that marcht in great Bodies before the Judges; and contested for Place. But the Physicians carry'd it, in favour of their Charter, which gives them Privilege, to Study, Practise, and Teach the Art of Poysoning; and to read Lectures of it in the Universities. While this point of Honour was in dispute, I perceiv'd divers crossing from one way to the Other, and changing of parties. Some of them stumbled, and Recover'd; Others fell down right. But the pleasantest Gambole of all, was that of the Vintners. A whole Litter of them tumbled into a Pit together, one over another, but finding they were out of their Element, they got up again as fast as they could. Those that were in the right hand way, which was the way of Paradise, or Virtue, advanc'd very heavily, and made us Excellent sport. Prethee look what a Friday-face that fellow makes! cries one; Hang him, Prick-Ear'd Cur, says another; Dam' me cries a Third, if the Rogue be not Drunk with Holy water; If the Devil had raked Hell, he could not have found such a Pack of Ill-lookt Rascals, sayes Another.

Some

Some of them stopt their Ears, and went on without minding us. Others we put out of Countenance, and they came over to us. And a Third sort came out of pure Love to our Company.

After this, I observ'd a great many People afar off in a *By-path*: with as much *Contrition*, and *Devotion*, in their *Looks*, and *Gestures* as ever I saw in Men. They walk'd *shaking their heads*, and *lifting up their hands to Heaven*; and they had most of them large Ears, and to my thinking *Geneva-Bibles*. These thought I, are a People of singular Integrity, and strictness of Life, above their Fellows; but coming nearer, we found them to be *Hypocrites*; and that though they'd none of our Company upon the Road, They would not fail to meet us at our *Journey's End*. *Fasting*, *Repentance*, *Prayer*, *Mortification*, and other Holy Duties, which are the Exercise of Good Christians, in Order to their *salvation*, are but a kind of Probation to these men, to fit them for the Devil. They were follow'd by a Number of *Devotes*, and *Holy Sisters*,
N that

that Kist the Skirts of their Garments all the way they went, but whether out of Zeal, *Spiritual*, or *Natural*, is hard to say; and undoubtedly, *some Womens Kisses* are worse than *Judas's*. For though *his Kiss* was *Treacherous* in the *Intention*, it was *right* yet in the *Application*: but This was one *Judas Kissing Another*, which makes me think there was more of the *Flesh*, than of the *Spirit* in the *Case*. Some would be drawing a Thred now and then out of the Holyman's Garment, to make a Relique of. Others would cut out large Snips, as if they had a Mind to see them Naked. Some again desir'd they would remember them in their Prayers; which was just as much as if they had commended themselves to the Devil by a Third Person. Some pray'd for good Matches for their Daughters; Others, beg'd Children for themselves: And sure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children abroad, will be so Civil as to take them Home, when they are given him. In fine, these Hypocrites may for a while perchance impose upon the world, and Delude the Multitude; but no Mask, or Dis-

guise

guise is proof against the all-piercing Eye of the Almighty. There are I must confess many Religious, and Godly men, for whose Persons and Prayers, I have a great Esteem. But these are not of the *Hypocrites* Humour, to build their hopes, and Ambition upon Popular applause, and with a Counterfeit Humility, to proclaim their weakness, and unworthiness; their Failings; Yea and their Transgressions in the Market Place; All which is indeed but a *True Jest*; for they are really what they say, though they would not be thought so.

These went apart, and were lookt upon to be *neither Fish nor Flesh, nor Good Red-Herring*. They wore the Name of *Christians*; but they had neither the *Wit*, nor the *Honesty* of *Pagans*. For *They* content themselves with the Pleasures of this Life, because they know no better. But the *Hypocrite*, that's instructed both in the *Life Temporal*, and *Eternal*, lives without either *Comfort* in the *One*, or *Hope* in the *Other*; and takes more pains to be damn'd, than a *Good Christian* does to Compass his *Salvation*:

vation. In short, we went on our way in Discourse. The *Rich* follow'd their *Wealth*, and the *Poor* the *Rich*; begging there, what Providence had deny'd them. The *Stubborn*, and *Obstinate* went away by *Themselves*, for they would hear no Body that was wiser then themselves, but ran hudling on, and prest still to be foremost. The *Magistrates* drew after them, all the *Sollicitors*, and *Attorneys*. *Corrupt Judges* were carry'd away by *Passion* and *Avarice*. And *Vain*, and *Ambitious Princes*, trayl'd along with them, *Principalities*, and *Commonwealths*. There were a world of *Clergy* upon *this Rode* too. And I saw one *full Regiment of Souldiers* there, which would have been brave Fellows indeed, if they had but been half so good at *Praying*, and *Fighting*, as they were at *Swearing*. Their whole discourse was of their *Adventures*, How Narrowly they came off at such an *Affault*; What wounds they received upon t'other *Breach*; and then what a *Destruction* they made at such a time, of *Mutton* and *Poultry*. But all they said, came in at one Ear, and went out at t'other

Do n

Do'n't you remember, *Sirrah*, says one,
how we claw'd it away at such a place!
Yes, ye Damn'd Rogue you, crys t'other,
when you were so drunk you took your Aunt
for the Bawd. These and such as these
were the only Exploits they could truly
brag of.

While they were upon these Glori-
ous *Rhodomontades*, certain generous
Spirits from the *Right Hand way*, that
knew what they were, by the Boxes of
Pass-ports, Testimonials, and Recommen-
dations they wore at their Girdles, cry'd
out to them, as if it had been to an
Attacque: *Fall on, Fall on, my Lads,*
and follow me. *This, this is the Path of*
Honour, and if you were not *Poultrons*
you would not quit it for fear of a *Hard*
March, or an ill Lodging. *Courage*
Camerades; and be assur'd, that this
combat well fought, makes all your *For-*
unes, and *Crowns* ye for ever. Here, ye
shall be sure both of *Pay*, and *Reward*,
without casting the *Issue* of all your *Haz-*
ards and *Hopes* upon the *Empty Promi-*
ses of *Princes*. How long will ye pursue
this *Trade of Blood and Rapine*? And
accustom your *Ears*, and *Tongues* to the

Tragical out-cries of, Burn; No Quarter; Kill, or Dye. It is not pay, or Pil-
lage, but Virtue that's a Brave Man's
Recompence. Trust to her, and shee'l not
deceive ye. If it be the War, ye Love,
Come to Us; Bear Arms on the right
side, and wee'l find you work. Do not you
know, that Man's Life is a Warfare?
That the World, the Flesh, and the De-
vil, are Three Vigilant Enemies? And
that it is as much as his Soul is worth, to
put himself, but for one Minute out of
his Guard. Princes tell ye, that your
Blonds, and your Lives are Theirs, and
that to shed the One, and lose the Other,
in their Service, is no Obligation, but a
Duty. You are still however to look to the
Cause; Wherefore turn head, and come
along with us, and be happy. The Sol-
diers heard all this with Exceeding Pa-
tience, and attention: But the Brand of
Cowardice had such an effect upon them,
that without any more ado, like men of
Honour, they presently quitted the Rode-
Drew; and as bold as Lyons, charg'd
headlong into a Tavern.

After this, we saw a great Troop of
Women, upon the High-way to Hell, with

their *Bags*; and their *fellows*, at their Heels, ever, and anon, hunching, and Justling one Another. On the *other side*; A number of *Good people*, that were almost at the End of their Journey, came over into the *wrong Rode*; for the *Right-hand way*, growing *Easier*, and *Wider* towards the *End*, and that on the *left hand*, on the *Contrary*, *Narrower*, they thought they had been out of their way, and so came into *Us*; As many of *Ours*, went over to *Them*, upon the same Mistake. Among the Rest, I saw a great *Lady*, without either *Coach*, *Sedan*, or any living Creature with her, foot it all the way to *Hell*: which was to me so great a wonder, considering how she had liv'd in the world, that I presently look't about for a *Publick Notary*, to make an *Entry* of it. The *Woman* was in a most Miserable Pickle; and I did not know what design she might Drive on, under that Disguise; but finding never a *Notary*, or *Register* at hand, though I mist my Particular Aim, yet I was well Enough pleas'd with it, for I took it then for Granted that I was in my Ready way to *Heaven*.

But when I came afterward to reflect upon the *Crosses, Afflictions, and Mortifications*, that Lye in the way to *Paradise*: And to Consider, that there was Nothing of That upon *this Rode*: But on the Contrary, *Laughing, Singing, Frolicking*, and all manner of *Jollity*: This I must confess, gave me a *Qualm*, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly deliver'd of that Doubt, by a Gang of *Marry'd Men*, that we overtook with *their Wives in their Hands*, in Evidence of their *Mortifications*: *My Wife's my Witness* (cries one) *that every day since I Marry'd her has been a Fasting day to me; To Pumper her with Cock-Broth, and Jellies. And my Wife knows how I have humbled my Body, by Nakedness; for I have hardly allow'd myself a Rag to my Back-side; or a Shoe to my Foot, to maintain her in her Coach, Pages, Gowns, Petty-Coats, and Jewels.* So that upon the matter, I perceive an *Unlucky hit with a Wife*, gives a man as much *Right to the Catalogue of Martyrs*, as if He had ended his days at the stake.

The Misery these poor Wretches endure'd, made me think my self in the Right again; till I heard a Cry behind me, *Make way there; Make way for the Apothecaries.* Bless me, thought I, If They be here, we are certainly going to the Devil. And so it prov'd, for we were just then come to a little Door, that was made like a *Mouſe-Trap*, where 'twas easie to get in, but there was no getting out again.

It was a strange thing, that scarce any body so much as Dream't of *Hell*, all the way we went; and yet every body knew where they were, as soon as they came there: and cry'd out with one Voice, *Miserable Creatures! we are Damn'd, we are Damn'd.* That Word made my Heart Ake; And is it come to that? said I. Then did I begin with Tears in my Eyes, to Reflect upon what I had left in the World, As my *Relations, Friends, Ladies, Mistresses*, and in fine, all my *Old Acquaintance*: When with a Heavy Sigh, looking behind me, I saw the greater part of them *Following after me.* It gave me, me thought, some Comfort, that I should have so good

good Company; vainly imagining that even Hell it self might be Capable of some Relief.

Going further on; I was gotten into a Crowd of *Taylors*, that stood up sneaking in a Corner, for fear of the Devils. At the first Door, there were *seven Devils*, taking the Names of those that came in: and they ask't me *mine*, and my *Quality*, and so they let me pass. But examining the *Taylors*; These fellows (cry'd one of the Devils) come in such shoals, as if Hell were made only for *Taylors*. How many are they? (said another) Answer was made, about a Hundred. About a Hundred? They must be more then a Hundred says t'other, if they be *Taylors*; for they never come under a Thousand, or Twelve Hundred strong. And we have so many here already, I do not know where we shall stow them. Say the word, my Masters, shall's let them in or no? the poor *Frick-Lice* were damn'dly startled at that, for fear they should not get in: but in the End they had the Favour to be admitted. Certainly, said I, these folks are but in an ill Condition, when 'tis a

Menace

Menace for the Devils themselves to
 refuse to receive them: Thereupon a
 Huge, Over-grown, Club-footed, Crump-
 boulder'd Devil, threw them all into
 a Deep Hole. Seeing such a Monster
 of a Devil, I askt him, how he came
 to be so deform'd. And he told me,
 he had spoyl'd his Back with Carrying
 of Taylors: For said he, I have been
 formerly made use of as a Sumpter to
 fetch them; but now of late they save
 me that labour, and come so fast of
 themselves, that 'tis one Devils work
 to dispose of them. While the word was
 yet speaking, there came another Glut
 of them, and I was fain to make way,
 that the Devil might have Room to
 work in, who pill'd them up, and told
 me they made the best Fewel in
 Hell.

I pass'd forward then into a little
 Dark Alley, where it made me start to
 hear one call me by my Name, and with
 much ado I perceiv'd a fellow there all
 wrapt up in *Smoke* and *Flame*. Alas!
 Sir says he; *Have you forgotten your old*
Book-seller in Popes-Head-Alley? I cry
 thee Mercy, good Livewell, quoth I,
 What?

What? art thou here? *Yes, Yes, Sir* (says he) *'tis e'en too true.* I never dreamt it would have come to this. He thought I must needs pity him, when I knew him: but truly I reflected rather upon the Justice of his Punishment. For in a word, his Shop was the very Mint of *Hereſie, Schiſme, and ſedition.* I put on a Face of *Compaſſion* however, to give him a little Eaſe, which he took hold of, and vented his Complaint. *Well Sir* (ſayes He) *I would my Father had made me a Hangman, when he made me a Stationer;* for we are call'd to Accompt for Other Men's Works, as well as for our Own. And one thing that's caſt in our Diſh, is the ſelling of *Translations*, ſo *Dog-Cheap*, that every *Sot* knows now as much, as would formerly have made a *Paſſable Doct̃or*, and every *Naſty Groom*, and *Roguy Lacquay* is grown as familiar with *Homer, Virgil, Ovid*, as if 'twere *Robin the Devil; The Seven Champions; or a piece of George Withers.* He would have talkt on, if a Devil had not ſtopt his Mouth with a Whiſſe from a rowle of his own Papers, and Choak't him with the ſmoak on't. The Peſtilent
Fume

she would have dispatch't me too,
I had not got presently out of the
must teach on't. But I went my way, say-
: but, this to my self; If the *Book-seller* be
usticeous Criminal, what will become of the
l, his *author* !

I was deliver'd from this Medita-
Face on, by the ruful Grones, of a great
im a many Souls that were *under the Lash*,
, and the *Devil* Tyrannizing over them
sayes with *Whips* and *Scourges*. I askt what
me a they were, and it was told me, that
oner; there was a *Plot* among the *Hackney-*
for *Coachmen* to exhibit an *Information*
r our against the *Devils*, for taking the *Whip*
i our out of their hands, and *setting up a Trade*
, so they had never *serv'd to*, (which is direct-
now Contrary to *Quinto Elizabethæ*.)
made Well, said I: But why are these tor-
room, mented here? With that, an old Sowr-
niliar *Coack-man* took the answer out
were of the *Devil's Mouth*, and told me;
ions; that it was *because they came to Hell a*
ould *Horseback*, which they pretended, was
stop Priviledge that did not belong to
owle *Logues* of their Quality. Speak truth,
him and be hang'd, cry'd the *Devil*; and
rilent make an honest Confession here. Say,
Fume Sirrah,

Sirrah, how many Bawdy Voyages have you made to Hackney? How many Nights have you stood Pimping at Marybone? How many Whores and Knaves have you brought together? And how many Lies have you told, to keep all private, since you first set up this Scandalous Trade? There was a Coach-man by, that had serv'd a Judge, and thought 'twas no more for his Old Master to fetch a Rascal out of Hell, than out of Newgate, which made this fellow stand upon his Points, and ask the Devil, how he durst give that Language to so Honourable Profession: for (says he) who wear better Clothes than your Coach-men? Are not we in our Velvets, Embroideries, and Laces? and as Glorious as so many Phaetons? Have not our Masters reason to be good to us, when their Necks are at stake, and their Lives at our Mercy? Nay, we govern those, many times, that Govern Kingdoms; and a Prince is almost in as much Danger of his Coach-man, as his Physician. And there are, that understand it too, and Themselves, and that will not stick to trust their Coach-men as far as they would do the

had confessors. There's no Absurdity in the
right comparison; for if They know some of
your Privacies, we know more; yes,
we know perhaps more than Wee'l speak of.
What have we hereto do? cry'd a De-
vill that was ready to break his heart
with Laughing. A Coach-man in his
ropes and Figures? An Orator instead
of a Waggoner? The slave has broke
his Bridle, and got his head at Liberty,
and now hee'l never have done. No,
why should he? (says another that had
serv'd a great Lady more ways than
able to name) is this the best Entertainment
you can afford your Servants? your
Daily Drudges? I'm sure we bring you
much Commodity, well packt; well Con-
serv'd; well Perfum'd; Right, Neat
and Clean: Not like your City-mare
that comes dirty to you, up to the
knees in stocks; and yet every Daggel-Tayl'd
Governess, and Skip-Kennel, shall be better
than We. Ah! The Ingratitude of
this Place! If we had done as much for
any-body else, as we have done for
you, we should not have been now to
ask for our Wages. When you have
nothing else to say, you tell me that

I am punisht for carrying the Sick, the Gowty, the Lame, to Church, to Mass, or some stragling Virgins, back again to their Cloister: Which is a Damn'd Lye; for I am able to prove, that at my Trading lay at the Play-Houses, Banquet-Houses, Taverns, Balls, Collations: Or else at the Tour à la Mode, wherether was still appointed some after-Meeting to treat of certain affairs, that highly Import the Interest and Welfare of your Dominions. I have indeed carry'd my Mistress sometimes to the Church-Door, but it signify'd no more than I had carry'd her to a Conventicle; for all her business there, was to meet her Gallant, and to agree when they should meet next; according to the way of Devotion now in Mode. To conclude it is most certain, that I never took any Creature (knowingly) into my Coach that had so much as a Good Thought. And this was so well known, that it was all one, to ask, If a Lady were a Maid; or if she had ever been in a Coach. If it appear'd she had; He that marry'd her, knew before-hand, what he had to trust to. And after all this

th
e have made us a fair Requitall. With
that the Devil fell a Laughing, and
with five or six Twinging Jerks, half
ay'd the poor *Coach-man*; so that I
was e'en glad to Retire; in pity partly
to the *Coach-man*, and partly to my
self; for the *Currying of a Coach-man*,
little better than the turning up of a
moughil.

My next Adventure was into a Deep
gulf, where I began immediately to
adder, and my Teeth chatter'd in my
head. I askt the Meaning of it; and
there came up to me a Devil, with
slid heels, and his Toes all Mortify'd;
and told me that That Quarter was
 allotted to the *Buffons* and *Drolls*, which
are a people (says he) of so starv'd a
Concept, and so cold a Discourse, that
they are fain to Chain, and Lock them
up, for fear they should spoil the Tem-
per of our Fire. I askt if a man might
see them. The Devil told me Yes, and
show'd me one of the lewdest Ken-
nells in Hell. And there were they at it,
pecking at One Another, and nothing
but the same fooleries over and over
again, that they had practis'd upon

O

Earth.

Earth. Among the *Buffons*, I saw divers that pass'd here in the World for *Men of Honesty, and Honour* : which were in, as the Devil told me, for Flattery, and were a sort of *Buffon*, that goes *betwixt the Bark and the Tree*. But, why are they condemn'd? said I. The *other Buffons* are condemn'd (quoth the Devil) *for want of Favour*; and *These*, for having *too much*, and *abusing* it. You must know, they come upon us, still at *Un-awares*; and yet they find all things in *Readiness*; the Cloth laid, and the Bed made, as if they were at home. To say the Truth, we have some sort of *Kindness* for them; for they save us a great deal of Trouble, in Tormenting one another.

Do you see him there? That was a *wicked*, and a *Partial Judge* : and all he has to say for himself, is, that he remembers the Time when *he could have broke the Neck of two Honest Causes*, and *He put them only out of Joynt*. That good-fellow there, was a *Careless Husband*, and him we lodge too with the *Buffons*. He sold his *Wives Portion* and *Wife and all*, to please his Companions with

and turn'd both into an *Annuity*. That Lady there (though a great One) is fain to take up too with the *Buffons*, for they are both of a Humour: What They do with their Talk, she does with her Body, and seasons it to all Appetites. In a word, you shall find *Buffons* in all Conditions; and in effect, there are high as many, as there are men and women: for the whole world is given to Jeering, Slandering, Backbiting, and there are more Natural *Buffons*, than Artificial.

At my going out of the Vault, I saw a matter of a Thousand Devils following a Drove of Pastry-men, and Breaking their Heads as they pass'd along, with Iron Peels. Alack! cry'd one of them, that was yet in a whole Skin, it is hard the Sin of the *Flesh* should be laid to our charge, that never had to do with Women. Impudent, Nasty Rascals (quoth a Devil) who has deserv'd That Hell, if they have not? How many thousand men have these flovens poyson'd, with the Grease of their Heads, and Tails; instead of Mutton-Sewet? with Snot-Pies for Marrow; and Flies

for *Currants* ? How many *Stomachs* have they turn'd into *Laystals* with the *Dogs-flesh*, *Horse-flesh*, and other *Carriion* that they have put into them ? And do these Rogues complain (in the Devil's Name) of their sufferings ! Leave your Bawling, ye Whelps, (says he) and know, that the Pain you endure, is nothing to that of your Tormenters. And for your Part (says he, to *me*, with a sowl Look) because you are a stranger, you may go about your Business; but *we have a Crow to pluck with these fellows, before we part.*

I went next, down a pair of stairs into a huge Cellar, where I saw men burning in unquenchable Fire ; and one of them Roaring, Cry'd out, *I never over-sold ; I never sold, but at Conscionable Rates, why am I punisht thus ?* I durst have sworn it had been Judas, but going nearer to him, to see if He had a *Red head*, I found him to be a Merchant of my Acquaintance, that dy'd not long since. How now, old *Martin*, (said I) art thou there ? He was *dogged*, because I did not call him *Sir*, and made no answer. I saw his Grief, and told him

him how much He was to blame, to cherish that *Vanity* even in Hell, that had brought him thither. And what do ye think on't now (said I) Had not you better have traded in Blacks than Christians? Had not you better have contented your self with a Little, honestly got, than run the hazard of your Soul for an Estate; and have gone to Heaven a foot, rather than to the Devil on horse-back? My Friend was as Mute as a Fish; whether out of Anger, Shame, or Grief, I know not. And then a Devil in Office took up the discourse. These Pick-Pocket Rogues, (says he) Did they think to govern the World with their own Weights and Measures, in *Secula seculorum*? Methinks, the Blinking, and false lights of their shops, should have Minded them of their Quarter, in the other World, aforehand. And 'tis all a Case, with Jewellers, Goldsmiths, and other Trades, that serve only to Flatter and Bolster up the World in Luxury, and Folly. But if people would be wise, these Youths should have little Enough to do. For what's their Cloth of Gold, and Silver, their Silks, their Diamond,

and *Pearl*, (which they sell at their own Price) but matter of meer *Wantonness*, and *Superfluity*? These are they that inveigle ye into all sorts of *Extravagant Expences*, and so ruine ye Insensibly, under colour of *Kindness*, and *Credit*. For they set every thing at double the Rate, and if you keep not touch at your Day, your Persons are imprison'd, your Goods Seiz'd; and your Estates Extended. And they that helpt to make you Princes before, are now the forwardest to put you into the Condition of *Beggars*.

The Devil would have talkt on, if I had given him the hearing, but there was such a Laugh set up on one side of me, as if they would all have split; and I went to see what the matter was, for 'twas a strange thing, me thought, to hear them so merry in Hell. The Business was, there were two men upon a Scaffold, in Gentile habits, gaping as lowd as they could Bawl. One of them had a great *Parchment* in his hand, display'd, with Divers Labels hanging at it, and several Seals. I thought at first it might have been *Execution-day*, and took

took the *Writing* for a *Pardon*, or *Re-prieve*. At every word they spoke, a matter of Seven or Eight Thousand Devils burst out a Laughing, as they would have crackt their Sides. And This again made me think, it might be some *Jack-pudding*, or *Mountebank*, shewing his Tricks, or his Attestations; with his Congregation of Fools about him. But nearer hand, I found my Mistake; and that the Devils Mirth made the Gentlemen angry. At last, I perceiv'd that this great Earnestness of theirs was only to make out their *Pedigree*, and get themselves past for *Gentlemen*; the *Parchment* being a *Testimonial* from the *Heralds Office*, to that purpose. My Father (says he with the Writing in's Hand) bore Arms for his Majesty in many Honourable Occasions of *Watching*, and *Warding*; and has made many a Tall Fellow speak to the Constable, at all hours of the Night. My Uncle was the first man that ever was of the Order of the *Black-Guard*: And we have had *five brave Commanders* of our Family, by my Father's side, that have serv'd the State

in the Quality of *Marshal's Men*, and *Turn-Keys*, and given his Majesty a fair accompt of all the Pris'ners committed to their Charge. And by my Mother's side, it will not be deny'd, but that I am honourably descended; For my *Grandmother* was never without a *Dozen Chamber-Maids*, and *Nurses* in Family. It may be 'twas her Trade (quoth the Devil) to procure Services, and Servants, and consequently to deal in that Commodity. Well, well, (said the Cavalier) she was what she was, and I'm sure I tell you Nothing but Truth. Her Husband wore a Sword by his Place, for he was a *Deputy Marshal*; and to prove my self a Man of Honour, I have it here in Black and White, under the Seal of the Office. Why must I then be quarter'd among a Pack of Rascals? My Gentleman Friend; (quoth the Devil) your *Grandfather* wore a *Sword*, as he was *Usher* to a *Fencing-School*; and we know very well what his Son, and Grandchild can pretend to. But let that pass; you have led a Wicked and infamous Life, and spent your time in Whoring, Drinking, Blaf-

and blaspheming, and in Lewd Company ;
 and do you tell us now of the *Privileges*
 of your *Nobility* ? Your *Testimonials* ;
 and the *Seal of the Office* ? A Fart for
 your *Privileges, Testimonials, Office and*
 For all. *There is no honour, but Vertue.* And
 your Children, though they had a
 scoundrel to their Father, should come
 to do honourable and worthy things,
 we should look upon them as Persons
 sacred, and not dare to Meddle with
 them. But Talking is Time lost ; You
 were ever a Couple of Pitiful fellows,
 and your Tayls scarce worth the Scald-
 ing. *Have at ye,* (says he) and at that
 word, with a huge Iron Bar He gave
 him such a Salute over the Buttocks,
 that He took two or three turns in the
 air, Heels over Head, and dropt at
 last into the Common shore ; where
 never any man as yet found the Bot-
 tom.

When his Companion had seen him
 cut that Caper ; This Usage (says he)
 may be well enough for a *Parchment*
Gentleman : but for a *Cavalier of my*
Extraction, and *Profession*, I suppose
 you'l Treat him with somewhat more
 of

of *Civility*, and *Respect*. Cavalier (quoting the Devil) if you have brought no better Plea along with you, than the Antiquity of your House, you may e'en follow your Camerade, for ought I know, for we find very few ancient Families, that had not some Oppressor or Usurper, for their Founder; and they are commonly continued by the same means, they were begun. How many are there of our *Titular Nobility*, that write *Noble*, purely upon the Account of their *Violence*, and *Injustice*? Their Subjects, and Tenants, what with Impositions, hard services, and Rack Rents, are they not Worse then slaves? If they happen to have any thing Extraordinary, as a pleasant Fruit; a Handsome Colt; a Good Cow; and that the Landlord, or his Sweet Lady take a liking to it, they must either submit to part with it *Gratis*, or else take their Pay in foul Language, or *Bastinadoes*. And 'tis well if they scape so. For many times when the sign's in *Germani*; their Wives and Daughters go to Pot, without any regard of Law either Sacred or Prophan. What
 Damn

inn'd Blasphemies and Imprecations
they make use of, to get Credit with
Mistress or a Creditor, Upon a Faith-
ful Promise! How intolerable is their
Arrogance, and Insolence, even towards
any Considerable Officers, both in
Church and State! for they behave
themselves as if all people below their
Quality and Rank in the World, were
as so many Brutes, or Worse. As
Humane Bloud were not all of a Co-
lour: As if Nature had not brought
them into the World the Common way,
Moulded them of the same Mate-
rials with the Meanest Wretches upon
the Earth. And then for such as have
Military Charges, and Commands; How
many Great Officers are there, that
without any Consideration of their
own, or Their Princes Honour, fall
to spoil and Pillage? Cousening the
State with false Musters, and the Soul-
diers of their Pay; and giving them
instead of their Due from the Prince, a
Liberty of taking what is not their
due from the People; forcing them to
steal the Bread out of the poor La-
bourers Mouths, to fill their own Bel-
lies,

lies, and protecting them when they have done, in the most Execrable Outrages imaginable. And when the poor Souldier comes at last to be dismissed or disbanded; Lame, Sick, Beggerly, Naked almost, and Enraged; with Nothing left him to trust to, but the *High-way* to keep him from starving. What Mischief is there in the world that these men are not the Cause of. How many good Families are utterly ruin'd, and at this day in the Hospital for trusting to their Oaths and Promises, and becoming bound for them, for vast sums of Money to maintain them in Tipple, and Whores, and in all sorts of Luxury, and Ryot? This Rhetorical Devil would have said a Thousand times more, but that his Companions call'd him off, and told him they had business elsewhere. The Cavalier hearing that, my Friend (said he) your Morals are very Good, but yet with your Favour, all men are not alike. *There's never a Barrel better Herring* (said the Devil) You are all of you tainted with *Original sin*, and if you had been any better than your fellows

that you had never been sent hither. But if
Out you are indeed so Noble, as you say,
poor you're worth the *Burning*, if 'twere but
mistake for your *Ashes*. And that you may have
erly Cause of Complaint, you shall see,
with we'll treat you like a person of your
t the Condition. And in that Instant, Two
ving Devils presented themselves; the one
world with them Bridled, and Sadled; and the
e of the other, doing the Office of the Squire;
terly holding the Stirrop, with his left hand,
pital and giving the Gentleman a Lift into
niser the Saddle with the Other. Which was
r yall so soon done, but away he went like
m in an Arrow out of a Bow. I askt the De-
rt to then into what Countrey he car-
orica'd him. And he told me, Not far:
usant 'twas only matter of *Decorum*, to
union and the Nobility to Hell, a *Horse-back*.
y he look on that side now, says he, and so
he did; and There I saw the poor Cava-
you in a huge Furnace, with the first
will adventures of Nobility, and Arms: As
alike *Utin*; *Cham*; *Nimrod*; *Esau*; *Romulus*;
erring *Marquin*; *Nero*; *Caligula*; *Domitian*;
of *Julio*; *Caligula*; *Domitian*; and a world of other
f you brave fellows, that had made themselves
llow famous by Usurpation, and Blood. The
you on Place

Place was a little too hot for me, and so I retir'd, meditating on what I had heard; and not a little satisfied with the Discourse of so learned a Devil. Till that time, I took the Devil for a Notorious Lier; but I find now that He can speak the Truth too, when he pleases; and I would not for all that am worth, but have heard him Preach.

When I was thus far, my Curiosity carry'd me still farther; and within Twenty Yards, I came to a huge Muddy, Stinking Lake, near twice as big as that of Geneva; and heard in't so strange a Noise, that I was almost out of my Wits, to know what it was. They told me that the Lake was stor'd with *Donegnas*, or *Governantes*, which are turned into a kind of Frogs in Hell, and perpetually Drivelling, Sputtering and Croaking. Me thought, the Conversion was apt enough; for they are neither Fish, nor Flesh, no more than Frogs; And only the lower Parts of them are Man's-Meat, but their Heads are Enough to turn a very good Stomack. I could not but Laugh, to

now they Gaped, and stretcht out their
 legs as they swam, and still as we came
 nearer, They'd Scud away and Dive.
 This was no place to stay in, there
 was so Noyesome a Vapour; and so I
 took off, upon the Left-Hand; where
 I saw a Number of old men, beating
 their Breasts, and Tearing their Faces;
 with bitter Groans, and Lamentations.
 I made my Heart ache to see them, and
 askt what they were: Answer was
 made, that I was now in the Quarter of
 the Fathers that damn'd themselves, to
 curse their Posterity; which were called
 some, *The Unadvised*. Wretch that
 I am! (cry'd one of them) The great-
 est Penitent that ever liv'd, never suf-
 fer'd the Mortification I have endur'd;
 I have *Watch'd*; I have *Fasted*; I have
 scarce had any *Clothes* to my *Back*; My
 whole Life has been a Restless Course
 of *Torment*, both of *Body* and *Mind*:
 and all This, to get *Money* for my *Chil-*
dren; that I might see them well *Mar-*
ried; *Buy them Places at Court*, or pro-
 cure them some other *Preferment* in the
 World: starving my self in the Con-
 fusion, rather than I would lessen the
 Provi-

Provision, I had made for my Posterity. And yet Notwithstanding this my fatherly care, I was scarce sooner Dead, than forgotten; and my Next Heir bury'd me without *Tears*, or *Mourning*; and indeed without so much as paying of *Legacies*, or *Praying* for my Soul: as if they had already received certain Intelligence of my *Damnation*. And to aggravate my Sorrows, The *Prodigals* are now *squandering*, and *consuming* that *Estate*, in *gaming*, *whoring*, and *Debauches*, which I had scraped together by so much *Industry*, *Vexation* and *Oppression*, and for which I suffer at this Instant such *Insupportable Torments*. This should have been thought on before (cry'd a Devil) for sure you have heard of the Old saying, *Happy is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil*. At which word, the *Old Misers* brake out into fresh *Rage*, and *Lamentation*, Tearing their *Flesh*, with *Tooth* and *Nayl*, in so furious a manner, that I was no longer able to endure the Spectacle.

A Little further, there was a *Dark* *Hideous Prison*, where I heard the *Clattering* of *Chains*; the *Crackling* of *Flames*;

ity, flames; the *slapping of Whips*; and
fa- confused *out-cry of Complaints*. I ask't
ead, what Quarter this was; and they told
bu- it was the Quarter of the *Oh that I*
ings, *had's*! What are those said I? Answer
ying was made, that they were a Company
: as of *Bruitish Sots*, so absolutely deliver'd
n lo- to Vice, that they were damn'd in-
d to- fensibly, and in Hell before they were
igals- ware. They are now reflecting upon
that their *Miscarriages*, and *Omissions*, and
ches, *perpetually crying out*; *Oh that I had*
y so *amin'd my Conscience*! *Oh that I had*
sion, *requent'd the Sacraments*! *Oh that I had*
such *bled my self with Fasting*, and
ould *yer*! *Oh that I had serv'd God as I*
y'd a *ght*! *Oh that I had Visited the Sick*,
f the *Reliev'd the Poor*! *Oh that I had*
se Fa- *a Watch before the Door of my*
word, *!*

fresh I left these *late Repentants*, (as it ap-
their ear'd) in Exchange for worse, which
so ru- are shut up in a *Base Court*, and the
able- *stiffest* that ever I saw. These were
ch as had ever in their Mouths, *God*
Dark Merciful, and will Pardon me. How
d the- this be, (said I) that these people
ing ould be *Damn'd*? When *Condemna-*

tion is an Act of Justice, not of Mercy; I perceive you are simple, (quoth the Devil) for half these you see here, are condemn'd with the Mercy of God in their Mouths. And to Explain myself, Consider I pray'e, how many Sinners are there, that go on in their Ways, in spite of Reproof, and Good Counsel: and still this is their Answer; *God is Merciful, and will not damn a Soul for so small a Matter.* But let them talk of *Mercy* as they please; so long as they persist in a Wicked Life, we are like to have their Company at last. By your Argument (said I) there's no trusting to *Divine Mercy*. You mistake me (quoth the Devil) for every good *Thought, and Work, flows from that Mercy.* But This I say: He that perseveres in his Wickedness, and makes use of the Name of *Mercy*, only for Countenance to his Impieties, does but Mock the Almighty, and has no Title to that *Mercy*. For 'tis vain to expect *Mercy* from above, without doing any thing in order to it. It properly belongs to the Righteous, and the Penitent; and they that have the mo-

of it upon the *Tongue*, have commonly
the least thought of it in their *Hearts*;
And 'tis a great aggravation of *Guilt*,
to Sin the more, in Confidence of an
bounding *Mercy*. It is True that
many are receiv'd to *Mercy*, that are
utterly unworthy of it, which is no
wonder, since No man of himself can
deserve it: But men are so Negligent
in seeking it betimes, that they put that
off, to the last, which should have been
the first part of their bus'ness; and
many times their Life is at End, before
they begin their Repentance. I did not
think so Damn'd a Doctor could have
made so good a Sermon. And there I
left him.

I came next, to a Noyson Dark hole,
and there I saw a Company of *Dyers*,
in *Dirt* and *Smoke*, intermixt with the
Devils, and so alike, that it would have
pos'd the subtlest *Inquisitor* in *Spain*, to
have said, which were the *Devils*, and
which the *Dyers*.

There stood at my Elbow, a strange
kind of *Mungrel Devil*, begot betwixt
Black, and a *White*; with a Head so
stuck with Little *Horns*, that it lookt

at a Distance like a *Hedg-hog*. I took the boldness to ask him, where they quarter'd the *Sodomites*, the *Old Women* and the *Cuckolds*. As for the *Cuckolds*, (said He) they are all over Hell, without any Certain Quarter, or Station; and in Truth, 'tis no easie matter to know a *Cuckold* from a *Devil*, for (like kind Husbands) they wear their Wives favours still, and the very same Head-pieces in Hell, that they wore living in the world. As to the *Sodomites*, we have no more to do with them: then needs must; but upon all Occasions, we either Fly, or Face them: for if ever we come to give them a Broad-side, 'Tisten to one but we get a Hit betwixt Wind and Water; and yet we fence with our Tayls, as well as we can, and they get now and then a Flap o're the Mouth into the Bargain. And for the *Old women*, we make them stand off; for we take as little pleasure in them, as you do: and yet the Jades will be persecuting us with their Passions; and ye shall have a *Bawd* of five and fifty, do ye all the *Gamboles* of a Girl of fifteen. And yet after all this, *There's not an Old*

Woman

*Woman in Hell; for let her be as old as
Pauls; Bald, Blind, Toothless, Wrinckled,
Decrepit: This is not long of her Age,
shee'l tell you; but a terrible fit of sick-
ness last year, that fetcht off her Hair,
and brought her so low, that she has not
yet recover'd her flesh again. She lost her
Eyes by a hot Rheum: and utterly spoil'd
her Teeth with Cracking of Peach-stones,
and Eating of Sweet-meats, when she
was a Maid. And when the Weight of
her Years has almost brought both
ends together, 'Tis nothing shee'l tell
you but a Crick she has got in her Back:
and though she might recover her Youth
again, by confessing her Age, shee'l never
acknowledge it.*

My next encounter was, a Number
of People making their mone, that they
had been taken away by *sudden Death*.
That's an Impudent Lye (cry'd a De-
vill) saving this Gentleman's presence)
that no man dyes suddenly. Death sur-
prizes no man, but gives all men sufficient
warning, and Notice. I was much taken
with the Devils Civility, and Dis-
course; which he pursu'd after this
manner. Do ye complain (says he) of

Sudden Death? that have carry'd Death about ye, ever since you were Born; That have been entertain'd with daily Spectacles of Carcasses and Funerals; That have heard so many Sermons upon the subject; and read so many good Books upon the Frailty of Life, and the Certainty of Death. Do ye not know that every Moment ye Live, brings ye nearer to your End? Your Cloaths wear out; Your Woods, and your Houses decay; and yet ye look that your Bodies should be Immortal. What are the Common Accidents and Diseases of Life, but so many warnings to provide your self for a Remove? Ye have Death at the Table, in your Daily Food, and Nourishment; for your Life is maintain'd by the Death of Other Creatures. And you have the Lively Picture of it, every night for your Bedfellow. With what Face then can you Charge your Misfortunes upon sudden Death? that have spent your whole Life, both at Bed, and at Board, among so many Remembrances of your Mortality. No, No; change your stile, and hereafter confess your selves to have been Careless and Incredulous. You Dye, thinking

you

are not to Dye yet ; and forgetting that
 Death grows upon you, and gods along with
 from one End of your Life to the Other,
 without Distinguishing of Persons, or Ages,
 Sex, or Quality : and whether it find you
 Well, or Ill-doing ; As the Tree falls,
 so it Lies.

Turning toward my left Hand, I
 saw a great many Souls that were put
 in Gally-Pots, with *Assa fætida*, *Gall*
um, and a Company of Nasty Oyle
 that served them for Syrrup. What a
 Damn'd stink is here (Cry'd I, stopping
 my Nose) We are now come undoubt-
 edly to the Devil's house of Office ; No,
 No, (said the Tormenter) which was
 kind of a Yellowish Complexion'd
 Devil) 'Tis a Confection of Apothecaries.
 A sort of people, that are commonly
 damn'd for Compounding the Medicines
 which their Patients hope to be saved
 to give them their due ; These are
 your only True, and Chymical Philoso-
 phers ; and worth a thousand of Ray-
 mund Lullius, Hermes, Geber, *Ruspicella*,
Avicenn, and their Fellows ; 'Tis true,
 they have written fine things of the
 transmutation of Metals ; but did they

ever make any Gold? Or if they did,
 We have lost the Secret. Whereas
 your *Apothecaries*, out of a Little *Pud-
 dle-water*; a *Bundle of Rotten sticks*;
 a *Box of Flies*; Nay out of *Toads*, *Vi-
 pers*, and a *Sir Reverence it self*, will
 fetch ye *Gold ready Minted*, and fit for
 the Market; which is more then all
 your *Philosophical Projecters* ever pre-
 tended to. There is no *Herb so Poyso-
 nous*, (let it be *Hemlock*) nor any *stone*
so dry, (suppose the *Pumice it self*) but
 they'l draw *Silver* out of it. And then
 for *words*, 'tis Impossible to make up
 any word out of the four and twenty
 Letters, but they'l shew ye a *Drug*, or
 a *Plant* of the Name; and turn the
Alphabet into as good *Money* as any's
 in your Pocket. Ask them for an *Eye-
 Tooth of a Flying Toad*; they'l tell ye,
 yes, ye may have of it, in *powder*;
 Or if you had rather have the *Infusion*
 of a *Tench of the Mountains*, in a little
Eeles Milk, 'tis all one to them. If there
 be but any *Money stirring*, you shall
 have what you will, though there be
 no such thing in Nature. So that it
 looks as if all the *Plants*, and *stones* of

the Creation, had their several powers
and Vertues given them, only for the
Apothecaries sakes; and as if *Words*
themselves had been only made for
their advantage. Ye call them *Apothe-*
caries; but instead of That, I pray'e
call them *Armorers*; and their *Shops*
Arsenals; Are not their *Medicines* as *Cer-*
tain Death, as *Swords*, *Daggers*, or *Mus-*
quets? while their Patients are Purg'd
and Blouded into the other World,
without any regard either to Distemper,
Measure or Season.

If you will now see the Pleasantest
sight you have seen yet, walk but up
these two steps, and you shall see a *Jury*
(or Conspiracy) of *Barber-Surgeons*,
sitting upon Life and Death. You must
think that any Divertisement there
was welcome, so that I went up, and
found it in Truth a very pleasant Spe-
ctacle. These *Barbers* were most of
them Chain'd by the Middle; their
Hands at Liberty; and Every one of
them, a *Cittern* about his Neck; and
upon his knees a *Chest-board*: and still
as he reacht to have a Touch at the
Cittern, the Instrument Vanisht; and
so

so did the *Chest-board*, when he thought to have a Game at *Draughts*; which is directly *Tantalizing* the poor Rogues, for a *Cittern* is as natural to a Barber, as *Milk* to a Calf. Some of them were washing of *Asses Brains*, and putting them in again; and scouring of *Negroes* to make them *White*.

When I had laugh't my Fill at these fooleries, my next Discovery was, of a great many people, *Grumbling* and *Muttering*, that There was no Body look't after them; No not so much as to torment them; as if *their Tails were not as well worth the Toasting, as their Neighbours*. Answer was made, that being a kind of Devils themselves, they might put in for some sort of Authority in the Place, and Execute the Office of *Tormenters*. This made me ask what they were. And a Devil told me (with Respect) that they were a Company of Ungracious, *Left-handed* Wretches, that could do Nothing aright. And their Grievance was that they were Quarter'd by Themselves; but not knowing whether they were Men or No; or indeed what else

to

to make of them, we did not know how
to Match them, or in what Company
to put them. In the world they are
lookt upon as *Ill Omens*; And let any
man meet one of them, upon a Jour-
ney in a Morning, Fasting; 'tis the same
thing as if a Hare had cross't the way
upon him; He presently turns head in
Discontent, and goes to bed again.
We know that *Scaevola*, when he found
his Mistake, in killing *Another*, for
Porfenna (the *Secretary*, for the *Prince*)
burnt his *Right-hand* in Revenge of
the Miscarriage: Now the severity of
the Vengeance, was not so much the
Maiming or the Crippling of Himself,
but the Condemning of himself to be
for ever *Left-handed*. And so 'tis with
a Malefactor that suffers Justice; The
Shame and Punishment, does not lye
so much in the Loss of his *Right-hand*,
as that the other is *Left*. And it was the
Curse of an old Bawd, to a Fellow that
had vex'd her, *That he might go to the*
Devil by the stroke of a Left-handed
Man. If the Poets speak Truth, (as
twere a Wonder if they should not)
The *Left* is the *Unlucky side*; and there
never

never came any good from it. And for my last argument against these Creatures; the *Goats*, and *Reprobates* stand upon the *Left hand*: and *Left-handed men* are, in Effect, a sort of Creature that's made to do Mischief; Nay whether I should call them Men, or no, I know not.

Hereupon, a Devil becken'd me to come softly to him; and so I did, without a word speaking or the least Noise in the World. Now (says he) if you'll see the Daily Exercise of *Ill-favour'd Women*, look through that *Lattice-Window*. And there I saw such a Kennel of *Ugly Bitches*, you would have blest yourself. Some, with their *faces* so *pounced*, and *speckled*, as if they had been *scarify'd*, and newly past the *Cupping-Glass*; with a world of little *Plaisters*, *long, round, square*; and briefly, cut out into such Variety, that it would have posed a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure; and you would have sworn that they had been either at *Catts-play*, or *Cuffs*. Others, were *scraping their Faces with pieces of Glass*; *tearing up their Eye-brows*

rows by the Roots, like Mad: And
 some that had none to tear, were fetch-
 ing out of their *black Boxes*, such as
 they could get, or make. Others were
wood'ring, and *curling* their *false Locks*;
 or fast'ning their *new Ivory Teeth*, in the
 place of their *old Ebony Ones*. Some
 were *Chewing Lemmon-pill*, or *Cinamon*,
 to countenance a *foul breath*; and rai-
 sing themselves upon their *Ciopines*, that
 their View might be the fairer, and
 their fall the Deeper. Others were
 quarrelling with their *Looking-Glasses*,
 for shewing them such *Hags-Faces*: and
 cursing the *State of Venice* for Enter-
 taining no Better *workmen*. Some were
stiffing out their *Bodies*, like *Pack-sad-*
dlers, to cover secret Deformities: and
 some again had so many Hoods over
 their faces, to conceal the Ruines, that
 I could hardly discern what they were;
 and These past for *Penitents*. Others,
 with their Pots of *Hogs-grease*, and *Po-*
matum, were *sleeking*, and *polishing* their
 faces, and indeed their *fore-heads* were
 bright and *shining*, though there were
 neither *Suns*, nor *Stars*, in That *Firma-*
ment. Some there were (in Fine) that
 would

would have fetcht a mans Guts up at
mouth, to see them with their *Masques of*
After-Birth; and with their *Menstruous*
slibber slobbers, dawbing one another
to take away the *beats*, and *Bubos*. Na-
sty and abominable! I cry'd. Well
(quoth the Devil) you see now how far
a Woman's Wit, and Invention will
carry her to her own Destruction. I
could not speak one word for astonish-
ment at so horrid a Spectacle; till I had a
little recollected my self; and then (said
I) if I may deal freely without Offence;
I dare Defie all the Devils in Hell, to
out-do these Women. But pray'e let's
be gone, for the sight of them, makes my
very Heart ake.

Turn about then, (said the Devil)
and there was a *Fellow* sitting in a *Chair*,
all alone; never a *Devil* near him; No
Fire, or *Frost*; No *Heat*, or *Cold*; or
any thing else, that I could perceive, to
torment him; and yet crying and Roar-
ing out the most hideously of any thing
I had yet heard in Hell: Tearing his
Flesh, and Beating his Body, like a
Bedlam; and his Heart, all the while,
Bleeding at his Eyes. Good Lord,
thought

thought I what ails this Wretch, to yell
out thus when no Body Hurts him!
So I went up to Him; Friend (said I)
what's the meaning of all this Fury,
and Transport? for, so far as I can see,
there's nothing to trouble you. No, no,
says he with a Horrid Out-cry, and
with all the Extravagancies of a Man in
Rage, and Despair) you do not see my
Tormenters; but the all-searching Eye
of the Almighty sees my Pains, as well
as my Transgressions, and with a severe,
and Implacable Justice, has condemn'd
me to suffer Punishments answerable to
my Crimes. (Which Words He utter'd
with redoubled Clamours) My Exe-
cutioners are in my Soul, and all the
Plagues of Hell in my Conscience. My
Memory serves me instead of a Cruel
Devil. The Remembrance of the Good
I should have done, and Omitted; And
of the Ill, I should not have done, and did.
The Remembrance of the wholesome
Counsels I have rejected, and of the Ill
example I have given. And for the Ag-
gravation of my Misery; where my Me-
mory leaves afflicting me, my under-
standing begins: shewing me the Glo-
ries,

ries, and Beatitudes I have lost, which others enjoy, who have gain'd Heaven, with less Anxiety, and Pain than I have endur'd, to compass my Damnation. Now am I perpetually meditating on the Comforts, Beauties, Felicities, and Raptures of Paradise, only to enflame, and exasperate my Despair in Hell: begging in Vain, but for one moment's Interval of Ease, without obtaining any, for my Will is also as Inexorable, as either my Memory or my Understanding. And These (my Friend of the other World) are the Three Faculties of my Soul, which Divine Justice, for my Sins, has converted into three Tormentors, that Torture me without Noise; Into Three Flames, that burn me without consuming. And if I chance at any time to have the least Remission, or Respite; The Worm of my Conscience gnaws my Soul, and finds it to an Insatiable Hunger, an Immortal Aliment, and Entertainment. At that word, turning towards me with a Hellish Yell; Mortal (says he) learn, and be assur'd from me, that all those that either bury, or mis-employ their Talents, carry a Hell within themselves, and are

Damn'd

Damn'd even above ground; and so He
return'd to his Usual Clamours. Upon
this, I left him, miserably sad and pen-
sive. Well, thought I, what a weight of
sin lies upon this Creatures Conscience!
Whereupon the Devil observing me in
a Muse, told me in my Ear, that this
Fellow had been an *Atheist*, and believ'd
neither *God*, nor *Devil*. Deliver me then,
said I, from that *Unsanctify'd Wisdom*,
that serves us only for our further Condem-
nation.

I was gone but a step or two aside,
and I saw a world of people running
after *Burning Chariots*, with a great ma-
ny Souls in them, and the Devils tearing
them with Pincers: and before them,
marcht Certain Officers, making *Pro-
clamation* of their Sentence, which
with much ado I got near enough to
hear, and it was to this effect. *Divine
Justice hath appointed this Punishment to
the scandalous, for giving ill examples
to their Neighbours.* And at the same time,
several of the Damn'd laid their sins
to their Charge, and cry'd out, that
was long of them they were thus Tor-
mented. So that the scandalous were
Q punish't

punish't both for their own Sins, and for the offences of those they had misled to their Destruction. And these are they of whom 'tis said, that they had better never have been born.

My very Soul was full of Anguish, to see so many Doleful Spectacles; and yet I could not but smile, to see the *Vintners* every where up and down Hell, as free, as if they had been in their *Taverns*, and only *Pris'ners upon Parole*. I ask't how they came by that *Privilege*; and a Devil told me; there was no need of Shackling them, or so much as shutting them up; for there was no fear of their making a *scape*, that took so much pains in the World; and made it their whole business to come thither. Only, says he; if we can keep them from throwing *Water* in the *Fire*, as they do in their *Wines*, we are well enough. But if you would see somewhat worth the while, leave these fellows, and follow me; and I'll shew ye *Judas* and his *Brethren*, the *Stewards* and *Nurse-bearers*: so I did as he bad me, and he brought me to *Judas* and his *Companions*, who had no Faces, divers

divers of them, and most of them *no Foreheads.*

I was well enough pleas'd to see him, and to be better inform'd; for I had ever Phanfied him to be a kind of *an Olive-colour'd Tawny Complexion'd fellow*, without a *Beard*; and an *Eunuch* into the Bargain: which perhaps (nay probably) He was; for nothing but a *Capon'd, a Thing unman'd*, could ever have been guilty of so Sordid, and Treacherous a Villany, as to sell, and betray his Master, with a Kiss; and after That, so Cowardly, as to hang himself in despair, when he had done. I do believe, however, what the Church says of him, That He had a *Carrot Beard*, and a *Red Head*; but it may be his *Beard* was *burnt*, and as he appear'd to me in Hell, I could not but take him for an *Eunuch*, which to deal freely, is my Opinion of all the *Devils*, for they have no Hair; and they are for the most part *wrinkled*, and *Baker-legg'd*.

Judas was beset with a Great many *Money-mongers*, and *Purse-bearers*, that were telling him stories of the Pranks

they had play'd, and the Tricks they had put upon their Masters, after his Example. Coming up to them, I perceiv'd that their Punishment was like that of *Titius*, who had a *Vultur* continually gnawing upon his *Liver*; for there were a Number of *Ravenous Birds* perpetually preying upon them, and tearing off their *Flesh*; which grew again as fast as they devour'd it; a Devil in the mean time crying out, and the Damn'd filling the whole place with Clamour and Horrour; *Judas*, with his *Purse*, and his *Pot* by his side, bearing a large part in the *Out-cry*, and *Torment*. I had a huge mind (methought) to have a word or two with *Judas*; and so I went to him with this Greeting: *Thou Perfidious, Impudent, Impious Traytor*, (said I) *to sell thy Lord and Master at so base a Price, like an Avaritious Rascal*. If men (said he) were not ungrateful; they would rather pity, or Commend me, for an Action so much to their Advantage, and done in Order to their Redemption. The Misery of Mine, that am to have no part my self, in the Benefit I have procured to others.

Some

Some *Hereticks* there are, (I must confess to my Comfort) that adore me for't. But do you take *me* for the *only Judas*? No, no. There have been many since the Death of my Master, and there are at this day, more wicked, and ungrateful, Ten thousand times than my self; that *buy* the Lord of Life, as well as *sell him*, Scourging and Crucifying him daily with more Spite, and infamy than the *Jews*. The Truth is, I had an Itch to be fingering of Money, and Bartering, from my very Entrance into the *Apostleship*. I began, you know, with the *Pot of Oyntment*, which I would fain have sold, under colour of *Relief* to the *Poor*. And I went on, in the *selling of my Master*, wherein I did the World a greater good then I intended, to my own irreparable ruine. *Repentance*, now signifies Nothing. To conclude, *I am the only Steward* who's condemn'd for Selling. *All the Orders* are damn'd for Buying: And I must treat you, to have a better Opinion of my self, for if you'll look but a little over here, you'll find people a Thousand times worse than my self. With-

draw then (said I) for I have had talk enough with Judas.

I went down then, some few steps, as Judas directed me; and There, I saw a world of Devils upon the March, with *Rods*, and *Stirrup-Leathers* in their Hands, lashing a Company of *handsome Lasses*, stark naked, and driving them out of Hell (which methought was pity, and if I had some of them in my Corner, I should have treated them better) with the *Stirrup-Leathers*, they discipline'd a *Litter of Bawds*. I could not imagine why These of all others, should be expell'd the place, and askt the Question. Oh, says a Devil, *These are our Favorites in the World*, and the best we have, so that we send them back again to bring more Grist to the Mill: And indeed, if it were not for Women, Hell would be but thinly peopled; for what was the Art, the Beauty, and the Allurements of the Young Wenches; and the Sage Advice and Counsel of the Bawds, if they do us very good service. Nay; I fear any of our Good Friends should tire upon the Rode, they send them to us on Horseback, or bring them themselves.

elves, e'en to the very Gates, lest they should miss their way.

Pursuing my journey, I saw a good way before me, a large Building, that lookt (methought) like some *Enchanted Castle*, or the *Picture of Ill luck*: It was all ruinous, the *Chimneys* down, the *Planchers* all to pieces, only the *Bars* of the *Windows* standing: The *Doors* all bedawb'd with dirt, and patcht up with *Barrel-heads*, where they had been broken. The *Glass* gone, and here and there a *Quarrel* supply'd with *Paper*. I made no doubt at first but the house was forsaken; but coming nearer, I found it otherwise, by a horrible confusion of languages and noises within it. As I came up to the door; one open'd it, and saw in the house many *Devils*, *Thieves*, and *Whores*. One of the craftiest Jades of the Pack, placed her self presently upon the *Threshold*, and made her address to my Guide and Me. Gentlewoman, says she, *how comes it to pass*; I say; *they're*, that people are damn'd both for *giving and taking*? The *Thief* is condemn'd for *taking* away from another; and we are condemn'd for *giving* what

is our own. I do not find, truly, any and
 injustice in our Trade; and if it be (I) h
 lawful to give every one their own, and For
 out of their own; why are we con their
 demn'd? We found it a nice point, and once
 sent the Wench to *Counsel* learned in the or S
Law, for a resolution in the Case. He so go
 mentioning of *Thieves* made me inquire is lan
 after the *Scriveners* and *Notaries*. Is not (I
 possible, (said I) that you should have how
 none of them here? for I do not remem mine
 ber that I have seen so much as one (I) a
 of them upon the way; and yet not c
 had occasion for a *Scrivener*, and made wher
 a search for one. I do believe indee dred
 (quoth the Devil) that you have no ight
 found any of them upon the Road that e
 How then? (said I) what are they a Hell
 'sav'd? No, no (cry'd the Devil) but, cr
 you must understand, that they do not those
 foot it hither, as other Mortals; but he) f
 come upon the *Wing*, in Troops like and f
Wild geese, so that 'tis no wonder you menti
 see none of them upon the way. W of lob
 have millions of them, but they cut mal M
 away in a trice, for they are damn'd to his
rank-wing'd, and will make a flight, I h
 the third part of a minute, betwixt Easton, I

any and Hell. But if there be so many (said
it be) how comes it we see none of them?
, and for that (quoth the Devil) we change
con their names, when they come hither
and once, and call them no longer *Notaries*,
in the *Scriveners*, but *Cats*: and they are
Hell so good *Mousers*, that though this place
quire is large, old, and ruinous; yet you see
Is not so much as a *Rat* or a *Mouſe* in Hell:
have how full soever of all other sorts of *Ver-*
mem mine. Now ye talk of *Vermine* (said
s one) are there any *Catchpoles* here? No
yet not one (says he.) How so (quoth I?)
made when I dare undertake *there are five hun-*
ndred *Rogues of the Trade* for *one that's*
ve no *ought*. The Reason is (says the Devil)
Road that every *Catchpole* upon *Earth*, carries
ey a *Hell* in's *Bosom*. You have still (said
) but, crossing my self) an aking tooth at
do not those poor *Varlets*. Why not (cry'd
s; but he) for they are but Devils incarnate,
ps like and so damn'dly verſt in the art of tor-
er you menting, that we live in continual dread
. We of losing our places, and that his Infer-
y cut nal Majesty should take these Rascals in-
mn'd to his Service.

I had enough of this, and travelling
t *Earth* on, I saw a little way off, a great en-
an clo-
sure,

sure, and a world of Souls shut up in't; some of them weeping and lamenting without measure, others in a profound silence. And this I understood to be the *Lovers Quarter*. It sadn'd me to consider, that Death it self could not kill the lamentations of Lovers. Some of them were discoursing their passions, and teasing themselves with *Fears* and *Jealousies*; casting all their miseries upon their *appetites* and *phansies*, that still made the *Picture* infinitely fairer than the *Person*. They were for the most part troubled with a simple Disease, call'd (as the Devil told me) *I Thought*. I askt him what that was, and he answer'd me, it was a Punishment suitable to their offence: for your Lovers, when they fall short of their Expectations, either in the pursuit, or enjoyment of their Mistresses, they are wont to say, Alas! *I thought* she would have lov'd me: *I thought* she would never have prest me to marry her: *I thought* she would have been a Fortune to me: *I thought* she would have given me all she had; *I thought* she would have cost me nothing: *I thought* she would have

askt

It told me nothing: *I thought* she would
have been true to my Bed: *I thought* she
would have bin dutiful and modest: *I*
thought she would never have kept her
Gallant. So that all their Pain and Dam-
nation comes from *I thought* This or
That, or So, or So.

In the middle of them was *Cupid*, a
little beggarly Rogue, and as naked as
he was born, only here and there co-
ver'd with an old kind of *Embroidery*:
but whether it was the workmanship of
the *Itch*, *Pox*, or *Measles*, I could not
perfectly discover; and close by him
was this Inscription.

*Many a good Fortune goes to wrack;
And so does many an able Back;
With following Whores & Cards and Dice,
Were Pox'd and Beggar'd in a trice.*

Aha! (said I) by these *Rimes* me-
thinks the *Poets* should not be far off;
and the word was hardly out of my
mouth, when I discover'd millions of
them through a *Park Pale*, and so I stopt
to look upon them. (It seems in Hell
they are not call'd *Poets* now, but
Fools)

Fools.) One of them shew'd me the *Womens Quarter* there hard by, and ask'd me what I thought of it, and of the *handsome Ladies* in it. Is it not true (says he) that a *Ruxome Lass* is a kind of *half-Chamber-maid* to a man? when she has stript him and brought him to Bed, she has done her business, and never troubles her self any further about the helping him up again, and dressing him. How now (said I?) have ye your *Quirks* and *Conceits* in Hell? In troth ye are pleasant: I thought your edge had been taken off. With that, out stept the most miserable Wretch of the whole Company laden with Irons: Ah! (quoth he) I would to God the first Inventer of *Rimes* and *Poetry* were here in my Place, and then he went on with this following and sad Complaint.

A Complaint of the Poets in Hell.

Oh, this damn'd trade of *Verfifying*
Has brought us all to Hell for *lying*!
For writing what we do not think;
Meerly to make the Verse cry *clink*.

For

For rather than abuse the meeter,
Black shall be *White*, *Paul* shall be *Peter*.
One time I call'd a *Lady Whore*;
Which in my Soul she was no more
Then I am; a brave *Lass*, no *Beggar*,
And true, as ever man laid leg o're.
Not out of *malice*, *Jove's* my witness,
But meerly for the Verses *fitness*.
Now we're all made, said I, if *luck hold*,
And then I call'd a fellow *Cuckold*;
Though the *Wife* was (or I'll be hang'd)
As good a *Wench* as ever twang'd.
Was once plaguely put to't;
This would not hit, that would not do't;
At last, I *circumcis'd* ('tis true)
A *Christian*, and baptis'd a *Jew*.
Say I've made *Herod Innocent*
For *Riming* to *Long-Parliament*:
Now to conclude, we are all *damn'd* ho,
For nothing but a game at *Crambo*.
And for a little jingling pleasure,
Condemn'd to *Torments* without mea-
sure:
Which is a little hard in my sense,
To fry thus for *Poetick Licence*.
'Tis not for sin of *Thought* or *Deed*,
But for bare *sounds*, and *words* we bleed:
While

For

While the Cur *Cerberus* lies growling
In consort with our *Catterwouling*.

So soon as he had done; There is
in the world (said I) a more ridiculo
phrensie, than yours, to be *poetizing*
Hell. The humour sticks close sure,
the fire would have fetcht it out. Ne
(cry'd a Devil) these *Versifiers* are
strange Generation of *Buffons*. Th
time that others spend in *Tears* and
Groans for their *sins* and *follies*; the
Wretches employ in *Songs* and *Mad*
gals; and if they chance to light up
the critical minute, and get a snap at
Lady, all's worth nothing, unless the
whole Kingdom ring of it, in some
serable Sing-Song or other, under
name forsooth of *Phillis*, *Chloris*, *Silvia*
or the like: and the goodly Idol mu
be deckt and drest up with *Diamonds*
Pearl, *Rubies*, *Musque*, and *Amber*, and
both the *Indies* are too little to furnish
Eyes, *Lips*, and *Teeth*, for this *Imagin*
Goddess. And yet after all this *magn*
cence and bounty, it would put the po
Devil's credit upon the stretch, to tal

an Old Petty-coat, in Long-Lane, or
of Cast-shoes, at the next Cobblers.
beside; we can give no Account either
of their Countrey, or Religion. They
have Christian Names, but most Hereti-
cal souls; They are Arabians in their
arts: and in their Language, Gentiles;
Not to say the Truth, they fall short
of the right Pagans in their Manners.
I'll stay here a little longer, (said I to
myself) This spiteful Devil will hit me
over the Thumbs e're I'm aware; for I
was half Jealous, that he took me alrea-
dy for a piece of a Poet. For fear of being Discover'd, I went
my way, and my Next Visit was to the
pertinent Devotes; whose very Pray-
ers were made up of Impiety, and Extra-
vagance. Oh! what Sighing was there,
and sobbing! Groaning, and Whining!
Their Tongues were ty'd up to a perpe-
tual Silence; Their souls, Drooping, and
their Ears condemn'd to hear eternally
hideous cries and Reproaches of a
speaking Devil, greeting them after
this manner. Oh, Ye Impudent and
profane Abusers of Prayer, and Holy
Duties! that treat the Lord of Heaven
and

and Earth in His own House, with less respect than ye would do a Merchant upon the Change, sneaking into a Corner with your Execrable Petitions, for fear of being over-heard by your Neighbours; and yet without any scruple at all, ye can Expose, and offer them up to that Eternal Purity! Shameless Wretches that ye are! Lord, (says one) take the Old man, my Father, to thy self; I beseech Thee, that I may have his Office and Estate. Oh, That this Uncle of mine would but march off! There's a Bishoprick, and a good Deanery; I would the Devil had the Incumbent so I had the Dignity. Now for a lusty Pot of Guineys, or a Lucky hand at Dice if it be thy pleasure, and then I would not have doubt of good Matches for my Children. Lord, make me his Majesties Favourite and Thy Servant; that I may get what's convenient, and keep what we have gotten. Grant me This, and I will here engage my self, to entertain the Blew-Coats, and Bind them out to good Trades; To set up a Lecture for every day of the Week; to give one Third part of my clear gains to Charitable Uses; and

another

together, toward the Repairing of Pauls;
 and to pay all honest Debts, so far as
 may stand with my Private Convenience.
 so blind and Ridiculous Madness! for
 you dust and Ashes thus to reason and Con-
 sideration with the Almighty! for Beggars
 to talk of Giving, and obtrude their
 vain and unprofitable Offerings upon
 the Inexhaustible Fountain of Riches
 and Bounty! To Pray for Those things
 Office Blessings, which are commonly
 shower'd down upon us for our Confu-
 sion and Punishment. And when in
 Case your Wishes take effect; what
 becomes of all the Sacred Vows and
 Promises ye made, in storms, (perhaps)
 of sickness or Adversity? so soon as ye
 have gain'd your Port, recover'd your
 Health; or Patch'd up a Broken Fortune,
 you shew your selves, all of ye, a pack
 of Cheats; Your Vows, and Promises,
 are not worth so many Rushes: They
 are forgotten with your Dreams; and
 to keep a Promise upon Devotion, that
 made out of Necessity, is no Article
 of your Religion. Why do ye not ask
 Peace of Conscience? Encrease of
 Grace? The aid of the Blessed spirit?
 another

R

But

But you are too much taken up with the Things of this World, to attend those spiritual Advantages and Treasures; and to consider, that the most acceptable Sacrifices and Obligations you can make to the Almighty, are *Purity of Mind, an humble Spirit, and a Fervent Charity*. The Almighty takes delight to be often call'd upon, that He may often pour down his Blessings upon his Petitioners. But such is the Corruption of Humane Nature, that Men seldom think of him, unless under affliction; and therefore it is, that they are often Visited; for by *Adversity*, they are brought to the Knowledge, and Exercise of their *Duty*. I would now have you consider, how little *Reason* there is in your Ordinary *Demands*. Put Case you have your Asking; what are you the better for the Grant? since it fails you at last; because you did not ask aright. When you die, your Estate goes to your Children; and for their parts, you are scarce cold, before you are forgotten. You are not to expect they should bestow much upon Works of Charity; for if nothing went that way

way while you were living: They'll live
after your Example when you are Dead.
And beside; there's no Merit in the Case.
At this word some of the poor Creatures
were about to Reply; but the Devils
had put Barnacles upon their Lips, that
Hindred them.

From thence, I went to the *Witches*
and *Wizards*; such as pretend to cure
Man and Beast by *Charms*, *Words*, *A-*
mulets, *Characters*: and These were all
burning alive. These (says a Devil)
are a Company of Coufening Rogues;
the most accursed Villains in Nature.
If they help one man, they kill another,
and only remove the Disease from a
worse to a *Better*: And yet there's no
great Clamour against them neither;
for if the Patient recover, hee's well
enough content, and the Doctor Gets
both Reputation and Reward for his
Pains. If He dyes, his mouth is stop't,
and forty to one the next Heir does him
a good turn for the Dispatch. So that,
Hit, or *Miss*; All is well at last. If you
enter into a Debate with them about
their Remedies, They'll tell you, *they*
learnt the Mystery of a certain Jew; and
There's

R 2

There's the *Original* of the *Secret*. Now to hear these *Quacks* give you the History of their Cures, is beyond all the *Plays* and *Farces* in the World. You shall have a fellow tell you of fifteen people that were run clean through the Body, and glad for a matter of three days to carry their Puddings in their Hands; that in four and twenty hours he made them as whole as Fishes, and not so much as a *Scar* for a Remembrance of the *Orifice*. Ask him *when* and *where*? you'll find it some Twelve Hundred Leagues off, in a *Terra Incognita*, by the Token, that at that time he was *Physician in Ordinary* to a great Prince that dy'd about five and twenty years ago.

Come, Come; (*Cry'd a Devil*) make an End of this Visit, and you shall see those now, that *Judas* told you were ten times Worse than himself. I went along with him, and he brought me to a Palace into a great Hall, where there was a Damn'd smell of Brimstone, and a Company of *Match-makers*, as I thought at first; but they prov'd afterward to be *Alchymists*, and the Devils examining

the

them upon *Interrogatories*, who were
all hily put to't, to understand their
libbrish. Their *Talk* was much of the
Planetary *Metals*; Gold they call'd *sol*;
Silver, *Luna*; Tin, *Jupiter*; Copper, *Vener*.
They had about them, their *For-*
ces, *Crucibles*, *Coal*, *Bellows*, *Clay*, *Mi-*
nerals, *Dung*, *Man's Bloud*, *Powders*, and
Limbeck. Some were *Calcining*; O-
thers *Washing*; Here *Purifying*; There
separating. *Fixing* what was *Volatile*,
one place; and *Rarifying* what was
in another. Some were upon the
work of *Transmutation*, and *Fixing*
Mercury with *Monstrous Hammers*,
on an *Anvile*. And after they had
the *Viscons matter*, and sent out
subtler parts, that they came to the
All went away in *Fume*. Some
were in a hot dispute, What *Fuel*
is best; and whether *Raymund Lul-*
his *Fire*, and *no Fire*, could be any
else then *Lime*; or otherwise to
understood of the *Light Effective* of
Heat, and not of the *Effective Heat* of
Fire. Others were making their *En-*
ance upon the *Great Work*, after the
the *Chemical Method*. Here they were

watching the Progress of their Operations, and making their Observations upon *Proportions*, and *Colour*. While all the rest of these blind Oracles lay waiting for the Recovery of the *Materia Prima*: till they brought themselves to the last Cast both of their Lives and Fortunes: and instead of turning Base Metals and Materials into Gold, as they pretended; they made the Contrary Inversion, and were glad at length to take up with *Beggarly Fools*, and *False Coiners*. What a stir was there, with crying out, ever and anon! *Look ye, Look ye! The old Father is got up again; Down with him, Down with him*. What *Glossing*, and *Commenting* upon the old *Chymical Text*, that says; *Blessed be Heaven, That has order'd the most Excellent thing in Nature out of the Vilest*. So, (quoth one) let's try, if we can fetch the *Philosophers Stone* out of a *Common Strumpet*, which is of all Creatures undoubtedly the Vilest. And the Word was no sooner out, but a matter of Three and Twenty Whores went to Pot, but the Flesh was so Cursedly Mawmish and Rotten, that they too

gave over the Thought of that Projection. And then they entred upon a fresh Consultation, and concluded, *Nemine Contradicente*, that the *Mathematicians*, by that rule, were the only fit matter to work upon; as being most damnably dry, (to say nothing of their Divisions, among, and against themselves) so that with one Voice, they call'd for a parcel of *Mathematicians*, to the Fornace, to begin the Experiment. But a Devil came in just in the God-speed; and told them; *Gentlemen Philosophers*, (says he) if you would know the Wretchedst, and most contemptible thing in the World; It is an *Alchymist*: and we are of Opinion, that you'll make as Good *Philosophers stones*, as the *Mathematicians*. However, for Curiosity's sake, wee'll try for Once; and so he threw them all together into a great *Caldron*; and to say the Truth, the poor Snakes suffer'd very contentedly; out of a desire I suppose to help on toward the perfecting of the Operation.

On the other side, were a Knot of *Astrologers*, and one among the rest that

had study'd *Chiromancy* or *Palmestry*; who took all the Damn'd by the Hands, one after another. One he told, that it was as plain as the Nose on his Face, that he was to go to the Devil, for he perceiv'd it by the *Mount of Saturn*. You (says he to another) have been a *Swindling Whore-master* in your Days; I see that by the *Mount of Venus* here, and by her *Girdle*; and in short; every Man's Destiny he read in his *Fist*. After him advanced another, Creeping upon all four; with a pair of *Compasses* betwixt his Teeth; his *Spheres* and *Globes* about him; his *Jacob's staff* before him; and his *Eyes* upon the *Stars*, as if he were taking a *Height*, or making an *Observation*. When he had gazed a while, up he starts of a sudden, and wringing his Hands, *Good Lord* (says he) *What an Unlucky Dog was I!* If I had come into the World, but one half quarter of an hour sooner, I had been sav'd; for Just then *Saturn* shifted, and *Mars* was lodg'd in the house of *Life*. One that follow'd him, bad his *Tormentors* be sure he was *Dead*, for (says he) I am a little doubtful of

my self; in regard that I had *Jupiter* for my *Ascendent*, and *Venus* in the *House of Life*, and no *Malevolent Aspect* to cross me. So that by the Rules of *Astrology*, I was to live, precisely, a *Hundred years and one; Two Months, Six days, four Hours, and Three Minutes*. The next that came up was a *Geomancer*; one that reduced all his Skill to Certain little points, and by them would tell you, as well *things past*, as to *come*: These points he bestow'd at a Venture, among several unequal lines; some long, others shorter, like the Fingers of a Man's Hand; and then with a certain *Ribble-Rabble of Mysterious Words*, he proceeds to his *Calculation*, upon *Even*, or *Odd*, and challenges the whole world to allow him the most learned, and *Infallible* of the Trade.

There were Divers great Masters of the Science that follow'd him. As *Haly, Gerard, Bartlemew of Parma*, and one *Toudin*; a Familiar Friend, and Companion of the Great *Cornelius Agrippa*, the famous *Conjurer*: who though he had but one Soul, was yet burning in four Bodies. (I mean the *four Damnable Books*

Books he left behind him.) There was *Trithemius* too, with his *Polygraphy*, and *Stenography*: that had Devils now, his *Belly-full*, though in his Life time his Complaint was, that He could never have enough of their Company; Over against him was *Cardan*; but they could not set their horses together, because of an old Quartel; whether was the more Impudent of the Two. And there I saw *Misfaldus*, tearing his Beard, in Rage, to find himself Pump't dry; and that he could not fool on, to the End of the Chapter. *Theophrastus* was there too, bewailing himself for the Time he had spent at the *Alchymists Bellows*. There was also the Unknown Author of *Clavicula Solomonis*, and *The Hundred Kings of Spirits*; with the Composer of the Book, *Adversus Omnia pericula Mundi*; *Taysnerus* too, with his Book of *Physiognomy*, and *Chirromancy*; and He was doubly punish't, first for the Fool he was; and then for those he had made. Though to give the Man his Due, He knew himself to be a Cheat, and that he that gives a Judgment upon the Lines of a Face, takes

but

but a very uncertain aim. There were *Magicians, Necromancers, Sorcerers, and Enchanters* innumerable, beside divers *private Boxes* that were kept for *Lords and Ladies*; and other *Personages* of great quality, that put their trust in these *Disciples of the Devil*, and go to *Strand-Bridge* or *Billeter-Lane*, for resolution in cases of *Death, Love, or Marriage*, and now and then to recover a *Gold Watch* or a *Pearl Neck-lace*.

Not far from these, were a *Company* of *handsom Women*, that were tormented in the quality of *Witches*; which griev'd my very heart to see it; but to comfort me, What? (says a Devil) Have you so soon forgot the toguery of these Carrions? Have you not had tryal enough yet of them? they are the very poyson of life, and the only dangerous *Magicians* that corrupt all our senses, and disturb the faculties of your Soul; these are they that couse your *Eyes* with *false appearances*, and set up your *wills* in opposition to your *Understanding* and *Reason*. 'Tis right, said I, and now you mind me of it, I do very well remember, that I have found them

them so; but let's go on and see the rest.

I was scarce gone three steps further, but I was got into so hideous a dark place, that it was e'en a mercy we knew where we were. There was first at the entrance, *Divine Justice*, which was most dreadful to behold; and a little beyond stood *Vice*, with a countenance of the highest pride and insolence imaginable: There was *Ingratitude*, *Malice*, *Ignorance*, *obstinate* and *ineorrigible Infidelity*, *brutish* and *head-strong Disobedience*, *rash* and *imperious Blasphemy*, with Garments dipt in *Bloud*, *Eyes sparkling*, and a *hundred pair of Chops*, *barking at Providence*, and *vomiting rage and poison*. I went in (I confess) with fear and trembling, and there I saw all the *Sects of Idolaters* and *Hereticks*, that ever yet appeared upon the stage of the Universe: And at their feet, in a glorious array, was lascivious *Barbara*, *second Wife* to the Emperor *Sigismund*, and the *Queen of Harlots*: One that agreed with *Messalina* in This, that *Virginity* was both a *burden*, and a *folly*; and that in her whole life she was never either

wearied.

wearied or satisfy'd; but herein she went beyond her; in that she held the mortality as well of the *Soul* as of the *Body*; but she was now better instructed, and burnt like a bundle of *Matches*.

Passing forward still, I spy'd a fellow in a corner, all alone, with the flames about his ears, gnawing his teeth, and blaspheming through *fury* and *despair*. I askt him what he was, and he told me he was *Mahomet*. Why then (said I) thou art the damn'dst Reprobate in Hell, and hast brought more Wretches hither than half the World beside: and *Lucifer* has done well to allot thee a Quarter here by thy self, for certainly thou hast well deserv'd the first place in his Dominions. But since every man chuses to talk of what he loves, I prethee good *Impostor* tell me, What's the reason that thou hast forbidden *Wine* to all thy *Disciples*? Oh (says he) I have made them so drunk with my *Alchoran* they need no *Tipple*. But why hast thou forbidden them *Swines-flesh* too? (said I,) because (says he) I would not affront the *Jambon*; for *Water* up-
on

on *Gammon*, would be *false Heraldry*. And beside I never lov'd my people well enough to afford them the pleasure, either of the *Grape* or the *Spare-Rib*. Nay, and for fear they should chance to grope out the way to Heaven, I have establisht my power and my Dominion by force of Arms; without subjecting my Laws to idle disputes and discourses of Reason. Indeed there is little of *Reason* in my *Precepts*, and I would have as little in their *Obedience*. A world of Disciples I have, but I think they follow me more out of *Appetite* than *Religion*, or for the *Miracles I work*. I allow them *Liberty of Conscience*; they have as many Women as they please, and do what they list, provided they meddle not with the Government. But look about ye now, and you'll find that there are more Knaves than *Mahomet*.

I did so, and found my self presently surrounded with a Ring of *Hereticks*, and *their Adherents*; many of which were ready to tear out the Throats of their *Leaders*. One among the rest was beset with a brace of Devils, and either of them a pair of Bellows, puffing into

each

each ear *Fire* instead of *Air*, which made him a little *hot-headed*. There was another, that, as I was told, was a kind of a *simoniac*, and had taken up his seat in a *pestilential Chair*; but it was so dark I could not well discern whether it was a *Pop* or a *Presbyter*.

By this time I had enough of Hell, and began to wish my self out again; but as I was looking about for a *Retreat*, I stumbled upon a *Long Gallery* before I was aware: and there I saw *Lucifer* himself, with all his *Nobility* about him, *male* and *female*. (For let *marry'd men* say their pleasure, there are *she-Devils* too) I should have been at a damn'd loss what to do, or how to behave my self among so many strange faces, if one of the *Officers* had not come to me, and told me, that being a stranger, it was his Majesty's pleasure, I should enter and have free liberty of seeing what was there to be seen. We exchanged a couple or two of *Complements*, and then I began to look about me, but never did I see a Palace so furnish'd, nor indeed comparable to it.

Our Furniture at the best is but a choice

choice collection of *dead and dumb Statues*, or *paintings*, without *life, sense, or motion* : But *there*, all the pieces were *animated*, and no trash in the whole *Inventory*, There was hardly any thing to be seen, but *Emperors and Princes*, with some few (perhaps) of their choicest *Nobility and Privados*. The first *Banque* was taken up by the *Ottoman Family* ; and after them sat the *Roman Emperors*, in their order ; and the *Roman Kings* down to *Tarquin the proud* ; beside *Highnesses*, and *Graces*, *Lords spiritual and Temporal* innumerable. My *Lungs* began now to call for a little *fresh air*, and I desired my Guide to shew me the way out again. Yes, yes, with all my heart (says he) follow me then : and so he carry'd me away by a *back passage* into *Lucifer's House of Office*, where there was I know not how many *Tun of Sir Reverence*, and *Bales of flattering Panegyricks*, not to be number'd ; all of them *Licens'd*, and *Enter'd according to Order*. I could not but smile at this provision of *Tail-Timber*, and my Guide took notice of it ; who was a good kind of a *damn'd Droll*. But

I call'd still to be gone, and at length he led me to a little hole like the vent of a Vault, and I crept through it as nimbly as if the Devil himself had given me a lift at the Crupper; when to my great wonder, I found my self in the *Park* again, where I begun my story: not without an odd medly of Passions, partly reflecting upon what others endur'd, and in part, upon my own condition of ease and happiness, that had deserv'd, perhaps, the contrary as well as they. This thought put me upon a resolution of leading such a course of life, for the future, that I might not come to feel these torments in *Reality*, which I had now only seen in *Vision*. And I must here entreat the Reader to follow my example, without making any further experiment; and likewise not to cast an ill construction upon a fair meaning. My design is to discredit, and discountenance the works of darkness, without scandalizing of Persons; and since I speak only of the *Damn'd*, I'm sure no honest man alive will reckon this discourse a Satyre.

The end of the Sixth Vision.

S

THE

THE
SEVENTH VISION
OF
HELL REFORM'D.

THere happen'd lately so terrible
an *Uproar*, and *Disorder* in Hell,
that (though it be a place of
perpetual *Outrage*, and *Confusion*) the
oldest Devil there never knew the Fel-
low of it; and the Inhabitants expected
nothing less than an absolute *Topsy-Tur-*
vy, and *Dissolution* of their Empire. The
Devils fell upon the *Damn'd*; and the
Damn'd fell upon the Devils, without
knowing one from t'other: and all run-
ning *better skelter*, to and again, like
Mad; for in fine, it was no other than a
general *Revolt*. This *Hurly-burly* lasted
a good while, before any Mortal could
imagine the meaning of it; but at length
there came certain Intelligence of
A monstrous Talker; A Pragmatical, Medling
Under

Undertaker, and an old *Bawd* of a *Gouvernante*, that had knockt off their Shackles, and made all this Havock: Which may give the Reader to Understand what kind of Cattel these are, that could make Hell it self more Dangerous, and Unquiet.

Lucifer, in the Meantime, went Telping up and down, and Bawling, for Chains, Hand Cuffes, Bolts, Manacles, Shackles, Fetters, to tie up his Prisoners again; when, in the middle of his Carriere, He and the *Babler*, or *Talker*, I told ye of, met full butt; and after a little staring one Another in the Face, upon the Encounter, the *Babler* open'd. Prince mine; (says he) you have a pack of Lazy, Droning Devils in your Dominions, that look after Nothing, but sit with their Arms and Legs across, and leave all your affairs at Six and Seven. And you have divers abroad too, upon Commission, that have staid out their Time, and yet give you no Accompt of their Employment. The *Gouvernante*, who had been blowing the Coal, and of Whispering sedition from one to another, chanc'd to pass by in the Interim,

and stopping short, address'd her self to *Lucifer*: Look to your self; (he cry'd) there is a *Desperate plot* upon your *Diabolical Crown*, and *Dignity*. There are *Two Tyrants* in't; *Three Parasites*; A world of *Physicians*, and whole *Legions* of *Lawyers*, and *Attornys*. One word more in your Ear. There is among them, a *mongrel Priest* (a kind of a *Lay-Elder*) that will go near to sit upon your Skirts, if you have not a care of him.

At the very name of *Priest*, and *Lay-Elder*, *Lucifer* look't as Pale as Death; stood stone-still; as mute as a Fish; and in his very looks, discover'd his Apprehensions. After a little pause, he rous'd himself, as out of a Trance; A *Priest* do ye say? a *Lay-Elder*? *Tyrants*? *Lawyers*? *Physicians*? A *Composition* to poyson all the *Devils in Hell*, and purge their very *Guts out*. With that, away he went to visit the *Avenues*, and set his *Guards*, and who should he meet next, but the *Medler*? in a monstrous haste, and hurry Nay then (says he) here is the *Fore-runner of Ill Luck*. But *what's the Mat-*

ter? The Matter? cry'd the *Medler*;
And then with a huge deal of tedious,
and Impertinent Circumstance, he up,
and told him, that a great many of the
Damn'd had Contriv'd an *Escape*; and
that there was a Design to call in four
or five *Regiments* of *Hypocrites*, and *Usu-*
rers, under colour, forsooth, of Esta-
blishing a better *Intelligence* betwixt
Earth and *Hell*, with a Hundred other
Fopperies; and had gone on till this
time, if *Lucifer* would have found
Ears. But he had other Fish to fry;
for Neck and All was now at Stake;
and so he went about his Business of
putting all in a posture, and strengthen-
ing his Guards. And for the further Se-
curity of his Royal Person, he enter-
tain'd into his own immediate Regi-
ment, several *Reformadoes* of the Society,
that he particularly knew to be no
Flinchers.

He began his Survey in the *Vaults*,
and *Dungeons*, among his *Jaylers*,
and *Pris'ners*. The *Make-Bate Babler*
March't in the *Van*, breathing an Ayr
that kindled, and Enflam'd wherever
he past, without giving any Light (set-

ting People together by the Ears, they know not why) In the second Place the *Governante*, as full of *News*, and *Tittle-Tattle* as she could hold, and telling her tale all the way she went. In the Breech of her follow'd the *Medler*, learing as he past along, first on one side, then on the Other, without ever moving his Head, and making fair with every Soul He saw in's way. He gave *One*, a *Bow*; *T' other* a *Kiss*; *Your most humble Servant*, to a *Third*; *Can I serve you Sir* to a *Fourth*: But every Complement was worse to the poor Creatures, than the Fire it self. Ah Traytor! says one; For Pity's sake, away with this new Tormenter! cryes another. This Fellow is Hell upon Hell, says a Third. As he trudg'd on, there was a Rabble of Rascals got together; and in the Middle of the Crowd, a most Eminent *Knight of the Post*, (a great Master of his Trade) that was reading a *Lecture to that Venerable Assembly, of the Noble Mystery of Swearing and Lying*; and would have taught any man in one Quarter of an hour, to prove any thing upon Oath, that he never

saw,

law, nor heard of in his life. This Doctor had no sooner cast his Eye upon the *Intermedler*, but up he started in a Fright. How now? says he; *Is that Devil here?* I came hither on purpose to avoid him; and if I could but have dream't, hee'd have been in Hell, beyond all Dispute, I'd have gone my self to Paradise.

As He was speaking, we heard a great, and a confused Noise of *Arms*, *Blows*, and *Out-Cryes*; and presently we discover'd several Persons falling one upon Another like lightning; and in short with such a Fury, that 'tis not for any Tongue, or Pen to describe the Battel. One of them appear'd to be an *Emperour*; for he was crown'd with *Lawrel*, and surrounded with a grave sort of People, that lookt like *Counsellors* or *Senators*; and had all the *Old Statutes*, and *Records* at their Fingers End: by which they endeavour'd to make it out; *That a King might be kill'd in his Personal Capacity, and his Politick Capacity never the worse for't.* And upon this point, were they at *Daggers Drawn* with the *Emperour*. *Lucifer*

came then roundly up to him, and with a Voice that made Hell quake; what are you Sir, (says he) that take upon you thus in my Dominions? I am the Great *Julius Caesar* (quoth he) that in this general Tumult, thought to have reveng'd my self upon *Brutus*, and *Cassius*, for Murdering me in the *Senate*, under colour (forsooth) of asserting the *Common Liberty*: Whereas these Traytors did it meerly out of *Envy*, *Avarice*, and *Ambition*. It was the *Emperour*, not the *Empire* they hated. They pretended to destroy *Me*, for Introducing a *Monarchy*; but did they overthrow the *Monarchy* it self? No; but on the Contrary, they confirm'd it; and did more Mischief, in taking away my *Life*, than I did in dissolving their *Republick*. However, I dy'd an *Emperour*, and these Villains carry'd only the *Infamy*, and *Brand* of *Regicides*, to their *Graves*, and the *World* has ever since, ador'd my *Memory*, and abhorr'd theirs. Tell me (quoth he) ye cursed Bloud-Hounds; (turning toward them) Whether was your Government better think ye? in the hands of your *Senators*; a Company of

talking

with talking Gown-men, that knew not how to keep it; or in the hands of a Souldier, that won it by his Merit? It is not the Drawing of a Charge, or the making of a fine Oration, that fits people for Government; nor will a Crown sit well upon the Head of a Pedant; but let him wear it that deserves it. He is the true Patriot that advances the Glory of his Country, by Actions of Bravery and Honour. Which has more right to Rule think ye, He that only knows the Laws, or He that Maintains them? The one only Studies the Government; The other Protects it. Wretched Republick! Thou call'st it Freedom, to obey a Divided Multitude, and slavery to serve a single Person; and when a Company of Covetous little Fellows are got together, they must be stil'd Fathers of their Countrey, forsooth; And shall one Generous Person take up with the Name of Tyrant? Oh! how much better had it been for Rome to have preserv'd that one Son that made her Mistress of the World, than that Multitude of Fathers, who by so many Intestine Wars, render'd her but a Step-mother to her own Children. Barbarous, and Cruel that you are! so much

much as to mention the name of a Commonwealth, considering that since the people tasted of Monarchy, they have prefer'd even the worst of Princes, as Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, Heliogabalus, &c. before your Tribe of Senators.

This discourse of *Cæsars* struck *Brutus* with exceeding shame and confusion; but at length with a feeble and trembling voice he deliver'd himself to this effect. "Gentlemen of the Senate (*says he*) do ye not hear *Cæsar*? or will ye add sin to sin, and suffer all the blame to be cast upon the *Instruments*, when you your selves were the *Contrivers* of the Villany? Why do ye not answer? for *Cæsar* speaks to you, as well as to us. *Cassius* and my self were but your *Bravos*, and govern'd by your *persuasions and advice*, little dreaming of that insatiable ambition that lay lurking under the gravity of your long Beards and Robes. But 'tis the practice of you all, to arraign that Tyranny in the Prince, which you would exercise your selves: in effect, when you have gotten Power, and the colour of Authority in your hands, it is

more

more dangerous for a Prince not to comply with you, than for a Vassal to rebel against his Prince. To what end serv'd your perfidious and ungrateful Treason? Make answer to *Cæsar*. But for our parts, in the conscience of our sin, we feel the severity of our Punishment.

At these words a *hollow-Ey'd, supercilious Senator* (that had been of the Conspiracy, and was then *blazing* like a *Pitcht Barrel*) rais'd himself, and with a faint voice, askt *Cæsar* what reason he had to complain? 'For Prince (*says he*) if King *Ptolomy* murther'd *Pompey the Great*, upon whose score he held his Kingdom: why might not the *Senate* as well *kill you*, to recover what you had taken from them? And in the case betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, let the Devils themselves be Judges. As for *Achillas* (*who was one of the Murtherers*) what he did, was by *Ptolomy's* command, and then he was but a *Free-booter* neither, a fellow that got his living by Rapine and Spoil: but *Cæsar* was undoubtedly the more infamous of the two. 'Tis true

' true, you wept at the sight of *Pompey's head*, but such tears as were
 ' more treacherous than the Steel that
 ' kill'd him. Ah cruel compassion and
 ' revengeful piety! that made thee a
 ' more barbarous Enemy to *Pompey*,
 ' dead than living. Oh that ever two
 ' Hypocrite Eyes should creep into the
 ' first Head of the World; To con-
 ' clude, the death of *Cæsar*, had been
 ' the *Recovery* of our *Republick*, if the
 ' multitude had not call'd in others of
 ' his Race to the Government, which
 ' render'd *thy fall* the very *Hydra* of
 ' the Empire.

We had had another skirmish upon
 these words, if *Lucifer* had not com-
 manded *Cæsar* to his Cell again, upon
 pain of Death; and there to abide such
 correction as belong'd to him, for slight-
 ing the warnings he had of his Disaster.
Brutus and *Cassius* too were turn'd over
 to the *politick Fools*: and the *Senators*
 were dispatch'd away to *Minos* and
Rhadamanthus, and to sit as *Assistants* in
 the *Devils Bench*.

After this I heard a murmuring noise,
 as of people talking at a distance, and
 by

by degrees I made it out that they were wrangling and disputing still lowder and lowder, till at length it was but a word and a blow, and the nearer I came the greater was the clamour. This made me mend my pace; but before I could reach them, they were all together by the Ears in a *blondy fray*: They were persons of great quality all of them, as *Emperours, Magistrates, Generals of Armies*. *Lucifer*, to take up the Quarrel, commanded them *Peace and Silence*, and they all obey'd, but it vext them to the hearts to be so taken off in the full *carriere* of their *Fury and Revenge*. The first that open'd his mouth, was a fellow so martyr'd with wounds and scars, that I took him at first for an *indigent Officer*; but it prov'd to be *Clitus* (as he said himself) And one at his Elbow told him, he was a saucy Companion, for presuming to speak before his time; and so desir'd Audience of *Lucifer*, for *the high and mighty Alexander the Son of Jupiter, and the Emperour and Terror of the World*: He was going on with his *Qualities and Titles*; but an Officer gave the word, *Silence,*

lence, and had *Clitus* begin, which he took very kindly, and told his story.

‘ If it may please your Majesty (*says he*) I was the first Favourite of this Emperour; who was then Lord of all the known World; bare the Title of *the King of Kings*, and Boasted himself for the *Son of Jupiter Hammon*; and yet after all this Glory and Conquest, he was himself a slave to his Passions; He was Rash, and Cruel, and consequently, Incapable either of Counsel, or Friendship. While I liv’d, I was near him, and serv’d him faithfully; but it seems, He did not Entertain me, so much for my Fidelity, as to augment the Number of his Flatterers: But I found my self too honest for a Base Office; and still as he ran into any foul Excesses, I took a Freedom with all possible Modesty, to shew him his Mistakes. One day, as he was talking slightly of his Father *Philip* (*that brave Prince*, from whom he receiv’d as well his Honour, as his Being) I told him frankly what I thought of that *Ingratitude*, and *Vanity*, and desired him to treat his

‘ Dead

Dead Father with more Reverence,
as a Prince Worthy of Eternal Ho-
nour, and Respect. This Commenda-
tion of *Philip*, so inflam'd him, that
presently he took a Partisan and
struck me Dead in the place with his
own Hand. After this; pray'e where
was his Divinity, when he gave *Abdo-*
lominus, (a poor Garden-Weeder)
the Kingdom of *Sidonia*: which
was not, as the World would have it,
out of any Consideration of his Vir-
tue, but to Mortifie, and take down
the Pride, and Insolence of the *Per-*
sians. Meeting him here just now in
Hell, I askt him what was become of
his Father *Jupiter* now; that he lay
so long by't; and whether he were
not yet convinc'd that all his Flatte-
rs were a Company of Rascals, who
with their *Incense*, and *Altars*, would
perswade him that He was of *Divine*
Extraction, and *Heir apparent to the*
Throne and Thunder of Jupiter. This
now was the Ground of our Quar-
rel. But Invectives apart; who but a
Tyrant would have put a Loyal Subject
to Death, only for his Affection, and

Re-

' Regards to the Memory of his Dead
 ' Father? how barbarously did he treat
 ' his Favourites, *Parmenio, Philotas, Calisthenes, Amintas, &c.* so that good
 ' or bad is all a case, for 'tis crime enough
 ' to be the Favourite of a Tyrant: As
 ' in the course of humane life, every
 ' man dies because he is mortal, and the
 ' disease is rather the pretext of his
 ' death, than the cause of it. You find
 now (says *Satan*) that Tyrants will
 shew their people many a Dog-trick,
 when the humour takes them. The
 good, they hate, for not being wicked;
 and the bad, because they are no
 worse. How many Favourites have you
 ever seen come to a fair and timely
 end? Remember the Emblem of the
 sponge, and that's the use that Princes
 make of their Favourites: they let them
 suck and fill; and then squeeze them for
 their own profit.

At that word there was heard a lamentable cry, and at the same time a
 venerable old man, as pale as if he had
 no blood in his veins, came up to *Lucifer*, and told him, that his Emblem of
 the sponge came very pat to his case.

for

For (says he) I was a great Favourite,
 and a great Horder of Treasure; a Spaniard
 by birth, the Tutor and Confident
 of Nero; and my name is Seneca. In-
 deed his bounties were to excess, he gave
 me without asking, and in taking I was
 never covetous but obedient. It is in
 the nature of Princes, and it befits their
 quality, to be liberal, where they take
 liking, both of Honour and Fortunes;
 and 'tis hard for a Subject to refuse, with-
 out some reflection upon the generosity or
 discretion of his Master. For 'tis not
 the Merit, or Modesty of the Vassal, but
 the Glory of the Prince that is in questi-
 on: and he is the best Subject; that con-
 tributes the most to the splendor, and
 reputation of his Sovereign. Nero indeed
 gave me as much as such a Prince could
 bestow; and I manag'd his Liberalities
 with all the moderation imaginable:
 yet all too little, to preserve me from
 the strokes of envious and malicious
 tongues; which would have it, that my
 philosophizing upon the contempt of the
 world, was nothing else but a meer im-
 posture, that with less danger and notice
 might feed and entertain my Avarice;

T

and

and with the fewer *Competitors*. Finding my credit with my Master declining, it stood me upon to provide some way or other for my quiet, and to withdraw my self from being the mark of a *publick envy*. So I went directly to Nero, and with all possible respect and humility made him a *Present* back again of his *own bounties*. The truth is, I had so great a *passion* for his *service*, that neither the *severity* of his *Nature*, nor the *debauchery* of his *Manners* could ever deter me from exhorting him to nobler courses, and paying him all the duties of a *Loyal Subject*. Especially in cases of *cruelty* and *blood*, I laid it perpetually home to his conscience, but all to little purpose; for he put his *Mother* to death, laid the *City of Rome* in ashes, and indeed depopulated the *Empire* of *honest men*. And this drew on *Piso's Conspiracy*, which was better laid than executed: for upon the discovery, the prime instruments lost their lives; and by *Divine Providence* this Prince was preserv'd, in order (as one would have thought) to his repentance and change of life. But upon the issue, the *Conspi*

racy was prevented, and Nero never the better. At the same time he put *Lucan* to death, only for being a better Poet than himself. And if he gave me my choice what death to die, it was rather cruelty than pity: for in the very deliberation which death to chuse, I suffer'd all even in the terror and apprehension that made me refuse the rest. The election I made, was to bleed to death in a Bath, and I finish'd my own dispatches hither; where to my further affliction, I have again encountred this Infamous Prince, studying new cruelties, and instructing the very Devils themselves in the Art of tormenting.

At that word *Nero* advanc'd, with his ill-favour'd Face, and shrill Voice. 'It is very well (*says he*) for a Princes Favourite, or Tutor to be wiser than his Master; but let him manage that advantage then with respect, and not like a rash and insolent Fool make proclamation presently to the world, that he's the wiser of the two. While *Seneca* kept himself within those bounds, I lodg'd him in my bosom, and the love I had for that man was

the Glory of my Government; but
 when he came to publish once (what
 he should have dissembled or con-
 ceal'd) that it was not *Nero*, but *Seneca*
 that rul'd the Empire, nothing
 less than his Blood could make satis-
 faction for so intolerable a scandal,
 and from that hour I resolv'd his ru-
 ine. And I had rather suffer what I
 do a hundred times over, than enter-
 tain a Favourite that should raise his
 credit upon my Dishonour. Whether
 I have reason on my side or no, I ap-
 peal to all this Princely Assembly:
 Draw near I beseech ye, as many as
 are here, and speak freely, my Royal
 Brethren; Did ye ever suffer any Fa-
 vourite to scape unpunisht, that had
 the impudence to write [*I and my*
King] to make a *stale of Majesty*, and
 to publish himself a *better States-man*
 than his *Master*? No, no, (they cry'd
 out all with one voice) it never was,
 and never shall be endured, while the
 world lasts: For we have left our Suc-
 cessors under an *obligation*, to have a care
 on't. 'Tis true, a wise Counsellour at a
 Princes Elbow, is a Treasure, and ought

to be so esteem'd, while he makes it his business to cry up the abilities and justice of his Sovereign: but in the instant that his vanity transports him to the contrary; away with him to the dogs, and down with him, for there's no enduring of it.

All this (*cry'd Sejanus*) does not yet concern me; for though I had indeed more brains than *Tiberius*, yet I so order'd it, that he had the credit in publick of all my private Advices. And so sensible he was of my services, that he made me his Partner and Companion in the Empire: he caus'd my Statues to be erected, and invested them with sacred Priviledges. *Let Sejanus Live*, was the daily cry of the People; and in truth, my well-being was the joy of the Empire; and far and near there were publick Prayers and Vows offer'd up for my health. But what was the end of all? when I thought my self surest in my Master's Arms and favour: he let me fall, nay he threw me down, caus'd me to be cut in pieces, delivering me up to the fury of a barbarous and enraged Multi-

' tude, that drag'd me along the Streets,
 ' and happy was he that could get a
 ' piece of my flesh to carry upon a
 ' Javelins point in triumph. And it had
 ' been well if this inhumane cruelty
 ' had stopt here; but it extended to
 ' my poor *Children*, who, though un-
 ' concern'd in my *crimes*, were yet to
 ' partake in my *fate*. A Daughter I had,
 ' whom the very Law exempted from
 ' the stroke of *Justice*, because of her
 ' *Virginity*; but to clear that scruple,
 ' she was condemn'd first to be *ravish'd*
 ' by the *Hangman*, and then to be be-
 ' headed, and treated as her Father.
 ' My first failing was upon temerity and
 ' pride: I would out-run my destiny
 ' defie Fortune: and for *Divine Provi-*
 ' *dence* I lookt upon it as a *ridiculous*
 ' *thing*. When I was once out of the
 ' way, I thought doing worse was some-
 ' what in order to being better; and
 ' then I began to fortifie my self by vio-
 ' lence, against craft and malice. Some
 ' were put to *death*, others *banish'd*, till
 ' in fine, all the Powers of Heaven and
 ' Earth declar'd themselves against me.
 ' I had recourse to all sorts of ill peo-
 ' ple,

ple, and means. I had my *Physician*
for *poysoning*; my *Assassins* for *revenge*;
I had my *false Witnesses* and *corrupt*
Judges; and in truth, what Instru-
ments of wickedness had I not? And
all this not upon choice or inclination;
but purely out of the necessity of my
condition. Whenever I should come
to fall, I was sure to be forsaken both
of good and bad; and therefore I
shun'd the *better sort*, as those that
would only serve to accuse me; but
the *lewd* and *vicious* I frequented, to
increase the number of my *Complices*,
and make my *party* the *stronger*. But
after all: if *Tiberius* was a *Tyrant*, I'll
swear he was never so by my advice:
But on the contrary; I have suffer'd
more from him for *plain dealing* and
disswading him, than the very subjects
of his severity have commonly suffer'd
by him. I know, 'tis charg'd upon me,
that I stirr'd him up to *cruelty*, to ren-
der him *odious*, and to ingratiate my
self to the people. But who was his
Adviser I pray'e, in this butcherly pro-
ceeding against me? Oh *Lucifer*, *Lu-*
cifer! you know very well that 'tis

the practice of Tyrants, when they
 do amiss themselves, and set their peo-
 ple a grumbling, to lay all the blame
 (and punishment too) upon the In-
 strument; and hang up the Minister
 for the Masters fault. This is the end
 of all Favorites, *cries ones*; Not a
 half-penny matter if they were all
 serv'd so, *says another*. And every
Historian has his saying upon this Ca-
tastrophe, and sets up a *Buoy* to warn af-
 ter-ages of the *Rock of Court-favours*.
 The greatness of a Favorite *I must*
confess, proclaims the greatness of his
 Maker; and the Prince that maintains
 what he has once rais'd, does but ju-
 stifie the prudence of his own choice:
 and when ever he comes to undo what
 he has done, publishes himself to be
 light and unconstant, and does as
 good as declare himself (*even against*
himself) of the Enemies party.

Up stept *Plantian* then, (*Severus* his
Favourite) he that was toss'd out of a
Garret Window to make the people
 sport. *My condition in the World* (says
 he) *was perfectly like that of a Rocket or*
Fire-work: *I was carry'd up to a Pro-*
digious

digious Height in a Moment, and all peo-
 ples Eyes were upon me, as a Star of the
 first Magnitude; but my Glory was very
 short-liv'd; and down I fell into Obscu-
 rity, and Ashes. After him, appear'd a
 number of other Favorites; and all of
 them hearkning to *Belisarius* the Favou-
 rite of *Justinian*; who Blind as he was,
 had already knockt twice with his staff,
 and shaking his Head, with a weak
 and complaining Voice, desir'd Audi-
 ence; which was at length granted him,
 silence commanded; And he said, as fol-
 lows.

'Princes (said he) before they destroy
 the Creatures they have rais'd, and
 chosen, should do well to consider, that
 Cruelty and Inconstancy is much a grea-
 ter Infamy to a Prince, than the Worst
 effects of it can be to a Favorite. For my
 own part, I serv'd an Emperour, that
 was both a Christian, and a great Lo-
 ver, and Promoter of Justice. And yet
 after all the services I had done him, in
 several Battels and Adventures, (inso-
 much that He was effectually become
 my Debter, for the very glory of his
 Empire) My Reward in the End, was
 'to

to have my Eyes put out, and (with a Dog and a Bell) to be turn'd a begging from Door to Door. Thus was That *Belizarius* treated, whose very Name formerly was worth an Army, and he was the Soul of his Friends, as well as the Terror of his Enemies. But a Princess Favour, is like Quick-silver, Restless, and Slippery, never to be fix'd; never secured. Force it, and it spends it self in Fumes: Sublime it, and 'tis a Mortal Poyson. Handle it only, and it works it self into the very Bones; and all that have to do with it, Live and Dye, Pale and Trembling.

At these Words, the whole Band of Favorites, set up a Hideous, and a Heavy Groane, trembling like Aspen-leaves, and at the same time, reciting several passages out of the Prophet *Habbakuk*, against Careless and Wicked Governours. By which Threatnings, is given to understand, that the Almighty, when he has a mind to destroy a Wicked Ruler, does not always punish one Potentate by another, and bring his Ends about by a Tryal of Arms, or the Event of a Battel: but many times makes use of things the most

most Abjeſt, and Vile, to Confound the Vanity and Arrogance of the Mighty; and makes even Worms, Flies, Caterpillars, and Lice to ſerve him as the Miniſters of his Terrible Juſtice: Nay, the ſtone in the Wall, and the Beam in the Houſe, ſhall riſe in Judgment againſt them.

This Diſcourſe might have gone further, but that the Company preſently parted, to know the Meaning of a ſudden Noiſe and Clatter they heard, that half deafn'd the Auditory. And what was it at laſt? but a ſcuffle between the Gown-men, and the Brothers of the Blade; And there were Perſons of great Honour, and Learning, Young, and Old, engag'd in the Fray: The Men of War were at it daſhing with their Swords, and the Gentlemen of the long Robe, Fencing, ſome with Toſtatus, Others with huge Pandects, that with their old Wainſcot Covers, were as good as Bucklers, and would now and then give the Foe a Heavy Rebuke, over and above. The Combate had certainly been very Bloudy, if one of Lucifer's Conſtables had not commanded them in the Kings name

name to keep the Peace; which made it a Drawn Battel. And with That, one of the *Combatants*, with the best face he had, said aloud; If Ye knew (*Gentlemen*) either *Us*, or our *Quarrel*, you'd say we had reason, and perhaps side with us. At that Instant, there appear'd, *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*, *Phalaris*, *Heliogabalus*, *Alcetes*, *Andronicus*, *Busiris*, and Old *Oliver*, with a World of great Parsonages more; which when *Lucifer* saw, he dispos'd himself to treat that Májestical Appearance, as much to their satisfaction as was Possible. And then came up a grave *Ancient man*, with a great *Train* at his Heels, that were all *Blondy*, and full of the Marks they had receiv'd under the Persecution of these *Tyrants*.

‘ You have here before ye, (quoth
 ‘ the Old Man) *Solon*; and these are
 ‘ the *Seven Sages*, *Native* of *Greece*, but
 ‘ renown'd throughout the *Universe*.
 ‘ He therein the *Mortar* is that *Anaxar-*
 ‘ *chus* that was pounded to Death
 ‘ by Command of *Nicocreon*. He with
 ‘ the *Flat Nose*, is *Socrates*; The little
 ‘ *Crump-shoulder'd Wretch*, was the Fa-
 ‘ mous

mous *Aristotle*; and T'other there, the divine *Plato*. Those in the Corner, are all of the same Profession too; Grave and Learned *Philosophers*; that have displeas'd *Tyrants* with their *Writings*: and in fine, the *World* is stor'd with their *Works*, and *Hell* with the *Authors*. To come to the Point, (most mighty *Lucifer*) we are all of us Dealers in *Politicks*; Great *Writers*, and Deep-read-men in the *Maxims of State and Government*. We have digested *Policy* into a *Method*, and laid down Certain *Rules*, by which *Princes* may make themselves *Great*, and *Belov'd*. We have advis'd them, Impartially to administer *Justice*; To reward *Virtue*, as well *Military*, as *Civil*; to Employ *able men*, Banish *Flatterers*; To put men of *Wisdom*, and *Integrity* in Places of *Trust*. To *Reward*, or *Punish*, without *Passion*; and according to the *Merits of the Cause*, as *God's Vice-gerents*. And This now is our offence. We name no *Body*; we design no *body*; but 'tis *Crime enough to wish well to the way, and to the Lovers of Virtue*. With
c that

' that, turning towards the Tyrants. Oh
 ' most Unjust Princes; (said he) Those
 ' Glorious Kings, and Emperors from
 ' whom we took the Model of our Laws
 ' and Instructions, are now in a state of
 ' Rest, and Comfort, while you are tor-
 ' mented, Numa is now a star in the Fir-
 ' mament, and Tarquin a Fire-brand in
 ' Hell. And the Memory of Augustus and
 ' Trajan is still fresh and fragrant, when
 ' the Names of Nero, and Sardanapalus
 ' are more Putrid and Odious than their
 ' Bodies.

When Dionysius the Tyrant heard this
 (with his Companions about him) Flesh
 and Bloud could hold no longer; and he
 cry'd out in a Rage, ' That Roguy Philo-
 ' sopher has told a thousand Lies. Legisla-
 ' tors, with a Pox? Yes, yes, they are
 ' sweet Legislators, and Princes have ma-
 ' ny a fair Obligation to them. No, no
 ' Surrah, (says he to Solon) You are all o-
 ' you a Company of Quacks; Ye prate
 ' and speculate of things ye don't under-
 ' stand; and with your damn'd Morali-
 ' ties set the People agog upon Liber-
 ' ty; cry up the Doctrine of Free-born
 ' Subjects, and then our Portion is per-

' sec

Of *secution in one World, and Infamy in*
another.

‘ We shall have a fine time on’t, my
 most Gracious Prince (*cry’d Julian*
the Apostate, staring Lucifer in the face)
 when these *Dunghil Pedants*, a Com-
 pany of *Cock-brain’d*, *Ridiculous*,
Mortify’d, *Ill-bred*, *Beggarly Tatter-*
demallions, shall come to erect a *Com-*
mittee for Politicks, and pass Sentence
 upon *Governours*, and *Governments*;
 stiling themselves (*forsooth*) the *Sup-*
porters of both; without any more
 skill than my Horse in what belongs to
 either. Tell me (*says he*) if a *Brave*
Prince had not better be *Damn’d*,
 than subject himself to hear one
 of these *Turdy-Facy-Paty-Nasty-Lowfie-*
Fartical Rascals, with a *Scabb’d Head*,
 and a *Plantation of Lice* in his *Beard*;
 and his *Eyes* crept into the *Nape* of
 his *Neck*, pronouncing for an *Apho-*
rism; That *A Prince that looks only*
to One, is a Tyrant; and that a *True*
King is the Shepherd, and Servant of
his People. Ah, *Rash*, and besotted
Coxcombs! If a *King looks only to*
others, who shall look to him? As if

‘ *Princes*

Princes had not Enemies enough
 abroad; without being so to them-
 selves too. But you may write your
 Hearts out, and never the nearer
 Where's our *Sovereignty*? if we have
 not our Subjects *Lives*, and *Estates* and
 our *Mercy*. And where's our absolute
 Power? if we submit to the Coun-
 sels of our Vassals. If we have not to
 satisfy our Appetites, Avarice and
 Revenge, we want power to dis-
 charge the Noblest Ends of Govern-
 ment. These *Contemplative Idiots*
 would have us make Choice of Good
 Officers, to keep the Bad in Order,
 which were a Madness, in our Con-
 dition. Let them be *Complaisant*, and
 no Matter for any other Merit, or
 Virtue. A Parcel of Good Offices, hand-
 somely dispos'd among a Pack of Cheats
 and Atheists, will make us a party ano-
 ther Day; whereas all is lost, that's be-
 stow'd upon honest men; for they're
 our Enemies; Speak Truth then all
 of ye, and shame the Devil; for the
 Butcher fats his sheep only for the Sham-
 bles.

I have said enough, I suppose, to stop
 your

our Mouths, but here's an Orator will read you another-gates Lecture of *Politics*, than any you have had yet, if you'll give him the hearing. *Photinus*, advance, (said *Julian*) and speak your mind; whereupon there appear'd a *Brave* fellow, with a *hanging look*; and twenty other marks of a *Desperate* villain: who with a *Hellish Yell*, and *three or four wry mouths* for a *Prologue*, did take into his Discourse.

The Wicked Advice of one of Ptolomey's Courtiers, about the Killing of Pompey: taken out of Lucan's Pharsalia: Lib. 8.

MEthinks, under Favour, (most Renowned *Ptolomy*) we are now slipt into a debate, a little beside the business. The question is, *whether Pompey should be deliver'd up to Cæsar, or no*. That is to say, whether in reason of State, it ought to be done; and we are formalizing the matter, whether in point of equity and justice it may be done. *Bodies Politick have no Souls; and never did any great Prince*

turn a Council of State, into a Court of
Conscience, but he repented it. King-
doms are to be govern'd by Politicians,
not by Casuists; and there is nothing
more contrary to the true interest of
Crowns and Empires, than in publick
cases, to make a scruple of private du-
ties. The Argument is this; Pompey is
in distress: and Ptolomy under an Ob-
ligation; so that it were a violation of
Faith and Hospitality, not to relieve
him. Now give me leave to reason
in the other way. Pompey is forsaken,
and persecuted by the Gods; Cæsar up-
on the Heels of him, with victory and
success. Shall Ptolomy now ruine him-
self, to protect a Fugitive, against both
Heaven, and Cæsar! I must confess,
where honesty, and profit are both of
a side, 'tis well; but where they disa-
gree, the Prince that does not quit his
Religion, for his convenience, falls into
a direct conspiracy against himself. He
shall lose the Hearts of his Souldiers,
and the reputation of his power. Where-
as on the contrary, the most hateful
Tyrant in the world shall be able to
keep his head above water, let him

but give a general License to commit
all sorts of Wickedness: you'l say 'tis
Impious: but I say, what if it be? who
shall call you to accompt? These deli-
berations are only for *Subjects*, that
are under *Command*; and not for *Sove-*
raign Princes, whose will is a *Law*.

Exeat Aula

Qui volct esse pius.

He was never cut out

For a Court, that's devout.

In fine, since either *Pompey* or *Pto-*
lomy must suffer, I am absolutely for
the saving of *Ptolomy*, and the present-
ing of *Pompey's* head, without any more
ado, to *Cesar*. *A Dead Dog will ne-*
ver bite.

Photinus had no sooner made an end,
but *Domitian* appear'd in a monstrous
Rage, and lugging of poor *Suetonius* af-
ter him like a Bear to the stake. 'There
is not in nature (says he) so damn'd a
Generation of *Scribling Rogues*, as
these *Historians*. We can neither be
quiet for them, *Living*, nor *Dead*; for

' they haunt us in our very *Graves*; and
 ' when they have vented the *Humour*,
 ' and *Caprice* of their own *Brains*, that
 ' forsooth must be call'd, *The life of such*
 ' *an Emperour*. And for an instance, I'll
 ' shew ye what this *Impertinent Chroni-*
 ' *cler* says of *my self*. He had squander'd
 ' away his treasure (says he) in expensive
 ' *Buildings, Comedies, and Donatives to*
 ' *the Souldiers*.

Now would I fain know which way it could have been better employ'd.

' In another place, he says, that *Do-*
 ' *mitian* had some thoughts of easing him-
 ' self in his *Military Charges*, by reducing
 ' the number; but that he durst not do,
 ' for fear some of his *Neighbours* should
 ' put an affront upon him. So that to lick
 ' himself whole, he fell to raking and scrap-
 ' ping whatever he could get, either from
 ' *Dead or Living*; and any *Rascals Testi-*
 ' *mony* was proof enough for a *Confisca-*
 ' *tion*: for there needed no more to undo
 ' an honest man, than to tell a tale at Court,
 ' that such a one had spoken ill of the
 ' *Prince*.

' Is this the way of treating *Majesty*?
 ' what could this impudent Pedant have
 ' said

said worse, if he had been speaking of a *Pick-pocket* or a *Pirate*? But *Princes* and *Thieves* are all one to them.

He says further, that *Domitian* made seizure of several *Estates*, without any sort of *Right* whatsoever; and there went no more to his *Title*, than for a false witness to depose, that he heard the *Defunct* declare, before he dy'd, that he made *Cæsar* his *Heir*. He set such a *Tax* upon the *Jews*, that many of them deny'd their *Religion* to avoid it; and I remember that when I was a young *Fellow*, I saw an old man of fourscore and ten taken upon suspicion by one of *Domitian's* spies, and turn'd up in a publick *Assembly*, to see if he were circumcised.

Be ye now *Judges*, *Gentlemen* of the *Black Guard*, if this be not a most intolerable indignity. Am I to answer for the actions of my inferior *Officers*? it amazes me that my *Successors* should ever endure these scandalous reports to be published, especially against a *Prince* that had laid out so much *Mooney* in repairing the *Libraries* that were burnt.

It is very true (said *Suetonius* in a doleful tone) and I have not forgotten to make mention of it to your Honour. But what will you say, if I shew you in a Warrant under your Hand, this execrable and impious Blasphemy? It is the command of your Lord and God. And in fine, if I speak nothing but truth, where's your cause of complaint? I have written the Lives too of the great *Julius Cæsar*, and the divine *Augustus*, and the world will not say but I have donethem right. But for your self, and such as you, that are effectually but so many *incarnate* and *crowned Plagues*, what fault have I committed in setting before your eyes those *Tyrannies*, which Heaven and Earth cannot but look upon with *Dread* and *Horraur*?

.. This discourse of *Suetonius* was interrupted by the *Babler*, or *Bontesen*, that rounded *Lucifer* in the Ear, and told him, 'Look ye Sir, (*says he pointing with his finger*) that limping Devil there, that looks as if he were surbated with beating the Hoof, has been abroad in the world, this twenty year, and is but just now come back again.

again. Come hither Sirrah, crys *Lucifer*; and so the poor Cur went wriggling and glotting up toward his Prince. You are a fine Rogue to be sent of an Errand, are ye not? (says *Lucifer*) to stay twenty year out, and come back again e'en as wise as ye went: What souls have ye brought now? or what news from t'other world? *Ha!* Your Highness (quoth the Devil) has too much honour and justice to condemn me unheard. Wherefore be pleased to remember, that at my going out, you gave me charge of a certain Merchant; *It cost me the first ten year of my time to make him a Thief, and ten more to keep him from turning honest again, and restoring what he had stoln.* A fine fetch for a Devil this, is it not? cry'd *Lucifer*. But *Hell is no more the Hell it was when I knew it first, then Chalk is Cheese: And the Devils now adays are so damn'dly insipid and dry, they're hardly worth the roasting.* A senseless Puppy to come back to me with a story of Waltham's Calf, that went nine mile to suck a Bull. But he's not Master of his Trade yet: and with that *Lucifer* bad one of his.

Officers take him away and put him to School again; for I perceive he's a Rascal, says he, and *he has e'en been roguing at a Play-house, when he should have been at Church.*

In that Instant, from behind a little hill, a great many *men* came running as hard as they could drive after a company of *Women*: The *Men* crying out, *Stop, stop*; and the *Women* crying for *Help*. *Lucifer* commanded them all to be seiz'd, and askt what was the matter. Alas, alas! (cry'd one of the men, quite out of breath) *These Carrions have made us Fathers, though we never had Children.* Govern, your Tongue, Sirrah (cry'd a *Devil of Honour*, out of respect to the Ladies) and speak truth: for 'tis utterly impossible you should be *Fathers* without *Children*. Pardon me, said the Fellow, we were *marry'd men*, and *honest men*, and good *house-keepers*, and have born Offices in the *Parish*, and have *Children* that call us *Fathers*: But 'tis a strange thing, we have been *abroad* some of us by the *seven year together*, Others, as long *Bed-rid*; and so impotent, that the *Civilians* would have put us

inter

inter frigidos & maleficiatos: and yet our Wives have brought us every year a *Child*, which we were such Fools as to keep and bring up, and give our selves to the Devil at last to get them Estates; out of a charitable perswasion (forsooth) they might yet be our own, though for a Twelve-month together (perhaps) we never so much as examin'd whether our *Wives* were *Fish* or *Flesh*. But now since the *Mothers* are *Dead*, and the *Children* grown up, we have found the Tools that made them. One has the *Coach-mans Nose*; another the *Gentleman Usber's Legs*; a third a *Cousin-German's Eyes*. And some we are to presume, conceiv'd purely by strength of *imagination*, or else by the *Ears* like *Weazels*.

Thereupon appear'd a little Remnant of a man; a dapper Spaniard, with a kind of a *Besome-Beard*, and a *Voice* not unlike the *Tapping* of a *foysting Cur*. As he came near the Company, he set up his Throat, and call'd out: Ah Jade! says he, I shall now take ye to task, ye Whore you, for making me *Father* my *Negro's Bastard*, and for the *Estate* I settled

settled upon him. I did ever misdoubt
foul play, but should never have
dreamt of *That Ugly Toad*, when there
was such choice of *handsome, lusty young
Fellows* about us; but it may be she had
them too. I curst the *Monks* many and
many a time, I remember, to the Pit of
Hell, Heaven forgive me for't: for the
Strumpet would be perpetually gad-
ding abroad, under colour of going
to Confession, and in sooth, I was never
any great Friend to *Penance* and *Morti-
fication*. And then would I be easing
my mind ever and anon to this *curst
Moor*. I cannot imagine (said I) where
this Mistress of thine should commit all
the sins that she goes every hour of the
day to *confess* at yonder *Monastery*.
And then would this *Dog-Moor* an-
swer me. Alas good Lady! I would
e'en venture my Soul with hers with all
my heart; she spends all her time you
see in holy Duties. I was at that time
so innocent, that I suspected nothing
more, than a pure Respect and Civility
to my *Wife*; But I have learnt better
since, and that effectually his Soul and
hers were commonly ventur'd in the
same

same Bottom; yes, and their Bodies too, as I perceive by their *Magpy Issue*, for the *Bastards* take after both *Father* and *Mother*.

So that at this rate, cry'd the *adopted Fathers*, the *Husband* of a *Whore* has a pleasant time on't. First, he's subject-ed to all the *Pukings*, *Longings*, and *pee-wish importunities*, that a *breeding Woman* gives those about her till she's *Laid*; and then comes the *squalling* of the *Child*, and the *Twittle-twattle-Gossipings* of the *Nurse* and *Midwife*, that must be well treated too, well lodg'd, and well paid. *A sweet Baby*, says one (to the *Jade* the *Mother* on't) 'tis e'en as like the *Father* as if he had spit it out on's mouth: It has the very *Lips*, the very *Eyes* of him, when 'tis no more like him, than an *Apple* is like an *Oyster*. And in conclusion, when we have born all this, and twenty times more in t'other *World* with a *Christian Patience*, we are hurry'd away to *Hell*, and here we lie a *Company* of damn'd *Cuck-olds* of us; and here we are like to lie, for ought I see, in *sæcula sæculorum*: which is very hard, and in truth out of all reason.

cut this Visit short, to see what news in a deep Vault near at hand, where we heard a great *bustle* and *contest* betwixt divers Souls and the Devils. There were the *Presumptuous*, the *Revengeful* and the *Envious*, gaping and crying out as they would break their hearts. *Oh, that I could but be born again!* says one; *Oh, that I might back into the World again!* says another; *Oh, that I were but to dye once more!* cries a third. Inform much that they put the Devils out of all Patience, with their impertinent and unprofitable Wishes and Exclamations. Hang your selves, cry'd they, for a pack of consening, bawling Rascals: *You live again? and be born again?* and what if you might do't a thousand times over? You would only dye at last a thousand times greater Villains, than now you are, and there would be no clearing Hell of you with a Dog-whip. However, to try you, and make you know your selves; we have Commission to let you *Live again* and *Return*. Up then ye Varlets, go, be born again: Get ye into the World again. Away, cry'd the Devils, with a lusty lash at every word, and

and thrust hard to have got them out. But the poor Rogues hung an Arse, and were struck with such a Terrour, to hear of Living again, and Returning, that they slunk into a Corner, and lay as quiet upon't, as Lambs.

At length, one of the Company that seem'd to have somewhat more Brain, and Resolution than his Fellows, enter'd very gravely upon the Debate, whether they should go out, or no. If I should now, says he, at my Second Birth, come into the World a Bastard; The shame would be mine, though my Parents committed the fault; and I should carry the scandal, and the Infamy of it to my Grave. Now put Case, my Mother should be honest, (for that's not Impossible) and that I came into the World, Legitimate; how many Follies, Vices, and Diseases are there that run in a Blood! who knows, but I should be Mad, or Simple? Swear, Lye, Cheat, Whore; Nay If I came off, with a Little Mortification of my Carcass, as the Stone, the Scurvy, or the Noble Pox, I were a happy Man. But oh the Lodging, the Diet, and the Cookery

' *Cookery* that I am to expect for a mat-
 ' ter of *Nine Months* in my *Mother's*
 ' *belly* : and then the *Butter* and *Beer*
 ' that must be spent to sweeten me,
 ' when I change my *Quarter*. I must
 ' come *Crying* into the *World*, and live in
 ' ignorance even of what *Life* is, till I
 ' dye ; and then as ignorant of *Death*
 ' too, till 'tis past. I Phansy my *Swad-*
 ' *ling-Clouts*, and *Blankets* to be worse
 ' then my *Winding-sheet* ; My *Cradle*
 ' represents my *Tomb*. And then who
 ' knows, whether my *Nurse* shall be
 ' *sound*, or No ? Shee'l over-lay me
 ' perhaps ; leave me some four and
 ' twenty hours, it may be, without clean
 ' *Clouts*, and a *Pin* or two all the
 ' while perchance, up to the *Hilts* in my
 ' back-side. And then follows *Breeding*
 ' of *Teeth*, and *Worms* ; with all the
 ' *Gripes*, and *Disorders* that are caus'd
 ' by *Unwholesome Milk*. These *Miseries*
 ' are *Certain*, and why should I run
 ' them over again ?

' If it happen that I pass the state of
 ' *Infancy*, without the *Pox*, or *Meazils* :
 ' I must be then pack't away to *School*,
 ' to get the *Itch* ; a *Scal'd Head*, or a
 ' pair

pair of *Kib'd Heels*. In Winter, 'tisten
to one you find me with a Snotty
Nose; and perpetually under the Lash,
if I either miss my Lesson, or go late
to School. So that *Hang him for my*
part that would be born again; for any
thing I see yet.

When I come up toward *Man*; the
Women will have me *as sure as a Gun*,
for they have a Thousand Ginnes, and
Devices to catch Wood-cocks; and
if ever I come to set eye upon a Lass
that understands *Dress* and *Raillery*,
I'm gone, if there were no more Lads
in Christendom. But for my part, I am
as sick as a Dog, of *Powdering*, *Curling*,
and playing the *Lady Bird*. I would
not for all the world be in the *shooma-*
kers stocks, and Choak my self over a-
gain in a *streight Doublet*; only to have
the Ladies say, *Look, what a Delicate*
shape, and Foot that Gentleman has.
And I would take as little pleasure to
spend six hours, of the four and twen-
ty, in picking Grey hairs out of my
Head or Beard, or turning White in-
to Black. To stand half ravisht in the
contemplation of my own shadow:
'To

' To dress fine, and go to *Church* only to
 ' see handsome Ladies: To correct the
 ' midnight Air with ardent sighs, and
 ' Ejaculations; and to keep company
 ' with Owls, and Batts, like a Bird of
 ' *Evil Omen*: To walk the round of a
 ' Mistress Lodging, and play at *Bo-peep*
 ' at the corner of every street: to adore
 ' her imperfections, (or as the Song
 ' says——for her *Ugliness*, and for her
 ' want of Coin) To make Bracelets of
 ' her Locks, and truck a Pearl Neck-
 ' lace for a Shoo-string. At this rate,
 ' I say, Cursed again and again be he,
 ' for my part, that would live over a-
 ' gain so Wretched a Life.

' Being come now to write full *Man*,
 ' If I have an *Estate*, how many *Cares*,
 ' *Suits* and *Wrangles* go along with it!
 ' If I have *None*, what *Murmuring*, and
 ' *Regret*, at my *Misfortunes*! By this
 ' Time, the Sins of my Youth are got-
 ' ten into my Bones; I grow *Sowre*, and
 ' *Melancholy*; Nothing pleases me; I
 ' curse *old Age* to Ten thousand Devils,
 ' and the *Youth* which I can never reco-
 ' ver in my *Veins*, I endeavour to fetch
 ' out of the *Barber's Shops*, from Per-
 ' ruques;

ruques, Razors, and Patches, to conceal, or at least disguise all the Marks and Evidences of Nature in her Decay. Nay, when I shall have never an Eye to see with, nor a Tooth left in my head; Gouty Legs; Wind-mills in my Crown; my Nose running like a Tap, and Gravel in my Reins, by the Bushel; then must I make Oath that all this is nothing but meer Accident, gotten by Lying in the Field, or the like, and out-face the Truth in the very Teeth of so many undeniable Witnesses. There is no Plague Comparable to this Hypocrisie of the Members. To have an Old Fop shake his Heels, when he's ready to fall to pieces; and cry, These Legs would make a shift yet to play with the best Legs in the Company; and then with a lusty Thump on's Breast, fetch ye up a Hem, and cry, Sound at Heart Boy, and a Thousand other Fooleries of the like Nature. But all this is Nothing to the Misery of an Old Fellow in Love; especially if he be put to Gallant it against a Company of Young Gamesters. Oh the Inward shame, and Vexation, to see himself scarce so

' much as Neglected. It happens some-
 ' times that a *Jolly Lad*, for want of
 ' better Entertainment, may content
 ' her self with one of these *Reverend*
 ' *Fornicators*, instead of a *Whetstone*;
 ' but alack, alack! the *poor Man* is
 ' *weak though willing*; and after a whole
 ' Night spent, in cold, and frivolous
 ' Pretences, and Excuses, away he goes
 ' with Torments of *Rage* and *Confusion*
 ' about him, not to be exprest; and
 ' many a heavy *Curse* is sent after him for
 ' keeping a poor *Lady* from her natural
 ' Rest, to so little purpose. How often
 ' must I be put to the blush too, when
 ' every *Old Toast* shall be calling me *Old*
 ' *Acquaintance*, and telling me, *Oh Sir,*
 ' 'tis many a fair *Day* since you and I
 ' knew one *Another first*. I think 'twas
 ' in the four and thirtieth of the *Queen*,
 ' that we were *School-fellows*. How the
 ' *World's* alter'd since! &c. And then
 ' must my head be turn'd to a *Memento*
 ' *Mori*: My *flesh*, dissolv'd into *Rheums*;
 ' My *skin*, *Wither'd*, and *Wrinkl'd*; with
 ' a *staff* in my *Hand*, knocking the
 ' *Earth* at every trembling step, as if I
 ' call'd upon my *Grave* to receive me:
 ' walking.

walking, like a *Moving Phantome*; my *Life* little more then a *Dream*; My *Reins*, and *Bladder* turn'd into a *Perfect Quarry*; and the *Urinal*, or *Piss-pot* my whole *Study*. My next *Heir*, watching, every *Minute*, for the long-look't-for, and happy hour of my *Departure*; And in the mean time, I'm become the *Physicians Revenue*; and the *Surgeons Practice*, with an *Apothecaries Shop* in my *Guts*; and every old *Jade* calling me *Grandfire*. No, no; I'll no more *Living* again, I thank ye: *One Hell* rather than *two Mothers*.

Let us now consider the *Comforts* of *Life*: The *Humours*, and the *Manners*. He that would be *Rich*, must play the *Thief*, or the *Cheat*; He that would rise in the world, must turn *Parasite*, *Informer*, or *Projecter*. He that *Marries*, ventures fair for the *Horn*, either before, or after. There is no *Valour*, without *Swearing*, *Quarrelling*, or *Hectoring*. If ye are *poor*, No body owns ye. If *Rich*, you'l know No body. If you dye *Young*, what pity it was (they'l say) that he should be cut off thus in the *Prime*. If *Old*. He was e'en

' past his best; there's no great Miss
 ' of him. If you are Religious, and fre-
 ' quent the Church, and the Sacrament;
 ' You're an Hypocrite; And without
 ' this, you're an Atheist, or an Heretick.
 ' If you are Gay, and pleasant, you pass
 ' presently for a Buffon: and if Pensive,
 ' and reserv'd, you are taken to be soure,
 ' and Censorious. Courtesie is call'd Collo-
 ' quing and Currying of Favour: Down-
 ' right Honesty, and plain-dealing, is In-
 ' terpreted to be Pride, and Ill-manners.
 ' This is the World; and for all that's
 ' in't, I would not have it to go over
 ' again. If any of ye, My Masters (said
 ' he to his Camerades) be of another
 ' Opinion, hold up your hands. No,
 ' No (they cry'd all Unanimously) No
 ' more Generation-work, I beseech ye,
 ' Better the Devils than the Mid-
 ' wives.

After This, came a Testator, Cursing,
 and Raving, like a Bedlam, that He had
 made his last Will and Testament. Ah
 Villain! (said he) for a man to murder
 ' himself as I have done! If I had not
 ' seal'd, I had not dy'd. Of all things, next
 ' a Physician, Deliver me from a Testa-
 ' ment.

ment. It has kill'd more then the Pestilence. Oh miserable Mortals; let the *Living* take warning by the *Dead*, and make no *Testaments*. It was my hard Luck, first to put my *Life* into the *Physicians* power, and then by making my *Will*, to sign the Sentence of *Death* upon my self, and my own *Execution*. Put your *Soul*, and your *Estate* in *Order*, (says the Doctor) for there's no hope of *Life*; And the word was no sooner out, but I was so wise and Devout (forsooth) as to fall immediately upon the Prologue of my *Will*, with an *In Nomine Domini, Amen, &c.* And when I came to dispose of my *Goods* and *Chattels* I pronounc'd these Bloudy words (*I would I had been Tongue ty'd when I did it*) I make and Constitute my *Son*, my *Sole Exec'tor*. Item, to my *Dear Wife*, I give and Bequeath all my *Plays* and *Romances*, and all the *Furniture* in the *Rooms* upon the *Second Story*. To my very good *Friend T. B.* my large *Tankard*, for a *Remembrance*. To my *Foot-boy Robin*, five pound to bind him *Prentice*: To *Betty* that tended me in my sickness,

my little Candle-Cup. To Mr. Doctor,
my fair Table-Diamond, for his Care
of me in my Illness. After Signing,
and sealing, the Ink was scarce dry
upon the Paper, but methought the
Earth open'd as if it had been hungry to
devour me. My Son and my Legatees
were presently Casting it up, how
many hours I might yet hold out. If
I call'd for the Cordial Julep, or a little
of Dr. Gilbert's Water; my Son was
taking Possession of my Estate: My
Wife so busie about the Beds, and
Hangings, that she could not intend it.
The Boy, and the Wench could under-
stand Nothing but about their Lega-
cies. My very good Friend's Mind was
wholly upon his Tankard. My kind Dr.
I must confess took Occasion now and
then, to handle my Pulse, and see whe-
ther the Diamond were of the right Black
Water, or no. If I askt him, what I might
Eat; his Answer was; Any thing, any
thing, E'en what you please your self. At
every Grone I fetcht, they were calling
for their Legacies; which they could
not have till I was Dead.

But if I were to begin the World
 again,

again, I think I should make another kind of Testament. I would say, *A Curse upon him that shall have my Estate when I am Dead: And may the first bit of Bread he eats out on't, choak him. The Devil in Hell take what I cannot carry away, and him too, that struggles for't, if he can Catch him. If I dye, let my Boy Robin have the Strappado, three hours a day, to be duly paid him during Life. Let my Wife dye of the Pip, or the Mother; (not a halfpenny matter which) but let her first live long Enough to Plague the damn'd Doctor, and indite him for poisoning her Poor Husband. To speak sincerely, I can never forgive that Dog-Leech. Was it not enough to make me Sick, when I was well, without making me Dead, when I was Sick? And not to rest there neither, but to persecute me in my Grave too. But to say the Truth, this is only Neighbours-fare; for all those fools that trust in them, are serv'd with the same Sawce. A Vomit, or a Purge is as good a Pass-port into the other World, as a man would wish. And then when our heads are laid; 'tis never to be en-*

dured, the Scandals they cast upon our Bodies, and Memories ! Heaven rest his Soul (crys one) He kill'd himself with a Debauch. How is't possible (says another) to cure a man that keeps no Diet ? He was a Mad-man ; (crys a Third) a Meer Sot, and would not be govern'd by his Physician. His Body was as Rotten as a Pear : He had as many Diseases as a Horse : and it was not in the Power of Man to save him. And truly 'twas well that his hour was come, for he had better a great deal dye well, then live on as he did. Thieves and Murtherers that ye are ; You your selves are that hour ye talk of. The Physician is only Death in a Disguise, and brings his Patients Hour along with him. Cruel People ! Is it not Enough to take away a man's life ; and like Common Hang-men to be paid for't when ye have done : but you must blast the Honour too of those you have dispatch't, to excuse your Ignorance ? Let but the Living follow my Counsel, and write their Testaments after This Copy, they shall live long and Happily ; and not go out of the World at last, like a Rat with a straw in his Arse (as a learned Author has

has it) or be cut off in the flower of their days, by these *Counterfeit Doctors of the faculty* of the Close-stool.

The *dead man* ply'd his Discourse with so much *Gravity* and *Earnestness*, that *Lucifer* began to believe what he said. But because *all Truths are not to be spoken*, especially among the *Devils*, where hardly any are admitted; and for fear of mischief, if the *Doctors* should come to hear what had been said, *Lucifer* presently order'd the Fellow to be *Gagg'd*, or *put in security for his good behaviour*.

His mouth was no sooner stopt, but another was open'd; and on of the damn'd came running cross the Company, and so up and down, back and forward (like a *Cur* that had lost his Master) bawling as if he had been out of his Wits, and crying out, 'Oh! Where am I? Where am I? I am abus'd, I am chous'd: What's the meaning of all this? Here are *damning Devils*, *tempting Devils*; and *tormenting Devils*; but the Devil a Devil can I find of the *Devils* that brought me hither: They have gotten away my *Devils*: where
are

are they? Give me my *Devils* again.

It might well make the Company stare, to see a Fellow hunting for *Devils* in *Hell*, where they swarm in *Legions*. But as he was in his *Hurry*, a *Governante* caught him by the arm, and gave him a *half turn*, and stopt him. Old *Lucky-bird* (says she) if thou wantest *Devils* here, where dost expect to find them? He knew her as soon as he saw her. And Art thou *here* old Beelzebub in a Petticoat? (said he) the very Picture of *Satan*; The Coupler of Male and Female; The Buckle and Thong of Leachery; The Multiplier of sin, and the Guide of Sinners; The Seasoner of Rotten Mutton; The Interpreter betwixt Whores and Knaves; The Preface to the Remedy of Love, and the Prologue to the Critical Minute. *Speak, and without more ado, tell me*; where are the *Devils* and their Dams that brought me hither? These are none of them. No, no; I am not such an Awfe as to be Trepan'd; and spirited away by *Devils* with *Tails*, *Horns*, *Bristles*, *Wings*, that smell as if they had been smoakt in a *Chimney-Corner*.

Corner. The Devils that I look for, are worse than these. Where are the Mothers that play the Bawds to their own Daughters? and the Aunts that do as much for their Nieces, and make them caper and sparkle like Wild-fire? The black-ey'd Girls, that carry fire in their Eyes, and strike as sure as a Lance from the Rest of a Cavalier? Where are the Flatterers, that speak nothing but pleasing things? The Make-bates and Incendiaries, that are the very Canker of Humane Society? Where are the Story-Mongers? The Masters of the Faculty of Lying? That Report more than they Hear, Affirm more than they Know, and swear more then they Believe. Those slanderous Backbiters, that like Vultures prey only upon Carrion? Where are the Hypocrites that turn Devotion into interest, and make a Revenue of a Commandment? That pretend Extasie, when they are drunk; and utter the Fumes and Dreams of their Luxury and Tipple for Revelations? That make Chappels of their Parlours; Attachments of their ordinary Entertainment; and every thing they do
is

' is a miracle. They can Divine all
 ' that's told them ; and raise people to
 ' life again, that counterfeit sick, when
 ' they should work ; and give an honest
 ' man to the Devil with a *Deo gratias*.
 ' These are the Devils I would be at :
 ' These are they that have damn'd me ;
 ' look them out, and find them for me,
 ' ye impudent Hag, or I shall be so bold
 ' as to search your French Hood for
 ' them. And with that word, he fell on
 upon the poor *Governante*, tore off her
Head-Geer, and laid about him so furiously,
 that there would have been no
 getting him off, if *Lucifer* had not made
 use of his *Absolute Authority* to quiet
 him.

Immediately upon the composing of
 this Fray, we heard the shooting of
Bars and *Bolts*, the opening of *Doors*
 and *Hindges* that creakt for want of
 Grease, and a strange humming of a
 great number of *People*. The first that
 appear'd, were a company of *Bold, Tal-*
kative, and *painted old Women* ; but as
bonny and *game some*, tickling and toying
 with one another, as if they had never
 seen *Thirteen* ; and carrying it out with

an Air of much satisfaction and content. The *Babler* was somewhat scandaliz'd at their Behaviour; and told them how ill they did to be merry in *Hell*: and several others admir'd it as much, and askt them the reason of it, considering their *Condition*. With that, one of the Gang, that was wretchedly *thin* and *pale*, and rais'd upon a pair of Heels that made her Legs longer than her Body, told *Lucifer*, with great Respect; that *at their first coming, they were as sad as it was possible for a company of damn'd old Jades to be*. But (says he) we were a little comforted, when we heard of no other Punishments here, than *Weeping* and *Gnashing of Teeth*; and in some hope to come off upon reasonable terms: for we have not among us all so much as a *drop of moisture* in our *bodies*, nor a *Tooth* in our *Heads*. Search them presently (cry'd the *Intermedler*) squeeze the *Balls of their Eyes*, and let their *Gums* be examin'd, you'll find *Snags, Stumps, or Roots*; or enough of somewhat or other there to spoil the *Jest*. Upon the *Scrutiny*, they were found so dry, that they were good for

no-

nothing in the world, but to serve for *Tinder* or *Matches*, and so they were dispos'd of into the *Devils Tinder-Boxes*.

While they were *casting* up the *Old Women*, there came on a number of people of *several sorts* and *qualities*, that call'd out to the first they saw; *Pray'e Gentlemen* (said they) *before we go any further, will ye direct us to the Court of Rewards?* How's That (cry'd one of the Company) I was afraid we had been in *Hell*, but since you talk of *Rewards*, I hope 'tis but *Purgatory*: Good, Good, (said the whole Multitude) you'll quickly find where you are: *Purgatory!* (cry'd the *Intermedler*) you have left that up the Hill there, upon the *Right Hand*. This *Hell*, and a place of *Punishment*; Here's no *Registry* of *Rewards*. Then we are mistaken (said he that spake first.) How so? (cry'd the *Intermedler*) You shall hear (said the other) We were in the other world intitl'd to the *Order of the Squires of the Pad*; and borrow'd now and then a small sum upon the *King's High-way*: we understood somewhat too of the *Cross-bite*, and the use of the *frail Dye*. Some of our conscientious
and

and charitable friends, would fain have drawn us off from the course we were in; and to givethem their due, bestow'd a great deal of good counsel upon us to very little purpose; for we were in a pretty way of Thriving, and had gotten a habit, and could not leave it. We askt them, *What would you have us do?* Money we have none, and without it there's no living: *should we stay till it were brought, or come alone? How would ye have a poor Individuum Vagum to live? that has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend to maintain him: and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a Tavern, a Bawdy-house, or a Gaming Ordinary.* Now, *That's the man that Providence has appointed to live by his Wits.* Our *Advisers* saw there was no good to be done, and went their way, telling us, that *in the other world we should meet with our Reward.*

They would tell us sometime, how base a thing it was to defame the *Honſe*, and abuse the *Bed* of a *Friend*. Our answer was ready; Well! and had we not better do it there where the house is open to us, the Master and Lady
kind;

' kind, the occasion fair and easie; than
 ' to run a *Cattermawling* into a Family
 ' where every Servant in the House is a
 ' Spy, and (perhaps) a Fellow behind
 ' every Door in the House with a Dag-
 ' ger, or Pistol in his hand to entertain
 us. Upon this, our Grave *Counsellors* find-
 ing us so resolute, e'en gave us over,
 and told us as before; that, *In the other*
World we should meet with our Reward.
 Now taking *This* to be the *other World*
 these honest men told us of, we are
 inquiring after the *Rewards* they pro-
 mis'd us.

Abominable Scoundrels! said an Offi-
 cer of Justice, there at hand; How ma-
 ny of your reprobated Companions,
 have squander'd away their Fortunes
 upon *Whores* and *Dice*, exposing not on-
 ly their *Wives* and *Children*, but many
 a *Noble Family* to a *shameful* and *irrepa-
 rable Ruine*: And let any man put in
 a word of wholesome advice, their An-
 swer is, 'Tush, Tush; Our *Wives* and
 ' *Children* are in the hands of *Provi-
 ' dence*; and let him provide for the
 ' *Rooks*, that feeds the Ravens. Then
 was it told ye, *you should find your Reward*
 in

in the other World; and the time is now come, wherein ye shall receive it: *Up, up then ye cursed Spirits, and away with them.* At which word, a Legion of Devils fell on upon the miserable Cai-tiffs, with *Whips and Firebrands*, and gavethem their long expected *Reward*; And at every lash, a Voice was heard to say, *In the other World you shall receive your Reward.* These Wretches in the meanwhile, *damning and sinking themselves to the pit of Hell*, still, as if they had been upon *Earth*, and vomiting their *customary and execrable blasphemies.*

Just as this storm blew over, there drew near a multitude of *Railiffs, Serjeants, Catchpoles, and other Officers of Prey*, with the *Thieves Devil, bound hand and foot*, and a foul *Accusation* against him. Whereupon *Lucifer* with a fell countenance, took his seat in a flaming Chair, and call'd his Officers about him. So soon as the Prince had taken his place, a certain Officer began his Report. 'Here is before thee (quoth he) a Devil (most mighty *Lucifer*) that stands charg'd with Ignorance in his

Y

'Trade

Trade; and the shame of his Qua-
 lity and Profession, instead of *damning*
 men, he has made it his business to
save them. The word *save*, put the
 Court in such a Rage, that they bit
 their lips, till the blood started, and
 the fire sparkled at their Eyes; and
Lucifer, turning about to his *Attorney*;
Who would ever have imagin'd, said he,
that so treacherous a Rascal could have
been harbour'd in my Dominions? It is
 most certain, my gracious Lord, re-
 ply'd the *Attorney*, that this Devil has
 been very diligent in drawing people
 into *Thefts* and *Pilferies*, and then
 when they come to be discover'd, they
 are clapt up and hang'd, or some mis-
 chief or other. But still before *Exe-*
cution, the *Ordinary* calls them to shrift;
 and many times the toy takes them in
 the head, to *confess* and *repent*, and so
 they are *sav'd*. Now this silly Devil
 thinks, that when he has brought them
 to *steal*, *Murder*, *Coin*, and the like,
 he has done his part, and so he leaves
 them: whereas he should stick close to
 them in the Prison; and be tempting
 of them to despair, and make away
 them-

themselves. But when they are once
 left to the *Priest*, he commonly brings
 them to a sight of their sins, and they
 'scape. Now *this simple Devil* was not
 aware, it seems, that *many a soul goes to*
Heaven from the Gallows, the *Wheel*,
 and the *Faggot*: and this failing has
 lost your Highness many a fair Pur-
 chase. Here's enough (cry'd the *Pre-*
sident) and there needs no more Charge
 against him. The poor Devil thought
 it was high time to speak now, when
 they were just upon the point of pas-
 sing his Sentence; and so he cry'd out,
 My Lord (said he) I beseech you hear
 me; for though they say the Devil is
 deaf, it is not meant of your Greatness:
 so there was a general silence, and thus
 he proceeded.

'I cannot deny (my Lord) but *Tyburn*
is the way to Paradise, and *many a man*
goes to Heaven from the Gallows. But
 if you will set those that are *damn'd*
for condemning others, against those that
are sav'd from the Gallows, Hell will be
 found no Loser by me at the foot of
 the Accompt. How many *Marshal's-*
men, *Turn-Keys*, and *Keepers* have I sent

ye for letting a *Coiner* give them the
 slip now and then, with his *false Mo-*
ny (always provided they leave *better*
Mony instead on't) How many *false*
Witnesses, and *Knights of the Post*, that
 would set their Consciences like *Clocks*
 to go faster or slower, according as
 they had *more or less weight*, and swear
ex tempore, at all *Rates and Prices!*
 How many *Sollicitors*, *Attorneys*, and
Clerks, that would draw ye up a *Decla-*
ration or an *Inditement* so flily, that I
 my self could hardly discover any *Er-*
roure in't; and yet when it came to the
Test, it was as plain as the Nose on a
 mans face (that is to say again, Pro-
 vided they were well paid for the Fa-
 shion) How many *Jailers* that would
 wink at an *Escape* for a *Lusty Bribe!*
 And how many *Attorneys* that would
 give ye *dispatch* or *delay* thereafter as
 they were greas'd; Now after all this,
 what does it signifie, if *one Thief of a*
thousand comes to the Gallows? he only
 suffers because he was *poor*, that there
 may be the better trading for the *rich*,
 and without any design in the world
 to suppress stealing. Nay, *It often falls*
out,

out, that they that bring the Malefactor
to the Gibbet, are the worse Criminals of
the two. But they are never lookt af-
ter; or if they should be, they have
tricks and fetches enough to bring
themselves off; so that it fares in this
case, as it did with him that had his
house troubled with *Rats*, and would
needs take in a company of *Cats* to
destroy them: The *Rats* would be
nibbling at his *Cheese*, his *Bacon*, a *Crust*
of *Bread*, and now and then a *Candles*
End: But when the *Cats* came, down
went a *Milk-bowl*, away goes a *Brace* of
Partridges, or a *Couple* of *Pigeons*, and the
poor man must content himself to go
supperless to bed. In the conclusion, the
Rats were *Tronblesome*, but the *Cats*
were intollerable. And then there's
This in't; suppose one poor fellow hangs
and goes to Heaven; I do but give him in
truck for two hundred at least, that de-
serve to be hang'd, but 'scape and go to
Hell at last. Beside; a Thief upon a Gib-
bet, is as good as a Roasted Dog in a Pi-
geon-House; for ye shall immediately
have two or three thousand Witches a-
bout him, for snips of his Halter, an Eye-

16^c *Tooth*, or a *Collop* of his *Fat*, which
 26^c is of *Sovereign* use in many of their
 36^c *Charms*. But in fine, let me do what
 46^c I will, my services are not understood.
 56^c My Successor it may be, will discharge
 66^c his *Duty* better, and indeed I am ve-
 76^c ry well content to lay down my *Com-*
 86^c *mission*; for (*to say the Truth*) I am in
 96^c *Years*, and would gladly have a little
 106^c *Rest* now, in my old age, which I ra-
 116^c ther propose to my self in the Ser-
 126^c vice of some *Pretender*, than where
 136^c I am.

Lucifer heard him with great *Pati-*
ence, and in the End, gave him all the
satisfaction imaginable; strictly charg-
 ing *the Evil Spirits* that had abus'd him,
 to do so no more, upon hazard of *Pains*
Corporal and Spiritual: And they de-
 fir'd him too, that he would not lay
 down his *Employment*, for he was
 strong enough yet to do very good ser-
 vice in it. But to think of *Easing him-*
self, by going to a *Pretender*, he'd find
 himself mistaken, for 'twas a *Duty* he'd
 never be able to endure. Well! (says
 he) e'en what your Highness pleases.
 But truly I thought a Devil might have
 liv'd

liv'd very Comfortably in that Condition; for he has no more to do, that I can see, then to *keep his Ears open*, and *learn his trade*. For put Case it should be some Pretender to a Good Office, or a Fat Bishoprick (though the Fathers, and Councils are against Pretenders in This Case) I Phansie to my self, all the Pleasure, and Divertisement that may be. It is as good as going to School, for *these People teach the Devils their A. B. C.* And all that we have to do, is to *sit still*, and *learn*.

The Vision that follow'd this, was the *Demon of Tabacca*; which I must confess did not a little surprize me. I have indeed, often said to my self, *Certainly these Smokers are Possess'd*; but I could never swear it till now. I have (said the Devil) by bringing this *Weed* into Spain, reveng'd the *Indians* upon the *Spaniards* for all the *Massacres* and *Butcheries* they committed there, and done Them more Mischief, than ever *Colon*, *Cortes*, *Almero*, *Pizarro* did in the *Indies*: By how much it is more honourable, to dye upon a *Swords Point*, by *Gunshot*, or at the *Mouth of a Can-*

non; than for a man to *Snivel*, and *Sneeze* himself into another World; or to go away in a *Meagrim*, or a *Spotted-Fever*, perchance; which is the *Ordinary effect of this poisonous Tabacca*. It is with *Tabaccanists*, as 'tis with *Demoniacs* under an *Exorcism*; They *Fume*, and *Vaper*, but the *Devil sticks to them still*. Many there are that make a very *Idol* of it, they admire, they adore it, tempting and persecuting all people to take it, and the bare mention of it, puts them into an *Extasse*. In the *Smoke*, it is a *Probation* for *Hell*, where another day they must endure *Smoking*; Taken in *Powder*, at the *Nose*, it draws upon *Youth* the *Incommodities* of old age, in the perpetual *Annoyance* of *Rheum*, and *Drivel*.

The Devil of *Subordination* came next, which was a good complexion'd, and a *well timber'd Devil*: To my great *Amazement* I must acknowledge, for I had never seen any Devils till now, but what were extreme *Ugly*. The *Air* of his *Face* was so familiar to me, that methought I had seen it in a *Thousand several places*; sometime under a *Veil*, some-

sometime open ; now under one shape, and then under another. One while he call'd himself *Child's play* ; Another while, *Kind Entertainment* ; Here, *Payment* ; there, *Restitution* ; and in a third place, *Alms* : but in fine, I could never learn his right Name. I remember in some places I have heard him call'd *Inheritance* ; *Profit* ; *Good Cheap* ; *Patrimony*, *Gratitude*. Here he was call'd *Doctor* ; there, *Batchelor*. With the *Lawyers*, *Solicitors*, and *Attorneys*, he past under the Name of *Right* ; and the *Confessors*, call'd him *Charity*.

He was well accompany'd, and stil'd himself *Satans Lieutenant* : but there was a *Devil of Consequence* that oppos'd him, might and main : and made This Proclamation of himself. *Be it known*, (says he) *that I am the Great Embroyler, and Politick Entangler of Affairs. The Deluder of Princes, The Pretext of the Unworthy, and the Excuse of Tyrants. I can make Black, White ; and give what Colour I please to the foulest Actions in Nature. If I had a mind to overturn the World, and put all in a general Confusion, I could do it ; for I have it in my Power,*
to

to Banish Order and Reason out of it: To turn Sauciness, and Importunity into Merit; Example into Necessity; To give Law to Success; Authority to Infamy; and Credit to Insolence. I have the Tongues of all Counsellors at my Girdle, and they shall speak neither more nor less than just as I please. In short, That's Easie to me which others account Impossible, and while I live, ye need never fear either Virtue, Justice or Good Government in the World. This Devil of Subornation, that talks of his *Lieutenancy*, what could he ever have done without me? He's a Rascal that no Person of Quality would admit into his Company, if I did not fit him with *Vizors* and *Disguises*. Let him hold his Tongue then, and know himself; and let me hear no more of those Disputes about the *Lieutenancy* of Hell, for I have *Lucifer's Broad Seal* to shew for my Title to't.

For my part (cry'd another Mutinous Spirit) I am one of those *humble-minded Devils* that can content my self to hold the Door, upon a good Occasion; or knock under the Table, and play at
small

Small Game rather than stand out. But few words among Friends are best, and when I have spoken three or four, let him come up that lists. I am then (says he) the Devil Interpreter, and my business is to Gloss upon the Text; In which Case, the Cuckolds are exceedingly beholden to me; for I have much to say for the Honour of the Horn. How should a poor Fellow that has a handsome Wench to his Wife, and never a penny to live on, hold up his Head in the World, if it were not for that Quality? I have a pretty faculty in doing good Offices for Distressed Ladies, at a time of Need; and I make the whole Sex sensible how great a Folly, and Madness it is to neglect those sweet opportunities. Among other Secrets, I have found out a way to establish an Office for Thievery, where the Officers shall be Thieves and Justifie it when they have done. Here he stopt.

There was a short Silence, and then there appear'd another Devil, of about a foot and a half long. I am (says he) a Devil but of a small size, and perhaps one of the least in Hell; and yet the Door opens to me as well as to another;

ther; for I never come *Empty handed*. *Why, what have you brought them?* (says the *Intermedler*) and came up to him; *What have I brought?* (quoth he) *I have brought an Eternal Talker, and a Fingical Flatterer: They are two pieces that were in high Esteem in the Cabinets of two great Princes; and I have brought them for a Present to Lucifer.* With That, *Lucifer* cast his Eye upon them, and with a *Damn'd Verjuice-Face*, as if he had bitten a Crab, *Tou do well* (says he) *to say ye had them at Court;* and I think you should do well to carry them thither again; for *I had as live have their Room as their Company.*

After him, followed another Dwarf Devil, complaining that he had been a matter of six years about so infamous a Rascal, that there was no good to be done with him, for the *Bad* as well as the *Better* sort were Scandaliz'd at his Conversation. *A mighty Piece of business,* cry'd the Governante. *And could you not have gotten him a handsome Office, or employment?* That would have made him good for something, and you might have done his business.

In

In the mean time the *Babler* went *whispering* up and down, and *finding* faults, till at length he came, to a *huge* bundle of *sleeping Devils* in a Corner that were *sagotted* up, and all *mouldy* and full of *Cobwebs*, which he immediately gave notice of, and they cut the Band to give them *Air*. With much ado, they waked them, and askt *what Devils* they were; *what they did there, and why they were not upon Duty*. They fell a *Tawning*, and said, that they were the *Devils of Luxury*: But since the *Women* have taken a *Phansie* to prefer *Guinies* and *Jacobusses*, before their *Modesty* and *Honour*, there has been no need of a Devil in the Case to tempt them: for 'tis but shewing them the *merry Spankers*, they'll dare like *Larks*, and fall down before ye, and then ye may e'en do what you will with them, and take them up in a *Purse-net*. *Gold* supplies all imperfections; it makes an *Angel* of a *Crocodile*; turns a *Fool* into a *Philosopher*; and a *Dressing-Box* well lin'd is worth twenty thousand *Devils*. So that there is no temptation like a *Present*: and take them from *Top* to *Bottom*,
the

334 *The seventh Vision of*
the whole Race of Woman is frail, and one
Thred of Pearl will do more with them than
a million of fine stories.

Just as this Devil made an end, we heard another snorting; and 'twas well he did so, for we had trod upon his belly else. He was laid hold of, upon suspicion that he slept *Dog-sleep*, or rather the *sleep of a contented Cuckold*, that would spoil no sport where he made none. I am (says he) *the Nuns Devil*, and for want of other employment I have been three days asleep here as you found me. My *Mistresses* are now chusing an *Abbess*, and always when they are at that work, I make *Holy-day*: For they are all *Devils themselves then*; There is such *Canvassing, Flattering, Importuning, Cajoling, making of Parties*; and in a word so general a *Confusion*, that a Devil among them would do more hurt than good. Nay, the *Ambitious* make it a point of *Honour* upon such an occasion, to shew that they can out-wit the Devils. And if ever *Hell should be in danger of a Peace*, It is my Advice that you presently call in a *Convention of Nuns to the Election of an Abbess*; which would most certainly
reduce

reduce it to its ancient state of *sedition*, *Mutiny*, and *Confusion*, and bring us all in effect to such a pass, that we should hardly know one another.

Lucifer was very well pleas'd with the *Advice*, and order'd it to be entred upon the *Register*, as a sure expedient to suppress any disorders that might happen for the future to the disturbance of his Government: after which he commanded the issuing out of a *Summons* to all his *Companies* and *Livery-men*, who forthwith appear'd in prodigious Multitudes; and *Lucifer* with a *Hideous Yell* deliver'd himself most graciously as follows.

The Decree of Lucifer.

TO our *Trusty* and *Despairing Legions*, and well-beloved *Subjects*, lying under the *Condemnation* of *Perpetual Darknests*, that liv'd *Pensioners* to *sin*, and had *Death* for their *Pay-master*, *Greeting*. This is to let you understand, that there are *two Devils*, who pretend a claim to the honour of our *Lientenancy*; but we have absolutely refus'd to gratifie

tifie either the One or the Other, in that point, out of a singular Affection and Respect to *Our right trusty and well-beloved Cousin*, a certain *She-Devil* that deserves it before all others.

At this the whole Assembly fell to *whispering & muttering*, and staring one upon another; till at last *Lucifer* observing it, bad them never trouble themselves to guess who it might be, but fetch *Good Fortune* to him, known otherwise by the name of *Madam Prosperity*; who presently appear'd in the tail of the Assembly, and with a proud and disdainful Air, march'd up and planted herself before *the degraded Seraphim*; who lookt her wistly in the face, and then he on in the tone he first began.

It is our *Will, Pleasure and Command*, that next and immediately under *our proper Person*, you pay all Honour and Respect to the *Lady Prosperity*, and obey her, as the *most mighty and supreme Governess of these our Dominions*. Which Titles and Qualities, we have conferr'd upon her, as due to her merit; for *she hath damn'd more souls than all you together*. She it is that makes men cast off
all

all fear of God, and love of their Neighbour. She it is, that makes men place their sovereign good in Riches. That Engages and Entangles mens minds in Vanity; strikes them blind in their Pleasures; Loads them with Treasure, and Buries them in sin. Where's the Tragedy that she has not play'd her part in't? Where's the Stability and Wisdom that she has not flagger'd? Where's the Folly that she has not improv'd and augmented? She takes no Counsel, and fears no Punishment. She it is that furnishes matter for Scandal, experience for Story, that entertains the Cruelty of Tyrants, and bathes the Executioners in Innocent Blood. How many Souls, that liv'd innocent, while they were poor, have fallen into impiety and reprobation, so soon as ever they came to drink of the enchanted Cup of Prosperity! Go to then, be Obedient to Her, we charge ye all, as to Our self: and know, that They that stand their ground against Prosperity are none of your Quarry. Let them e'en alone; for 'tis but time lost to attempt them. Take example from that impudent Devil, that got leave to tempt Job; he persecuted him, begger'd him,

cover'd him all over with *Scabs* and *Ulcers*. So that he was! if he had understood his business, he would have gone another way to work, and begg'd leave to have multiply'd *Riches* upon him; and to have possess'd him of *Health* and *Pleasures*. That's the Tryal; and how many are there that when they thrive in the world, turn their backs upon *Heaven*, and never so much as *name* their *Creator*; but in Oaths, and then too, without thinking on him? Their Discourse is all of *Jollities*, *Banquets*, *Comedies*, *Purchases*, and the like. Whereas the *poor man* has *God* perpetually both in his *mouth* and *heart*. Lord (says he) *be mindful of me, and have mercy upon me, for all my trust is in thee*. Wherefore (says *Lucifer*, redoubling his accursed clamour) let it be Publish'd forth with throughout all our Territories that *Calamities*, *Troubles*, and *Persecutions* are our mortal *Enemies*: for so we have found them upon Experience: they are the *Dispensations* of *Providence*, the *Blessings* of the *Almighty*, to fit sinners for himself, and they that *suffer* them are enrolled in the *Militia* of *Heaven*.

Item; For the better administration

of our Government, it is our *Will* and *Pleasure*, and we do *strictly charge and command*, that our Devils give constant attendance in all *Courts of Judicature*; and they are hereby totally discharged from any further care of *little Petty Foggers, Flatterers, and Envious Persons*, for they are so well acquainted with *Hell Rode*, that they'l guide one another, without the help of a Devil to bring them hither.

Item; We do *Ordain and Command* that no Devil presume for the future to entertain any *Confident*, but *Profit*; for That's the *Harbinger* that provides *Vice* the most *Commodious Quarter*, even in the *straitest Consciences*.

Item; We do *Ordain*, as a matter of great importance to the conservation of our Empire, that in what part soever of our Dominions, *the Devil of Money* shall vouchsafe to appear, *all other Devils* there present, shall *rise*, and with a *low Reverence*, present him the *Chair*, in token of their *submission* to his *Power and Authority*.

Item; We do most expressly *Charge and Command* all our *Officers*, as well *Civil* as *Military*, to employ their utmost

Diligence and Industry, for the establishing a *General Peace* throughout the World. For that's the time for *wickedness* to thrive in; and all sorts of *Vices* to prosper and flourish; as *Luxury, Gluttony, Idleness, Lying, Slandering, Gaming, and Whoring*; and in a word, *sin* is upon the *Encrease*, and *Goodness* in the *Wane*. Whereas in a state of *War*, men are upon the exercise of *Valour and Vertue*; calling often upon *Heaven*, in the *morning*, for fear of being *Knockt on the Head after Dinner*: and *honest men and actions* are rewarded.

Item; We do from this time forward discharge all our *Officers and Agents* whatsoever, from giving themselves any further trouble of *tempting Men and Women* to sins of *Incontinence*, for as much as we find upon *Experience*, that *Adultery and Fornication* will never be left, till the *old Woman scratches the stool for her back-side*. And though there may be several *intervals of Repentance*, and some faint *Purposes* of giving it over: yet the *Humour* returns again with the next *Tide of Bloud*, and *Concupiscence* is as *Loyal a Subject* to us, as any we have in our *Dominions*.

Item;

Item ; Inconsideration of the *Exemption* aforesaid, by which means several poor *Devils* are left without present employment ; And *forasmuch* as there are many *Merchants and Tradesmen* in London, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdamb, and elsewhere, up and down the world, that are very charitably dispos'd to relieve People in want ; especially young Heirs newly at Age, and Spend-Thrifts, that come to borrow money of them ; but the times being Dead, and little money stirring, all they can do is to furnish them with what the House affords ; and if a hundred pound or two in Commodity will do them any good, 'tis at their service (they say). This the Gallant takes up at an excessive rate, to sell again immediately for what he can get ; and the Merchant has his friend to take it off under-hand, at a third part of the value (which is the way of helping men in distress.) Now out of a singular Respect to the said Merchants and Tradesmen, and for their better Encouragement ; as also to the end that the Devils aforesaid may not run into lewd Courses, for want of business ; We Will and Require that a Legion of the said Devils, shall from time to time be continually aiding and assisting to

to the said Merchants and Tradesmen, in the Quality of Factors, to be reliev'd monthly by a fresh Legion, or oftner if occasion shall require.

Item; We will and Command that all our Devils of what Degree, or Quality soever, do henceforth Entertain a strict Amity and Correspondence with Our Trusty, and wellbeloved, the Usurers, the Revengeful, the Envious, and all Pretenders to great Places, and Dignities: and above all Others, with the Hypocrites, who are the most Powerful Impostors in Nature, and so excellently skill'd in their Trade, That they steal away People's Hearts and Souls at the Eyes, and Ears, insensibly, and draw to themselves Adoration and Reward.

Item; We do further Order, and Command, that all Care possible be taken for the maintaining of Blabs, Informers, Incendiaries, and Parasites in all Courts, and Palaces, for thence comes Our Harvest.

Item; That the Bablers, Tale-Bearers, Make-Bates, and Instruments of Divorces, and Quarrels, be no longer call'd Fannes, but Bellows; in regard that they draw, and In flame, without giving any Allay, or Refreshment.

Item;

Item; That the Intermedlers be hereafter call'd, and Reputed the Devils Boddy-Lice, because they fetch Bloud of those that feed, and Nourish them.

Lucifer then casting a Soure Look over his Shoulder, and spying the Governante: I'm of his Mind (quoth he) that said, Let God dispose of the Doüegnas (or Governantes) as he pleases; for I'm in no little Trouble, how to dispose of these Confounded Carrions. Whereupon, the Damn'd cry'd out with one Voice: Oh! Lucifer, let it never be said, that it rain'd Doüegnas in thy Dominions. Are we not miserable enough without this new Plague of being baited by Haggs? Ah! Cursed Lucifer; (cry'd every one to himself) stow them any where, so they come not near me. And with that, they all clapt their Tayls between their Legs, and drew in their Horns, for fear of this new Torment. Lucifer, finding how the Dread of the old Women wrought upon the Devils, contented himself, at the present, to let it pass only in Terrorem; but withal, he swore by the honour of his Imperial Crown, and as he hop'd to be sav'd, that what Devil, Devils Damme, or Reprobate soever, should in time

to

to come be found wanting to his Duty ; and in the least degree disobedient to his Laws, and Ordinances ; All, and every the said Devil, or Devils ; their Dams, and Reprobates so offending, should be deliver'd up to the torture of the Douegna ; and ty'd Muzzle to Muzzle ; so to remain in Secula Seculorum without Relief or Appeal ; or any Law, Statute, or Usage to the Contrary Notwithstanding. But in the Mean time, Cast them into that Dry Ditch, (says he) that they may be ready for use upon any Occasion.

Immediately, upon the Pronouncing of this *Solemn Decree*, *Lucifer* retir'd to his Cell ; The *Weather* clear'd up ; and the *Company* disperst in a fright, at so horrible a *Menace*, and so went about their business : When a Voice was heard out of the Clouds, as the Voice of an Angel, saying, *He that rightly comprehends the Morality of this Discourse, shall never repent the Reading of it.*

THE END.

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